

A
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T H R O U G H
I R E L A N D.

In several Entertaining
L E T T E R S.

W H E R E I N

The present State of that Kingdom is consider'd ;
and the most noted Cities, Towns, Seats, Rivers,
Buildings, &c. are described.

I N T E R S P E R S E D

With Observations on the Manners, Customs,
Antiquities, Curiosities, and Natural History of
that Country.

To which is prefix'd,

A Description of the Road from L O N D O N
to H O L Y - H E A D.

By Two English G E N T L E M E N.

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By TWO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

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Printed for J. Roberts in Water-Lane.

MDCCLXXIV.

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A

T O U R
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I R E L A N D.

L E T T E R I

To E—— H——, Esq; at his Chambers
in the Middle-Temple.

Dear NED,

W H E N we parted at *Barnet*, a settled Gloom spread over my Brother's Countenance, which, we may naturally suppose, was occasioned by the Separation of him and my Lady FRANCES. We came within a Mile and a Half of *St. Albans* before he opened his Mouth; but as soon as he perceived the Ruins of old *Verulam*, he got out of his *Chaise*, and, with some Sort of Pleasure, surveyed the remaining Traces of this ancient City. I have no more to say of *Verulam*, than that *Grass grows where old Troy stood*: By the Extent of its Ruins, it

was certainly once a large Colony of the *Romans*, as appears from several Inscriptions and other Antiquities.

WE are just returned from viewing the Town of *St. Albans*, and its large ancient Church, built on the Ruins of *Verulam-Abbey*. It has a reverend Look, and is a fine *Gothic Building*.

It is about twenty Years (as I am informed) since the Vault of Duke HUMPHREY of *Gloucester* was discovered. He was Brother to King HENRY the Fifth, and had lain in the Earth near 277 Years. The Body was intire when the Vault was first opened, but afterwards fell to Dust, as many Thousand living Witnesses can testify. The Town is a long and straggling Place, intermixed with good and bad Buildings, and has another Church besides the Abbey. The Dutchess of *Marlborough* has a handsome House and Gardens upon the Borders of the River, but the Gardiner informed us she had not been there for several Years.

THE next Morning we set out with the Sun, and stopped a while at *Dunstable* to bait our Horses. Though we were all Men in Company, yet we were pestered, I believe, by a Dozen Women, to buy Straw-Hats; and, for Quietness sake, we were obliged to buy of one, to get rid of the rest.

THERE is nothing remarkable in this Town but their want of Springs, though they have dug in search for them above thirty Yards deep: Their Supply is from several Ponds of Rain-Water, which, the People say, are never dry in the hottest Season.

THE next Night, we lay at *Woburn*, one of the prettiest Towns for its Extent I ever saw; but its Beauty is chiefly owing to the Duke of *Bedford*,

Bedford, who made up great part of their Losses, when a Fire, about twenty Years ago, destroyed almost the whole Town. The Market-House was intirely built at His late Grace's Expence. At our Inn we accidentally met with two *Irish* Gentlemen travelling from *Dublin* to *London*: We joined them, and my Brother and I were so well pleased with their Company and Conversation, that we sincerely wished to have them for Fellow-Travelers. We had not an Opportunity of seeing *Woburn-Abbey*, the Seat of the Dukes of *Bedford*.

THE next Morning we were detained at *Stoney-Stratford*, a large Town, with two Churches: But here we were plagued with Women that offered us Bone-Lace to sell, as importunate as the *Dunstable* Women with their Hats. We were told, that upwards of two thousand Women and Children are employed in this Manufacture. However, we were not prevailed upon to open our Purfes. There is a handsome large Bridge over a small River.

IN this Town is one of the Crosses erected by the Order of King EDWARD the First, in Honour of his Queen ELEANOR, Daughter to FERDINAND the Third, King of *Castile*. This Lady died in *Lincolnshire*, and where-ever her Hearse rested, one of these Crosses was built; the first at *Lincoln*, the second at *Grantham*, the third at *Stamford*, the fourth at *Geddington*, the fifth at *Northampton*, the sixth at *Stoney-Stratford*, the seventh at *Dunstable*, the eighth at *St. Albans*, the ninth at *Waltham*, and the tenth and last at *Charing-Cross, Westminster*. Time has been trying his Teeth upon this at *Stoney-Stratford*; but we could make out indifferently well the Arms of *Castile* and *Leon*, but *Poitou* had lost some

of its Features. These Arms were cut in Stone upon all the fore-mentioned Crosses, and were annexed to the Crown of *England* for her Dowry while living. This Illustration you may thank my Brother for; from him I had it.

WE are now, through a pleasant Country, arrived at the Town of *Northampton*, seated on the River *Nyne*, the Navel or Centre of *England*, which, Phoenix-like, has risen with double Lustre from her Ashes, having been consumed by Fire in 1676. The Streets are uniform, long, and very spacious, well built, and well paved, more especially the high or main Street. There is what they call the New-Inn, which might serve for a Palace in some Countries and the Inhabitants seem proud of their beautiful Buildings. This Town may look some Cities in the Face, and not be stared out of Countenance. There are abundance of handsome Horses daily to be sold here, and the Jockeys are as numerous as troublesome: Their Prancing and Capering about the Streets often makes it dangerous for Foot Passengers, whom they take infinite Pleasure in frightening. While my Brother and I were observing one of these, shewing, with no small Pride, his Skill in Horsemanship, an unlucky Hog, driven out of the Yard of our Inn by a snarling Cur, got between the Legs of the prancing Steed, and gave both Horse and Rider such a Fall, that the latter could not rise again without Assistance.

ON the West of this Town stand, upon an Eminence, the Ruins of an old Castle, said to be demolished by Order of King HENRY the Second, which is upwards of seven hundred Years ago, so that I am surprized to find any Memorandum even of its Ruins. King JOHN demolished

A Tour through IRELAND.

demolished no less than eleven hundred and fifteen of these Castles, to be revenged on the Barons, who took up Arms, and invited the King of *France* to back their Cause, and receive the Crown of *England* for his Assistance; but the *English* King overcame his domestick and foreign Foes, and punished the Subjects of his Crown as they deserved, stripping off those Privileges they had put upon themselves. “ Castles (says an old “ Author) were built in such Numbers all over “ *England*, and every Person that was Master of “ one was as absolute as a King over his Subjects; “ and there were as many Monarchs, or rather “ Tyrants, as there were Castles, exercising a “ despotick Sway in their petty Dominions, and “ coining Money in their several Names, &c.”

THIS Afternoon, we went to see *Holmby-House*, which was once a Royal Palace, tho’ now almost in Ruins. The People of *Northampton*, since the Dutcheß of *Mariborough* has purchased it, are in daily Expectation of its being new built. We were shewed the Apartment, where Cornet JOYCE seized the Person of His Majesty King CHARLES the First, the 4th of *June*, 1647, and delivered him up to *Cromwell* at the Head of his Army, which was the Forerunner and Prefage of that unhappy Monarch’s Death.

THERE is nothing remarkable upon the Road between *Northampton* and *Coventry*. I own, the Spires of *Coventry*, some Miles before you come to that City, have a very pleasing Aspect. Just before we entered the Suburbs, we were shewn a Gallows on a Green to the Left, where a Man had committed a barbarous Murder upon the Bodies of his own Aunt and her Maid, that dwelt in a lonely House near the Gallows. He was try’d, but pleaded guilty, and only begged

his Time of Life might be shortened, intreating the Judges that he might be executed that very Moment; for he hoped he had made his Peace with Heaven while in Prison. However, he was obliged to wait his stated Time, and, according to our Custom, was hung in Chains, The Wife of this repentant Murderer never ceased bewailing the Death of her Husband, was constantly under the Gallows every Night, where his Corpse hung, talking to it, as if alive, feeding and milking the only Cow she had, upon the Green where the Gallows stood, till the Magistrates of the City, out of Compassion, ordered the Body to be taken down, and secretly buried; but this, instead of putting an End to her Sorrows, turned the poor Creature's Brain: In short, she grew distracted, and continued so four Years, till Death relieved her Misery. Yet we cannot decide whether her want of Sense might not be her greatest Happiness.

WELL, we are now at *Coventry*, a well-built, large, populous City. Though she has an ancient Countenance, she bears her Years very well. It is half a Bishoprick; the other half of the Mitre is claimed by *Litchfield*. Here are eleven Churches. Three of them, as I have said before, have high *Gothic* Spires, yet there is no Cathedral; *Litchfield* claims that Honour to herself. The Trade of this City, consists in Tammies, a Woollen-weave Stuff, which is manufactured here, sent by our *English* Merchants all over the World, and known by the Name of *Coventry Stuffs*. The other Branch is Weaving of Ribbon, and some Quantity every Passenger must buy, or be sufficiently teased by the She-Pedlers. The Cross at *Coventry* is a very pretty little Building; but Time has been nibbling there

there too. A little before we came there, *Peeping Tom* had received his new Regimentals; but we could not distinguish whether he was of Horse or Foot, whether he had Boots or Breeches on; for there was nothing but his Head and Shoulders to be seen, his Face turned, with a very arch Look, towards the Street where the Lady GODIVA was to pass on Horseback, as naked as she was born, except the Addition of her Hair. If you do not believe this Story of Lady GODIVA in *Coventry*, the Inhabitants will think you either a *Turk*, *Jew*, or *Atheist*.

THIS City has many Privileges, being a Body Corporate; but all their boasted Franchises could not prevent their Walls being demolished by King CHARLES the Second, together with their Castles, which were certainly grand and noble, if we may guess at the Walls by the remaining Gates.

WILL you have the Story of this Lady GODIVA? (by some Authors called GODINA) I will tell it as short as I can. If you like it not, pass it. An Earl of *Coventry*, above a thousand Years ago, so little liked his Subjects, that, by his Cruelty and Tyranny, he had not left them one Branch of their Tree of Liberty. The good Citizens murmured and complained to no Purpose: The Earl answered, Slaves he had made them, and Slaves they should remain. Then they addressed the Lady GODIVA, Wife to their Persecutor, who, having Tongue enough, worried him at Bed and Board. At last, to get rid of her incessant Importunity, he told her, upon his Oath, he would comply upon one only Condition, which was in her own Power to do, or to refuse. She eagerly asked what it was?

'Tis this, replied he : If you will ride from the East Gate to the West, or from North to South, (I will leave it to your Choice) stark naked, upon a Horse, the Inhabitants shall be restored to all their ancient Privileges, never to be molested again. The cunning Earl, by this Proposal, thought to silence the nimble Tongue of his Lady ; but she complied ; and, consulting with the Citizens, a strict Order was given, that not a single Eye should peep abroad from the Hour of Twelve to One, upon severe Pains and Penalties, which was exactly observed by all the Inhabitants, but this Rogue *Peeping Tom*. History is silent as to the Person that detected him, or his Punishment. But really the Delinquent looks well, considering he has borne all Weathers above a thousand Years. I was informed, that once every Year a mock Lady GODIVA rides through the same Streets, in Commemoration of this noted Event, painted as if naked ; but there is no Restriction on the Eyes of the Inhabitants. If this Tale be true, I think the Earl must be in a very odd Situation in the Time of his Lady's riding.

THE Name of this whimsical Earl was LEOPRIC, who died in the Reign of EDWARD the Confessor. The Portraits of him and his Lady are placed in *Trinity-Church*. This Lady is called the Patroness of *Coventry*, and her Day kept with as much Pomp and Feasting as our Lord Mayor's Day in *London*. EDWARD III. granted the City a Mayor and two Bailiffs. HENRY VI. of feeble Memory, gave them a Charter, *That it should be an intire County, incorporate by itself, in Deed and Name, distinct from the County.* In that weak King's Reign the Citizens

were

were so opulent, that they incircled their City with a strong Wall, at their own Expence; but EDWARD IV. Successor of HENRY VI. for their Loyalty to that unhappy Prince, forced their Franchises from them, which they were obliged to redeem by paying five hundred Marks. Here was a Priory, (as we were informed) founded by the above-mentioned LEOFRIC, for black Monks, that, as WILLIAM of *Malmesbury* tells us, was so rich in Gifts, that the very Walls gave way with their excessive Weight, and that from one Beam only were scraped five hundred Marks of Silver. The Fame of so much Wealth tempted a Bishop to remove his See to this Place, where he lightened the Load, and then returned to his old Bishoprick of *Chester*. This *Convent* was destroyed by the *Danes* in 1016, and some Authors imagine the City took its Name of *Coventry* from thence. There were two Parliaments held in this City; the first called *Parliamentum Indoctorum*, i. e. *The Unlearned Parliament*, in the Reign of HENRY IV. The other in the Reign of HENRY VI. with a worse Title, *Parliamentum Diabolicum*, i. e. *The Devil's Parliament*; for at this Meeting Attainders were issued against the Duke of *York*, the Earls of *Salisbury*, *Warwick*, *March*, and many more illustrious Families.

I MENTIONED the Cross as a little Building, which stands in the Middle of the large Market-Place; yet it was originally sixty Feet in Height. It was erected in the Reign of HENRY VIII. by Sir WILLIAM HOLLIS, Lord Mayor of *London*, from whom descended the *Newcastle* Family. What Pity is it, that Time and Envy should destroy so ornamental and noble a Building? for round it (if we may properly call it so) were
Statues

Statues of most of our Monarchs, as big as the Life, some of which want a Nose, and others an Arm; so that were they now living, they would appear too much maimed to be taken into an Hospital, unless of Incurables. The Town-House is large and handsome, and the Figures of several of the City Benefactors painted upon Glass, give it an august Countenance. There is a very handsome Free-School, called *King Henry the Eighth's School*, built and endowed by JOHN HALES, Esq; with a very handsome Library of well-chosen Books, the head Master of which, for ever, must be the Minister of St. JOHN's Church, which was formerly called BABLACK's, but was new christened St. JOHN's by Act of Parliament in the Year 1734. In some Streets of this large City the Houses lean forward, as if in Danger of falling; but the Inhabitants are in no Apprehension. It makes those Streets have a melancholy Aspect to Strangers, at least it had that Effect upon us. I must not forget to tell you, that here are an Hospital, Work-House, and Charity-School, all well endowed: Neither need I inform you, that this City, as well as County, is noted for good Cheese, which bears the Name of the County. The Air is esteemed very dry and wholesome, the Country being free from Woods, Bogs or Lakes, and situated many Miles from the Sea; tho' formerly one Part of the Country was intirely Wood. Neither is there any want of Water; the many Rivers, Brooks and Springs bring that necessary Element to every Man's House; and the Rivers are so gentle, that in the greatest Floods they seldom overlook their Banks. These Things, Cousin, I have gained by Information. The River that supplies this City with
Water,

A Tour through IRELAND. 15

Water, has its Banks ornamented with pleasant Country Retirements of the wealthy Citizens. It is true, we cannot meet many with high Titles; but they pay their Debts as well, perhaps, as if they had Coronets on their Coaches. As the Riches of this City has risen by Traffick, so one of the first that was honoured with the Title of Earl of *Coventry* was a rich Merchant, Citizen of *London*, first Sheriff, and in the Year 1426 chosen Lord Mayor, then Earl of *Coventry*, by the Name of WILLIAM COVENTRY. The present Earl bears the same Name: He was formerly Clerk to the Board of Green Cloath, and Member of Parliament for *Bridport* in *Dorsetshire*. So much for *Coventry*.

LAST Night we had at this Place a dreadful Storm of Thunder and Lightning; the Heavens seemed to pour down Streams of Fire: But, though the Night was so unruly, the Morning paid us a Visit in its best Cloaths, and we set out for *Warwick*.

WE had not travelled above half a Mile before we beheld the dreadful Effects of the Yesterday's Storm: A poor Cow struck dead with Lightning, and the Owner mourning over it. About two Miles further, at a little Hamlet, we perceived a great Crowd of People at the Door, when enquiring into the Meaning, we were informed a Boy of the House was killed last Night in the Storm. We got off our Horses, and saw the Corpse naked on a Table, but could find no Marks of the Lightning, save a small Spot on his Stomach, about the Size of a Groat: The Corpse seemed as if asleep, nothing of the Horrors of Death appearing in his Countenance. These Accidents made us all melancholy, till we had

had a Sight of the delightful River *Avon*, which accompanied us to *Warwick*. This pleasant clean Town was purged by Fire, as *Northampton* was, of most of the old Buildings, and is now risen again fresh and gay. The Castle is a sumptuous Building, and as sumptuously furnished. On a Terrace in the Garden you have a delightful Prospect of the Country before you, with a View of the *Avon* winding and sporting among Groves and gentle Hills. It is said, this Castle was cut out of a solid Rock; but surely Art has much assisted Nature in her Labour, and, between them, brought forth a most delightful Offspring. We were shewn here the Helmet and Sword of that romantick Hero Guy Earl of *Warwick*, whose glorious Actions, with his Love for fair *PHILLIS*, are written by an ancient Poet. He killed Lyons, Tigers, Wild-Boars, and the Dun Cow of *Dunsmore-Heath*. I will write you the Legend, take it as you please.

THIS memorable Dun Cow was the most indulgent, charitable, Lady-like Cow in the whole Country, finely grown, and by the Head taller than any other Cow ever was. She used to go from House to House upon the Heath, and render her Milk twice a Day to the poor Inhabitants gratis. The Rich she despised, as having Cows of their own; but being a free Cow, and subject to none, could do as she pleased, till a harradan old Fiend of a Witch, whom Age and Envy had made troublesome to herself as well as her Neighbours, thinking this good-natured Cow too great a Blessing for the Country, though she herself was Partaker of her Favours, gets a Sieve, and when the good Cow came her usual Round to this old

Beldam's

Beldam's Door, milks away as fast as possible. She, poor Beast! chews the Cud, while the salubrious Liquor makes a Milky-Way through the Sieve. But when she perceived the Trick that was put upon her by this envious Wretch, she punished the Authorefs of this damnable Invention, by thrusting one of her Horns into her Backside, canted her over the House, and broke her Neck. Then ranging far and wide, making no Distinction, punishing the Innocent with the Guilty, proved a Scourge to that Country, to which she was once thought a Blessing, till the victorious Guy put an End to her Devastations, by her Death. Nay, some Authors are not wanting, that attest he cut her to Pieces, and of her Blade-Bone made himself an ample Shield. I must confess this Hero Guy must be a prodigious Warrior, if we may measure his Courage by his Stomach; for the Legend tells you he would sup ten Gallons of Barley-Broth for his Breakfast, to clear his Stomach for his Dinner. I will not take Leave of *Warwick*, without telling you there are two Churches, a handsome Market-House built upon Stone Pillars, and a very good Stone Bridge over the *Avon*.

We intended to go in the Afternoon to *Stratford* upon *Avon*, to visit the Tomb of the Immortal SHAKESPEAR, and return from thence to *Coventry*; but my Brother's Chaise-Horse, *Ralph*, having slipt off his Halter in the Stable, sily steals, to the Oat-Binn, opens it, and falls to without Ceremony. How much he devoured could not be easily found out; but the gormandizing Rascal had stuffed his Guts to such a Degree, that we soon found he was not fit for Business; so we resolved

solved to take up our Quarters that Night, and set out for *Coventry* in the Morning. Sir *Tunbelly* went supperless to Bed, and fasted for his Breakfast in the Morning. But this was not all: A Dispute arose between my Brother's Man *JOE* (your Favourite) and the Hostler, about what Quantity of Corn the Cormorant *Ralph* had swallow'd; when high Words arising, I was pitched upon to be the Judge in this important Cause; but what Decision do you think I made? I put on a serious magisterial Countenance, (which would become my Brother much better than me) and ordered the Hostler to set down in his Bill the Quantity of Corn that would have been allowed him if he had not impudently served himself. I assure you, I did what is seldom done in Tryals, I pleased both Parties.

WE are now returned to *Coventry* again. Our Landlord invited us in the Evening to see a Play performed by some young Fellows of the Town. When we were seated some Time, one of the Enactors, as some of the Audience called them, comes forward, and began a Prologue to one of *FARQUHAR*'s Comedies, thus:

*Poets need nothing more to check their Fury,
Than Wytes, Kites, Beweocks, and Women for their Jury.*

That is, in good *English*,

*Poets need nothing more to check their Fury,
Than Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.*

Most of the Audience laughed at the prolocutor's Manner of Speaking, which disconcerted him so much that, finding the Buzzing increase, he cries out, with a Voice elevated with Passion, *Wauns! may be Ise not so good an Enactor as other*
Fowkes;

Fowkes; yet for aw that, Ise tag a Laace with the best o' you, let the tuther be whoa be will. When he had ended his Speech, he cast a furious Look round the Audience, and stalked off like the Ghost in HAMLET. The Audience, seeing no one begin the Play, seemed to be impatient, making the usual Noise as in regular Theatres (for that idle Impertinence is soon learned). At last another Face appeared, over-clouded with Grief, and frankly told us the Tagger of Laces was gone away, and had took the Book of the Play along with him. So the Audience returned home, and we to our Inn with our Landlord.

THE next Morning we set out for *Litchfield*. We passed by a fine Inn at a Village called *Meridon*, the Sign of the Bull, a Place famed for extraordinary good Malt Liquor; but it was too early to try its Merit. We met not any thing upon our Journey to *Litchfield*, but the Word *Usage* upon a Sign at a little Ale-house, which the Painter had taken some Pains to spell without one Letter that should be in the Word, thus, YOWZICH. My grave Brother could not avoid smiling, and punning at the same Time, a Thing you know he hates, for he calls Puns the Excrements of Wit: *Well, this is the oddest Usage I ever met with in my Life.*

WE arrived safe at *Litchfield*, without meeting any other Adventure. In all our Travels, my Brother confessed he never saw so beautiful a Pile of Gothic Building as the Cathedral of *Litchfield*. I own to you, it struck me with a kind of reverential Awe. I do not pretend to be a Connoisseur in Architecture, but it gave me more Pleasure in the View than ever I conceived before. The largest Spire, that raises its awful Head in the Middle of the Building, measures in Height
three

three hundred and eighty-five Feet, and the two others, at the West End of the Church, two hundred and sixty. My Brother took up four Hours in drawing the Outside of this fine Structure.

LITCHFIELD is a very neat pleasant City, and the Inhabitants seem to be more genteel and polite than in any other Place we have passed through. It is divided into two Parts by a little Stream, that runs into our *Trent*, about five Miles from this City. The Gentry and Clergy live in that Part called the *Close*, where the Cathedral stands; and most of the Houses are very handsomely built. While I am writing this, my Landlord interrupted me to shew me a Rarity, as he call'd it; a large Water-Rat, in the Paunch of a Pike, a Thing common with us in the *Trent*. But what think you of a Pike in the *Danube*, that drew in an innocent Mule by the Nose as he was drinking, and devoured him? You may believe *JOHNSTONIUS*, who, they say, wrote it, but I will not. This I can tell of my own Knowledge, that as a Boy was dabbling his naked Legs in the Water, sitting on a Bank upon the *Trent*, an overgrown Jack bit him by the Foot, and the Lad has been lame ever since, and I dare swear will continue so.

THIS City of *Litchfield* was formerly walled about, as may easily be traced by their Ruins. It made an obstinate Resistance, in behalf of King *CHARLES* the First, against *CROMWELL*, and was at last taken by Storm, much Blood being spilt on both Sides. It is told here for a Truth, that *OLIVER*, seeing some of his sacrilegious Crew pelting their Bullets at the fine Imagery of the beautiful Cathedral, ordered them to desist on

Pain

Pain of exemplary Punishment. The Inhabitants are extremely civil to Strangers; but tho' our Host is as civil as the rest, he has as good a Hand in making a Bill, as any Host in *England*. We are now at the *Four-Crosses*, an Inn where we met the *Chester* Stage-coach, the Landlord being a Part-owner, as they term it. We dined with the Company, by Consent of all Parties, and at Night arrived safe at *Newport*, through a fine Country, but a deep disagreeable Road in several Places. In this Day's Journey, my Brother pointed out to us where we might perceive the Remains of the Way made by the *Romans*, called *Wattling-street*, that runs from *London* to the farthest Extent of *Wales*; but my dull Eyes could not perceive the Difference: I am contented with modern Things. This same *Newport* seems to me but an indifferent old Town. There is indeed a handsome Park belonging to the Lord of that Title. You know, Cousin, a Stage-coach is noted for its Variety of Companies, and as different Humours: We set up with them at the same Inn, and joined Companies as before. One of the six was the most consummate Coxcomb I ever met with. If you think of young *W* - - - , in the Chambers opposite to you, it will give you a faint Idea of him, though as far before your Opposite in Hyperboles, as the Blaze of a Torch is to that of a Rush-light. This Butterfly entertained us till Supper, and long after, with the History of his Amours; what a Swarm of fair Ladies had pined to Death for him, and what Horns he had planted from *Millbank* to *Wapping*. We all laughed at his egregious Lies, but my poor Brother, who eyed him with the utmost Contempt, not once opened his Mouth, which our romantick Hero

B

observing,

observing, addressed him with a *What say you, good Mr. Soberfides? I warrant you do not believe one Half of what I have been saying.----One Half!* (replied my Brother, with Disdain) *No, not one single Syllable, by my Traith!* (which, from him, is a great Oath) *Such Wretches as thou art ought to be banished human Society, and breathe alone in some Desert, or converse only with Beasts like thyself.* At the End of this four Speech my Brother rose from the Table, and retired to his Chamber. The Company broke up soon after, and our foiled Hero retired terribly chagrined, without once opening his Lips. I own to you, Cousin, I thought my Brother a little too free of Speech, though the Wretch deserved it.

WHEN I left my Brother to go to Rest, he desired we might be stirring early, that he might be rid of that troublesome Impertinent. The next Morning we got ready, and mounted before the Sun was up. I forgot to tell you, that yesterday we saw smoaky *Birmingham*, or (as most pronounce it *Brumigam*), on our Left; though the Spires appeared very handsome above those artificial Clouds. I believe the Hard-ware of this Place travels farther over the World, than any Commodity *Britain* produces. If *Venus* presides in our Isle, her Husband *Vulcan*, and his Cyclops have seated themselves at *Birmingham*.

I WRITE this at a pretty neat Town in *Shropshire*, called *Whitchurch*. The Church is of modern Building, very elegant and concise. As the Church was open, I entered, by the Desire of the Sexton, who stood at the Gate with his Hat in his Hand. I took notice of a Monument, much older than the Church, erected to the Memory of *JOHN TALBOT*, first Earl of *Shrewsbury*, who was slain in the Battle

of *Bourdeaux*, between the *English* and *French*. This TALBOT was the Terror of *France*, nor could their large Dominions produce one Champion that could singly face him. He had, no doubt, a great Opinion of his own Prowess, by the Mottos on his Sword; for on one Side was graved, *Sum Talbati!* and on the other, *Pro Vincere inimicos meos*. If he conquered his Enemies, he at last was conquered by them; and indeed no great wonder, his Army amounting to barely six thousand effective Men before the Walls of *Bourdeaux*. When he had Notice a Body of *French*, twice his Number, was near him, he resolutely marched to meet them, attacked them in their Trenches, Sword in Hand, killing upwards of four thousand of the Enemy, till he was attacked behind by a large Body of *French* Horse, which obliged him to divide, and make two Fronts of his little Army. Thus doubly prest, and outnumbered, the Earl received a Musket-shot in his Thigh, and had his Horse killed under him. Not having Strength to mount another, he called to his Son, that fought by his Side, to retire, and save himself by Flight; but he utterly refused, and was killed fighting in his Father's Defence. I chose to relate this short Piece of History to you, because, with the Death of this renowned Hero, the *English* began by degrees to lose their Footing in *France*; and what was gained, with Conquest and Marriage, by the victorious HENRY the Fifth the Father, was lost by the pusillanimous HENRY the Sixth the Son, much fitter for the Pulpit than the Throne. But do not be angry with my Reflections, and I have done.

WE are still at *Whitchurch*, stopped by an Affair that at first gave me great Uneasiness. After Dinner, my Brother, as usual, took his Walk alone, but returned in a few Moments, and went into his Chamber. He had not been there above six Minutes, before he sent JOE to tell me he desired to speak with me. When I came in, he was seated in the Window of the Chamber, seeming more than ordinary thoughtful. He held a Packet in his Hand, *Here is a Letter*, said he, *that I give into your Custody sealed, which I conjure you as a Brother, and, what is more, a Friend, that you will not open till an Hour is expired, nor ask me any Questions now concerning this seeming Mystery. Perhaps I may return in half the Time. Do not offer to stir out of the Inn till the Time is fully expired.* Upon this he embraced me, went out of the Room, and shut the Door after him, leaving his Watch on the Table by me, where I stood like a Statue, thunderstruck with Astonishment. I turned the Letter over a thousand times, felt it, and perceived there was another inclosed. The Anxiety I felt is not to be described. His Manner of taking Leave, his embracing me, (a thing very unusual) his thoughtful Countenance, though seldom otherwise, had, when he left me, a quite different Gloom from what it generally has, and gave me infinite Pain. I had several times determined to open the Letter, but the Thoughts of disobliging him still prevented me. I called for JOE, but his Ignorance and Apprehensions almost equalled mine. My Brother had given him the same Charge, as he had given me, not to stir out of the Inn till his Return. But, dear Cousin, I keep you too long, and, by this Suspence, make you feel some Part of my Pain.

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In short, the longed-for Moment came, and my Fingers trembling broke the Seal. There was a Note inclosed, but my Impatience directed me to read my Brother's first.

Dear Brother,

" I FIND it some Danger to rebuke Vice and Folly. Perhaps you may see me a lifeless Lump of Clay. If so, return home immediately, and leave JOE to bury my Remains in this Church by the Name we have assumed in our Travels. Console my dear, dear Lady FANNY, and be as happy as I wish you."

AT reading this, we both burst into Tears, for JOE was with me. But we were yet in the dark, till we read the inclosed Note, as follows.

S I R,

" YOUR cowardly flying away before I was up this Morning, shews you feared the Chastisement I had prepared for your insolent Impertinence last Night at *Newport*. You see by this I have found you out; nay, I would have pursued you down to the Center of the Earth. At half an Hour after Two, in the third Field by the Brook, on the Left Hand, in the Foot Road to *Chester*, I shall have my Sword and a Brace of Pistols, alone, to teach you Manners, and how to behave to your Betters."

UPON reading this, I put on my Sword, and was running out, followed by JOE, when I met my dear Brother entering the Inn Gate. My Contentment was so absolute, that I ran and embraced him with the utmost Rapture, perhaps

more than I should have done a Mistress. Dear Brother! I have obeyed your Commands with the greatest Rigour, but much against my Will, and was this Moment running to your Assistance. All this I spoke almost out of Breath. Well, replied my Brother, you see I am returned safe, and sound too; and indeed had I considered, I should have taken a good Horse-whip! even against an Army of such Butterflies. We might as soon expect Morals in an Atheist, as Courage in such Wretches; and I am ashamed I have made Matter of such Importance of nothing. You have read the doughty Hero's Challenge I find (I answered in the Affirmative). I went to the Place appointed, and found him there before me; but when he saw me take out my Pistols, he seemed to have a Fit of the Ague upon him, fell trembling on his Knees, and with a broken Utterance begged my Pardon. He told me, he imagined I was as great a Coward as himself, or he would never have ventured to have sent me a Challenge. His Confession roused my Temper so much, (which I confess a Fault) that I repeated several Strokes upon him, with my Sword in the Scabbard. Thus, Cousin, ended this Mock-Duel, that had given me such unspeakable Terrors; and I found myself so much disordered by the Agitations of my Mind, that I persuaded my Brother to stay here all Night, which he easily complied with.

We are now in Chester, at K---y K---y's, who knows all the World; and we are to dine To-morrow at Sir R---: For the Wind is against us, so that our going to Parkgate, at present, is to little Purpose. However, our Baggage is safe arrived before us, which is some Comfort.

I AM just come from surrounding the Walls of this ancient City, which are kept in good Repair by

by Officers called *Murers*; you have in many Places their Names in this Manner: "This Part of the Wall was repaired in the Year - - - when such and such were *Murers*;" and some of them are ancient Dates, even two hundred Years past: But the modern Art of War would soon render them useless; half a Dozen battering Cannon would make a Breach large enough to enter in many Places; neither is there one Piece mounted round the Walls, except the Castle.

CHESTER has the Face of Antiquity; and what adds to its venerable Aspect, are the Galleries, where you may walk defended from Rain; but they render the Shops very dark that are behind them, and consequently very sultry in Summer: Yet these fore-mentioned Galleries, being raised several Steps, preserve those on Foot from the Molestation of Coaches, Waggon, Carts, &c. which are very numerous in the Streets.

THERE is a very handsome, strong, well-built Bridge over the *Dee*; and truly it had need be strong, to resist the powerful Torrent of that turbulent Stream. It is a *Welsh* River, and therefore very passionate; but its Anger soon subsides, and its Benefits make amends for its Injuries. The Cathedral is a venerable *Gothic* Building; and, like an old Batchelor, in its Decline, has been one of the last married to a Bishop, I believe the very last in the Kingdom. It is built of a reddish Stone, that seems weather-beaten, but I am told is very lasting. Most of the Churches in the City are built with the same Materials. There are ten more, some of them, like those of *Coventry*, add to the Prospect of the City, at a Distance, with their tow'ring Spires.

This Afternoon I met with a silly Accident, that prevented my going with my Brother to dine with Sir R . . . , whose House is not above a Mile off this City, seated on the Borders of the dangerous *Dee*, which has often threatened but never yet attacked it in its utmost Fury. While I was drinking a Dish of Chocolate, I found some Insect had settled upon my Nose, and, not liking its Situation, I raised my Hand to remove the Intruder, who, to punish me, like a waspish Thief as he was, struck his Sting in the very Center, and so got away unpunished, Dear Cousin, do not laugh at me when I tell you the Pain was exquisite; the Part, in a few Minutes, swelled to that Excess, that it was six Times bigger than its usual Proportion, and made me look more like a Devil than a Man. An Apothecary was sent for, who applied a Plaister to my Face, and I thought I very much resembled *Faustan* in his Buffoon-Dance. My Brother could not help reflecting, that Man, who bore the Image of his great Maker, should be liable to be deformed by such a ridiculous Insect. There were several *Irish* Gentlemen in the same Circumstances with us (I mean, waiting for a Wind) who were all surpris'd at the Effect of the Poison. They inform'd me there were no such dangerous Insects, nor any poisonous Creature, in their whole Kingdom, which, in the Pain I was in, I took for a great Blessing: And I tell you once more, Cousin, if all the Gentlemen of that Nation are like those we have hitherto met with, we are going into as polite a Nation as any in *Europe*. Well, I have told you the Occasion of staying in my Lodging, and letting my Brother go alone, which is some Vexation to me, added to the Pain I feel. I am
now

now got among his few Books in his Chamber, and am this Moment fallen upon a Passage that happened in this very City, a Piece of Church History, and here follows the Translation of it. Take it as it is, good Cousin.

QUEEN MARY, Daughter to HENRY the Eighth of *England*, married to PHILIP, Prince of *Spain*, July the 25th, 1554. by the Title of PHILIP and MARY, by the Grace of God, King and Queen of *England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland*, Defenders of the Faith; Princes of *Spain and Sicily*, Archdukes of *Austria*, Dukes of *Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant*, Counts of *Habsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol*. I write these swelling Titles, Cousin, to let you see what *England* has lost since that Time, tho' as the Saying is, there can be no great Loss in what we never had. But now to my Story; This QUEEN MARY, who, during her short Reign, was an inveterate Enemy to the Protestants, and their Religion in *England*, signed a Commission for the same Proceedings in *Ireland*, where the reformed Church was just beginning to raise her flourishing Head, Dr. COLE, a zealous *Roman*, was honoured with this Commission. He was equipped accordingly, and arrived safe at this City, with all his Tackle about him. He sent for the Mayor to his Lodgings, where, after a formal Preamble, taking a Box out of his Cloak-Bag, and, patting it with his Hands, *In this Box*, said he, *is a Commission from our Gracious Queen MARY, that shall lash the Hereticks of Ireland.*

THE good Woman of the House, being a stanch Protestant, had a Curiosity to know their Business, therefore slyly listened, and overheard all the Discourse between the Doctor and the Mayor. She, good Woman, having several Relations

Relations in *Ireland*, resolved to put a Trick upon the Doctor; while he went down to wait upon the Magistrate to the Door, she nimbly whips out the Commission, and claps in its Place a Pack of dirty Cards, with the Knave of Clubs uppermost. The zealous Priest, suspecting nothing of the Matter, laid up his Affairs in Order, took Shipping, arrived safe in *Dublin* on the 4th of *October* 1558; and, to lose no Time, went immediately to the Castle to open his Commission before the Lord FITZ-WALTERS, then Lord Deputy. A Council was called, and after an eloquent Speech to prepare them for the Purpose, he delivered his Commission to be read. The Secretary opened the Doctor's Credentials, and the first Card of the Pack that shewed its Face was the Knave of Clubs, a Court Card, that seemed long to have been in Use. This Sight surpris'd the Deputy and Council, but much more the Doctor, who assured them he had a Commission from the Queen, given him by her own Royal Hand, but was quite confounded with the Exchange. *Well! well!* replied the Deputy Vice-roy, smiling, *you must go back for another, and we will shuffle the Cards in the mean Time.* The Doctor packed over to *England* again, where he procured another Commission; which he took more Care of than the former. But waiting (as we do) for a fair Wind, the News overtook him of Queen MARY's Death, and Queen ELIZABETH's happy Accession to the Throne; so that he returned the same Way he came, his Commission now being of as little Use as before.

THE good Woman, whose Name was ELIZABETH EDMONDS, concealed the Trick she played the Doctor till the Death of Queen MARY, (perhaps

haps a painful Taciturnity to a Woman) but then out it flies every-where. When the Lord FITZ-WALTER returned to *England*, as he passed through *Chester*, he enquired fully into the Affair, and was convinced by the Woman herself in every Circumstance, which he informed the Queen of. Her Majesty was so well pleased with the Story, that she ordered a Pension of forty Pounds a Year for Life to be settled upon Mrs. EDMONDS, for saving her Protestant Subjects in Ireland. This Story is accounted Chronicle at *Chester*, and therefore believed by every Body.

HUGH LUPUS, Brother to WILLIAM the Conqueror, was the first Earl of *Chester*. It was he that built the Castle to awe the *Welch*, for the River *Dee* parts *Wales* from *England*. It was a Frontier in the Time of the *Romans*, *Danes*, &c. This County is called the County Palatine of *Chester*, a Government distinct of itself. Here is a Chamberlain, a Judge Special, two Barons of the Exchequer, three Serjeants at Law, a Sheriff, Attorney-General, and Escheator, with all their proper under Officers. The Earls of *Chester* formerly sat in Parliaments of their own, in their Robes of State; you will find a Print of it in a Book written by Mr. KING, called, *The Vale Royal of Cheshire*, where you may meet with many curious Remarks of this City and County; also a History of the *Isle of Man*; with the numerous Coats of Arms of the Gentry in this County.

My Brother is returned, full of the Praises of what he has seen at Sir R - - -. But one Thing, he told me, a little chagrined him, and that was, the Sight once more of his *Whitchurch* Antagonist. I am concerned, said my Brother, to see such an Insect so familiar with a Man of Sir R - - -

R --- Understanding. But consoled himself with saying, That Butterflies would intrude in the Palaces of Kings, and were much less dangerous than the Wasp that stung you this Morning. I asked him if Monsr. PAPILION took any Notice of him? O yes, replied my Brother, for when Sir R saluted me by Name, running up to me with a familiar Air, and a ridiculous Embrace, he cried out with a seeming Raptura, O my Stars! is it you, Sir? I am surpris'd a Gentleman of your Figure in Life would travel as you do, without some distinguishing Marks of your Quality; adding, That if he had known me, he would as soon be d d as have affronted me: And, taking me familiarly by the Hand at the same time, cried out with a Sneer, Come, we must forgive each other. I told him I had entirely forgot it, and had I not seen him there unexpectedly, should have never thought of him more, which he took as a high Compliment. But, unfortunately for me, he took his Seat next me at Table, and was continually buzzing in my Ear the Characters of every Person at Table, Male and Female; and I own I took my Leave abruptly, to get rid of such an Insect. Just now a Sailor came to inform us the Wind was veering, and would certainly be fair for Dublin in four and twenty Hours, so we shall leave Chester this very Evening; for Time, Wind, and Tide must be obey'd, you know.

WE are now at Parkgate, (by some called Bargate) and have waited two Days for a Wind to no Purpose, so that we repented leaving our old Quarters at Chester; for my own Part, I cursed the Sailor that brought us false Intelligence to Chester about the Change of the Wind. I have learned at Parkgate, that it is a common Custom of the Publicans there, to send up false Intelligence to Chester, that the Company may

may come down to lie under the Lash of their long Bills; but we clear Accounts every Day, which the Landlord does not approve of from those that he imagines have Money sufficient to answer at the last Day, I mean that of imbarking.

THE Obstinacy of the Wind made Time hang heavy on our Hands, therefore we resolved to take a cursory View of *Liverpool*. We set out at Four o'Clock in the Morning, and got over the Ferry at Six; though it was so early, we found every Shop open, and almost as busy as the Exchange in *London* at Noon. The first Person we saw, after we got out of the Ferry-boat, was Mr. F - - - F - - NCH, whom you knew in *London*. He introduced us to Mr. S - - - LDS, an eminent Merchant of his Acquaintance, who entertained us in a very polite Manner, and, while Dinner was preparing, shewed us the most remarkable Places in this opulent Town; which I am of Opinion few of our Cities, after the Metropolis, can exceed in Size. It is not orbicular, as *Chester* is, but, I am sure, more extensive in its Irregularity of Buildings. It is divided into two Parts, the one called the Old, and the other the New. The last has many fine well-built Structures. The Quay is very spacious, and has a Face of Business that seems surprizing. There was a Man of War on the Stocks, almost finished, that is to mount fifty Guns, to which this Town, they say, is to stand Godmother, and give her its own Name. In short, Cousin, you would be surprized to find every Body here as busy as the industrious Bees about their Hive; for this rich Town seems to rival the City of *Bristol* in its Trade and Commerce to all Parts of the World; and I am of Opinion, in a few Years more,

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she may prove her equal. We were informed their Malt Liquor is chiefly brewed with Salt Water, which to us seemed strange, yet I could not distinguish it by the Taste. Though *Lirpool*, as the Inhabitants call it, (for they are quick in Speech as well as Business) seems to mind nothing but Trade; yet Pleasure reigns as ample here as in any other Place: They have their Musick-Meetings, Assemblies, &c. and a neat Theatre, that maintains a Set of Comedians for four Months in the Year very well. This Intelligence I received from our old Acquaintance F---T---, who has as many Scholars here, and at *Chester*, as he can turn his Hands or Feet to. This Town is seated on the Mouth of the River *Mercy*, which forms a large, and (as we were told) safe Harbour; but we will leave it, and ferry over again to the *Cheshire* Side, where we left our Horses, &c. with trusty JOE to take care of them. I will only tell you, that the *Wever* and *Mercy* on the *Lancashire* Side, and the *Dee* from *Chester*, form an Isthmus of fifteen or sixteen Miles in Length, and in Breadth irregular from five to eight Miles.

WE are returned to *Parkgate*, where we find the Wind as obstinate as ever. We see every Day Vessels coming from *Dublin*, with great Numbers of Passengers for *London*, of all Kinds, from Men of Rank to the lowest Station; for as our Harvest in *England* is earlier than in *Ireland*, they begin about *London*, work their Way down to the West, and get back to their own Country, Time enough for their Business there.

THIS Day, being *Sunday*, we had Bread at our Table that came from *Dublin* the Day before,

before, as white and well tasted as any in Europe; and with it a *Journal for Saturday*, printed by FAULKNER, with more Matter and Advertisements in it, than any two of his Brothers in England, and all for a Halfpenny, published twice a Week, *Tuesdays* and *Saturdays*. By this Paper we find they have two Theatres; one, called the Theatre-Royal, in *Aungier-street*, and the other in *Smock-Alley*. But I imagine the Company of *Smock-Alley* are worsted; for they advertise they are gone northward during the Summer, whilst their powerful Antagonists, QUIN and CLIVE, remain on the Field of Battle in *Aungier-street*, where, we are informed, they bring crowded Audiences every Time they perform.

I MUST now relate a short Scene of a tragical Event that has given my Brother infinite Sorrow, as well as myself. Poor JOE! your favourite JOE, is now no more. As the poor Fellow was riding my Brother's Saddle Mare to Water, a vicious Stone Horse broke loose from a Servant that was leading him, pursued the Mare, and, raising his Fore-Feet, struck the poor Lad with such Force on the Back, that he threw him motionless to the Ground. We got him all the Assistance possible, but to no Purpose, for he expired the next Day. We sat up with him all the foregoing Night, and the poor Creature had lost the Use of his Speech, but was sensible to the last. He took my Brother's Hand to his trembling Lips, kissed it, and with a Sigh gave himself up to the Arms of Death. Indeed, Cousin, the Tears steal into my Eyes while I am giving you this short Account. My Brother is inconsolable, and laments him as if he was his nearest

nearest and dearest Relation. I could not avoid letting him know I thought his Grief was a little unreasonable. He replied, he took the Deceased to be Part of his Family, an humble Friend. But (added he) *I lament more for the Manner of his Death. Had it been a gradual Illness, incident to the human Body, my Grief had not been so weighty. I have lost a sincere, faithful, honest Servant, much above the common Rank, bred up with me from my Infancy, one that made it his entire Study to please me, a Creature of Understanding, that passed by every Failing of his Master; and is not the Loss of such a one an irreparable Misfortune? Besides, what is our high Blood and Affluence? Meer Accidents, and often Stains, if not properly wore.* We gave him a decent Funeral at Nesson, a little Town a small Mile from Parkgate. My Brother desired I would dispose of the Mare, for he would never see her more. While I was giving Order about this melancholy Affair, a young Fellow came and offered his Service in such a decent Manner, that it gave me no small Satisfaction. I ordered him to come the next Morning to our Lodging, and, in the mean time, gave so favourable a Character of him to my Brother, that he seemed willing to engage him, but could not help, at the same time, fighting out, *Poor Joe!* Accordingly, the next Morning, he came, and, after viewing him, my Brother told him, I was his Master: *If you please him, you will please me.* Accordingly SAM (for that is his Name) was taken into Service, and by his Affiduity gains upon us both. We had no Character of him, but from his own Mouth: He informed us his last Service was with the late Lord H . . . , and intended for Ireland, where
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He had some Relations settled in *Dublin*, who had invited him over with the Promise of a Service. We have been here thirteen Days, and the Wind is obstinate as ever. The poor Mare is disposed of, not without some Reluctance. Our Baggage is stowed in a Ship called the *Race-Horse*, but the Horses have been taken out of the Vessel twice. We are all out of Patience; and, to amuse my Brother, we go To-morrow over the Water to *Flint*, which stares upon us with its meagre pale Countenance.

As *Flint* is a very poor mean Place, although the County Town, and the Castle a meer Skeleton, we were soon tired of the Object.

It being very early, we hired an old Chaise, and a Pair of Horses, (both would not make one good one) and rid to *Holywell*, or *Hollywell*. It is a neat Village of one Street, where, in my Conscience, there are not six Tenements but what subsist by letting Lodgings; for the sanctity of the Well brings great Crowds of credulous Catholicks. Here is a very beautiful little Chapel, built over the Head of the Spring; and on the Walls of the Cold Bath (and very old it is) you see hanging, Crutches and other complements for Cripples, who have been cured by this salutary Spring Time immemorial. The celebrated St. WINIFRED, from whom the Well borrows her Name, was a Pattern of Piety, and as beautiful as VENUS: One of your wicked Heavens Princes fell in love with her; but she, being as chaste as fair, resisted his criminal Passion, which so enraged the Tyrant, that he took his opportunity, and ravished her. Not contented with that, when the Business was over, whips off her Head with his Scymitar; and from her fair polluted Body sprung up this chaste Spring. We each of us drank off a Cup of Water to her

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Memory,

Memory, which was cold indeed, as OTHELLO says, *Cold, cold, like her Chastity*. They gave us a Bit of Moss that grows about the Well, which, they say, was tingured by her Blood; it has indeed a reddish Cast, and smells extremely sweet. This Spring flows with such Rapidity, that it drives several Mills in the Course of a Mile. Here we had the Pleasure of once more meeting the *Whit-church* Champion; and I must own with Justice, I was extremely delighted. This troublesome Animal, in his Flannels, would jump into the Well, before some could get out: In he throws himself, and out came the Ladies extremely frightened. A Gentleman that waited on these Ladies, (a Lover perhaps) staid at the Door of the Bath patiently till our Hero was dressed, who no sooner put one Foot out of the Door, but the patient Gentleman claps one Hand to the Gnomon of his Face, and lugged so heartily, that I expected to see the Fop's Nose either upon the Ground, or in the Gentleman's Hand; but he, finding his Nose faster upon his Face than I expected, let go his Hold, and, with a Horse-whip in his other Hand, gave him several smart and quick Strokes over his Head, Sides and Shoulders. I do not really know what Religion this Whipper was, but I am convinced he left several Crosses on divers Parts of his Body, and the other took them as patiently as if they were enjoined him for a Penance. We all allowed he had gained some Part of his just Reward; so left him wiping his Nose with his Hand to see if any Blood followed. As we were going up the Street, a Man met us with this Question, *Gentlemen, do you want Horses and a Guide to the Head? If you should, I can furnish you as well as any Man in the County.* This Question put us on Consultation,

tation, which was soon ended; for, with my Brother's Consent, we resolved to set out the next Morning. Accordingly a Lodging was got for my Brother and Friends, and I returned to *Parkgate* immediately, to fetch the Portmanteaus with our Linen, &c. gave in Charge our Baggage to the Captain of the *Race-Horse*, ordered SAM to go by Sea, cleared all off, and returned to my Brother the next Morning by Seven o'Clock. We set off by Ten from *Holywell*, and through a miscellaneous Road, some good, some bad, without any Accident by the Way, or seeing any thing worthy of mention, we got to *Conway* that Night. Before you cross the Ferry, you would imagine this Town both large, and well inhabited, by the outside Walls, for they make a good Appearance at a Distance; but when within, alas! you behold the very Ruins of Beauty, withered and consumed by the Teeth of all-devouring Time. I had almost forgot to acquaint you with a short Story told us by our Guide, while we were waiting for the Ferry-boat, which was on the *Conway* Side of the River; which Story Tradition had handed down to him. Here it follows.

IN the Time when OLIVER had translated the Kingdom into a Commonwealth, a Gentleman of this Country, full of Drink and Presumption, as well as Impatience, would not stay for the Ferry-boat, but plunged into the liquid Element, in order to cross to the other Side. It was a rapid Tide of Ebb, which soon hurried him beyond Assistance. The next Day his Horse was found drowned on the neighbouring Strand, and it was beyond Doubt the Master met with the same Fate. Search was made for his Body several Days, but to no Purpose. His discon-

solate Wife, or Widow, which you please, mourned incessantly for his Loss; but Time, which works Miracles, persuaded her that her Tears were fruitless, and could not recal the Dead. She, poor Creature, liking Society, went to Church, and brought home a second Husband. The Bands of Wedlock had not been tied above four Months when the first Husband returned safe and found, to the great Surprize of the dear Wife and all his Acquaintance. By good Fortune the second Husband was set out on a Journey to *London*; yet the Wife taking the first to be a Spirit, was convinced at last he was Flesh and Blood, for he took Possession of every thing as ample as at first. I doubt not but you will be apt to ask what became of him, during near a Year and a half's Absence. When the Force of the boisterous Current had carried him out to Sea, the raging Billows threw him off his Horse, and plunged him Lord knows where; for though the Water and Fright had made him sober, he soon lost all Use of Sense; and when he was restored to it, the first thing he observed was, that he found himself in a Hammock on Shipboard, and that Ship in a violent Storm, which he knew by the blustering of the Winds, together with a Noise and Hurry of the Sailors, though their Language he did not understand. The Violence of the Storm decreased by Degrees, and all was quiet, save the usual Noise that Mariners make when under Sail. In short, he soon understood that he had been saved by the Boat's Crew four Days before, and taken all imaginable Care of by the Surgeon. The *Dutch* Captain (for the Ship belonged to the *Dutch East-India* Company, and was drove on the Coast of *Wales* by a violent Storm) sent for his Cloaths and his Money, which amounted to near two hundred

hundred Pounds, the Sum he received the very Day of the Accident, which he restored honestly to the Owner. Our *Welshman* was very uneasy to find that the Ship could not touch any where till they arrived at the *Cape of Good-Hope* in *Africa*; but he received some Consolation, when he was told they often met Vessels in their Voyage bound for *Europe*; though they were not so fortunate for our Gentleman of *Wales*. He was obliged to make a Virtue of Necessity, and stay at the *Cape* till their Return. The Captain very generously gave him his Passage and Diet, and took him up in his Voyage back from the *Indies*. In short, he managed so well whilst at the *Cape*, that he more than trebled the Money he had at first, by the time he landed in *Holland*, from whence he came so unexpectedly to his own House in *Wales*. But how do you think this important Affair was managed concerning the double Marriage? I will inform you of that too. The two Husbands were resolved not to trouble the Spiritual or Temporal Courts to decide their Controversy; but, each having a good Opinion of himself, they left the Decision to the Wife. They were both to leave the Tenement for three Days, and at the End to return to know who was to be the happy Man. But she, poor conscientious Woman, loth to disoblige, and thinking the Husbands had equal Right, and as she had sufficient Fortune for them both, joined to theirs, determined, that one Husband should be Manager of her House for three Months; and, that Term ended, like Buckets in a Well, one should come up, and the other go down, without clashing. She only determined in favour of the first Husband, that as he had been a long Voyage, he should

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should continue the first Turn, which was half out already. This odd Agreement (for two to one are odds) pleased the Husbands as well as the Wife. In process of Time the Lady was brought to Bed of a Boy, and the Birth it seems was so critical, that the Father was in dispute; but she even made all things easy there too; for as the *Welsh* love long Names, with *ap Grif-fyn*, *ap Sbinkin*, and so forth, she added both Sir and Christian Names of both her Dearies, and the Husbands decided whose Name should be given first, by a Game at All-fours. Thus ends the Guide's Story. Believe all, or none of it, as you please. My Cousin NED, who now-and-then dabbles in the muddy Part of the Heliconian Stream, wrote this Evening the following Lines upon the Occasion.

Happy Wife, beyond expressing!

Two tough Strings, to twang thy Bow!

Both confirm'd by Church's Blessing.

Most wou'd wad, cou'd all do so.

Double anchor'd, safer riding

For the Bark that stems the Tide,

But in single Hold confiding,

Breaks away without her Guide.

WE did not dare to shew these Lines to my Brother for fear of a long Lecture about it. But to leave this *Conway*, as I was telling you, now lies in Ruins, which was some Ages ago in a flourishing Condition; but Empires and Kingdoms find Decay as well as Towns and Cities. What is become of *Carthage*? It puzzles Travellers to find the Spot where it stood. The Situation of this Place is very agreeable, built on a regular

a regular Ascent, with a fine Harbour, capable of containing a large Fleet; but the Country on each side has the meagre Face of Poverty; yet there was Plenty at our Inn, and every thing extraordinary good of its Kind: But the nearness to *Chester* has robbed it of its Trade, and, in my Opinion, their chief Support is from the Travellers both Ways. This Morning (*Saturday*) was their Market, but poor enough; though we saw some pretty, neat-dressed, *Welch* Girls, yet when we talked to them, they would smile, and cry *Dim safenag*, i. e. *No English*. The vulgar *Welch* seem to have an Aversion to the *English*; but the better Sort are well bred, and very courteous; they often boast, that their Country was never conquered by the *Romans* or *Danes*; but they might thank their high Mountains that stood up in their Defence, together with the Poverty of the Country in those Ages. Even the best are full of their Pedigrees, and their long illustrious Line of Ancestry; and some People tell you, a *Welch* Pedigree, written as a Bill in Chancery, would cover half an Acre of Land. This Day we passed on our Left two Mountains, *Penmanmour* and *Penmanbab*, I think, they call them; frightful enough to see some of the Chips of those old Blocks, cut off by the Hand of Time, hanging in the Midway of their downward Course to the Sea; yet the Road is safe, and wide enough for Travellers to pass each other. From these Mountains you have a beautiful Prospect of the Sea on the Right, which forms a fine Bay, with Part of *Wales* as it were behind, as well as before you, terminated with the *Isle of Anglesea*, (the ancient *Mona*). Our Guide told us, that in a very clear Day he had seen the Mountains of

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Carling-

Carlingford in Ireland. After we had passed these *Cambrian Alps*, our Guide led us on to the Sea Strand. They have all Tide-Tables for that Purpose; for if we should mistake the Tide of Flood for the Tide of Ebb, we should have Waves for Winding-sheets. Our Land Pilot told us several Stories how many People had perished with their Horses in this Passage for want of Guides. He told us another Story, to shew his Honesty, I suppose; That, about three Years ago, he took a poor Man from the Hollow of a Rock, which he shewed us, where the Tide overtook him, and he had remained all Night, expecting to be drowned every Moment. He thought his Horse had been drowned; *But there is the poor Beast*, cried the Guide, pointing to that my Cousin NED rode on; *he had more Wit than his Master, (for these kind of Cattle, know every Nook and Corner of the Road) who was really half a Fool, and though he saw his Horse selling at Chester Fair, he could not swear to him; he said indeed he could safely swear it was his own poor Beast, if he had had his own Saddle on his Back.* So we soon found, by the Saddle not being on the right Horse, the poor Man was cheated of his Beast; and we easily imagined we had now this Cheater for our Guide.

I write this second Story of his at *Bangor*, the poorest Bishoprick in His Majesty's Dominions; though others say *Landaff*, another Bishoprick in *Wales*, can match it in Poverty; but it may be I may tell you more when we return from *Carnarvon*, where we shall go To-morrow, and come back here again in the Evening.

We are now safely arrived at *Carnarvon*, the Birth-place of EDWARD the Second, Son to EDWARD the First, commonly called *Long Shanks*, from the Tallness of his Person. They call it
seven

seven Miles between *Bangor* and this Place; but the Road is not stinted, for on my Conscience it would measure sixteen common Miles; though we had fresh Horses, and our Landlord of *Bangor* for our Guide, yet the Hills (for we could not call them Mountains, compared to what we saw to the Left) tired the Riders, if not the Beasts that bore the Burden.

This Town was handsomely built; by EDWARD the First, to curb the *Welch*; and was formerly of large Extent, as we may guess by its Ruins. We were shewn the Spot where the Chamber stood that first aired the first Prince of *Wales*, a Title the eldest Sons of our Kings have inherited ever since. EDWARD the First often made this Place his Residence; and by this Means, with the Birth of a *Welch* Prince, that haughty People became annexed to the Crown of *England*. It was, in that Age, the usual Port whence the *English* embarked for *Ireland*.

As we found nothing more, worth Notice, we crossed a Ferry called *Menau*, that divides the *Isle of Anglesea* from *Carnarvon*; for we were informed the Road was better than that we came. In our Journey back we saw several monstrous Stones, raised after the manner of those called *Stone-benge* upon *Salisbury-Plain*, though not so large or numerous. This *Isle of Anglesea* seems very fruitful in Corn, particularly Wheat. We had a View of the *Fretum*, or Strait of *Menau*, upon our Right, almost every where as we rode along, which is very narrow, not above a Bow-shot over any where, unless our Eyes deceived us. We passed over the Ferry to *Bangor* again: King EDWARD the First proposed to build a Bridge where the Ferry now is; and though Kings might do much, yet, in my Imagination, this was but
a wild

a wild Project, unless in his Reign the Strait was much narrower, and has been enlarged by Time, which is no Improbability. I write this at *Bangor*, after viewing the Church; it is one of the meanest Episcopal Fabricks I ever saw: yet they boast of its Antiquity, this being one of the oldest Bishopricks in *Britain*. It is dedicated to St. DANIEL, probably the Founder, *Ann. Dom.* 512. We were told a Story of a Bishop, named BULKELY, who loved Money so well, that he disposed of the Revenues; yet, not being contented with that, he also sold the Church Ornaments, together with the Bells.

Here we saw an Operation of a *Welsh* Surgeon, (for he could not speak one Word of *English*, though *Latin* without breaking PRISCIAN's Head): A Gentleman was brought to our Inn, who, by a Fall from his Horse, had his Ankle-Bone forced out. The Surgeon gets a Napkin, and ordered his Patient to be well secured from struggling: Then, spreading the Napkin, thrice doubled, round the Ankle, he joined the two Ends on the contrary Side, and, with an Assistant, twisted the Cloath in the same Manner as Women wring the Water out of Linen, till the Bone was forced into the Socket again, with inexpressible Pain to the Patient. I fancy Mrs. MAP, of famous Memory, learned some of her Bone-setting Art in *Wales*.

We intend this Afternoon to cross the Ferry again, in order to take a View of *Beaumaris*, the chief Town in *Anglesea*. Though there are 74 Parishes, there are but two Market-Towns in the whole Island; *Newborough*, over-against *Carnarvon* in *Wales*, and this of *Beaumaris*, called by EDWARD the First, who built the Castle, *Beaumaris*, or Fine Marsh. This Place did not answer the Prospect we had of it from the *Welsh* Mountain,

Mountain, in our Journey to *Bangor*; yet they have several Vessels belonging to the Town, whose Trade is chiefly Corn, Herrings, and Mill-stones; the last esteemed the best in the King's Dominions. We had good Entertainment here, but a little troubled in Answers from our Landlord, who was so afflicted with the *Anbelus*, that when he coughed, he generally bespattered our Faces; so we chose to have as few Words, and as little of his Company, as possible. The Castle, as appears from its far extended Ruins, once covered a large Tract of Ground. We shall stay here all Night, for we are just now informed the Pacquet-Boat sailed this Morning.

We are now, through a fruitful Glebe, got to *Holly* (or *Holy*) *Head*, the last Place we shall sleep in, I believe, on this Side of *St. George's* Channel for some Time. My Brother seems extraordinary melancholy, as I suppose, occasioned by not breathing in the same Territory with his dear Lady *FANNY*; and I make no doubt, but he curses in his Heart the old Lord that has imposed upon him his long Separation from what he adores; but old Men are obstinate, and will be obeyed; however, he seems secured in *FANNY's* Fidelity, and I own I am of his Opinion. Yet we know *varium et mutabile semper Fœmina*, and Absence too often makes People forgetful. This Place has a deadly Smell of Poverty; and if the Pacquets were to remove their Station, the Inhabitants would fly the Place as fast as if a Plague was broke out amongst them. From an Eminence to the Left of the Town, with the Help of a Glass, we can see the Mountains of *Wicklow*, distant, S. W. (as a Sailor told us) about sixteen Miles from *Dublin*. I do not believe we shall embark in the next Pacquet, for here are eight Horses to
be

be shipped with the soonest; the People persuade us it is dangerous to keep such Company, and have brought my Brother into their Opinion. I own I have not any Notion of the Danger, but I believe they are willing to keep their Guests as long as they can.

Well, the *Pacquet* is arrived, and goes off the next Tide without us; and I am not displeased at it; for the Wind is very high, and not in the right Corner. I was surprized to see the vast Quantity of Bread the Sailors brought on Shore with them; but my Wonder ceased, when I was informed most of that Commodity was brought for the Inhabitants of the Place, who seldom had any other. The *Pacquet* is gone, Horses and all, and we must wait till the next arrives, which they expect To-morrow, for there are two or three of them.

THIS Island of *Anglesea* was, as *GEORGE* of *Monmouth* tells us, the chief Residence of the ancient Druids, Bards, or Poets. There are no Mountains in this Island, and very few Protuberances of Nature, that may be called Hills. It is almost round, being accounted twenty Miles in Length, and seventeen in Breadth, surrounded by the *Irish* Sea; yet, notwithstanding, the Air is accounted very wholesome.

I have been employing myself this Morning in looking over a Map of *Ireland*; and, as it lies before me, I think it resembles the Figure of a Bear; The Province of *Ulster* the Head, *Lough-Foyle* the Eye, *Lough-Neagh* the Ear, and the other three Provinces the Body. Do not laugh at my Fancy, Cousin, for I have heard you say, that *Italy* resembled a Leg lifted up to kick *Sicily* into *Africa*. Now, dear Cousin, I do not reflect on the Nation by my ludicrous Imagination of the Map; I have always had a
just

just Sense of their Merit, and have often heard my Uncle say, when he was Ambassador in *Muscovy*, he found the chief of his eligible Conversation were Gentlemen of that Nation, and many of their General Officers by Sea and Land owed their Birth to *Ireland*. I own, from what I have seen and known already, I may be thought to be prejudiced in its Favour before I set Foot there; yet, I will assure you, I shall not be biased: I will describe every thing I see and hear with the utmost Impartiality; I shall expose their Faults, and not conceal their Virtues; yet I shall think myself deceived, if the latter will not overballance the former, notwithstanding the many ridiculous Notions of them entertained on this Side of the Water.

In the last Pacquet arrived here at *Holyhead* a most agreeable young Gentleman, designed for your Inn, to study the Law; and though the *Latin* Proverb says, *Fronti nulla Fides*, (There is no Faith in Faces) I am assured he is an Exception to that Saying. We formed a Friendship in Twelve Hours by Sympathy, and my Brother seems as well pleased with him as I am. I shall finish this tedious long Epistle at this Place, and my new Acquaintance will give it into your own Hands. He will not stir from us till he sees us safe on board the next Pacquet-Boat. I need not bid you do him all the good Offices in your Power, for I am assured when you have conversed with him one single Hour, my Recommendation will be forgot, and you will do all you can to serve him on his own Account. I will not close this Letter yet; it shall be the last Thing I will do on this Side of the Water. I forgot to tell you he knows us only by our travelling Name; but I have so much Confidence in him, that I give you

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Commission to inform him of every thing concerning us, if you think fit: It would be a little too abrupt to declare it to him here.

THE Pacquet is returned, and we shall embark this Afternoon for *Dublin*; therefore, dear Cousin, you must not expect to hear from me till I have wandered about the new World we are going to: So farewel, and be as happy as wishes

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Dear Cousin,

Cork,

I Thought this Letter would have been dated from *Dublin*; but Providence has ordered it otherwise. While we were preparing to embark, we read in the *London Daily Advertiser*, that Sir R - - - S - - - lay at the point of Death, at his Seat in *Hampshire*, which determined my Cousin to return Home. My Brother and I were resolved to accompany him a little way on his Journey towards *Chester*. We hired Horses accordingly; but, before we lost Sight of the *Head*, we met a String of sixteen Troop-Horses, to recruit the Forces in *Ireland*. This Sight was not very pleasing to my Brother: He called a Council, and at last came to this Resolution, That he would wait for the next Pacquet, rather than embark with such troublesome Company. After this Matter was settled, we rode on, with an Intention of dining at *Beaumont* with our former Host; but judge our Surprize, when I inform you, the first Man we cast our Eyes on was our new-hired Servant, that we left with our Baggage at *Parkgate*. He informed us the Vessel was

drove

drove into that Harbour by contrary Winds; that our Horses broke loose in the Hold, and the Master of the Ship was obliged to cut their Throats to prevent further Danger.

THIS Account did not give my Brother the least Uneasiness; but, I own, I was a little chagrined at the Loss of mine, because I thought I should never meet with his Fellow. However, we resolved not to embark at *Holyhead*, but go on board the Ship where our Baggage was. Accordingly we sent to the *Head* for our Portmantaus, &c. and, after taking Leave of my dear Cousin NED and his Companion, set sail, with a moderate fair Wind at N. E. In the Night a violent Storm arose, or rather a Hurricane, that the stubborn Ship would not obey the Helm, and the Master declared we were in very great Danger. My Brother bore this Notice with the utmost Constancy of Mind; but, I must own, I had not Philosophy enough to look Death in the Face with Indifference. When the Morning dawned, though the Storm continued in its utmost Rage, yet the Light, I thought, dissipated some Part of my Horror. By Noon the Tempest lessened, the Ship became a little obedient, and bore a reefed Fore-sail indifferently well. About Five in the Afternoon, we saw a Vessel within half a League of us without Masts: She fired a Gun for us to come to her Assistance, but the Master told us he durst not venture. Before it was dark, the Winds became hushed, a violent Storm of Rain followed, and the Sea was as quiet as the *Thames*. The Master made an Observation, and informed us he did not fear anchoring in the *Cove of Cork*, which we did Time enough to go on Shore by Day-light. As soon as we landed, my Brother tenderly embraced me, telling

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ing me at the same Time, the Thoughts of my perishing with him had made up a great Part of his Trouble; but I was so rejoiced at our Safety, that I hardly returned him Thanks. We took a moderate Repast, and retired to Rest, for we had neither of us closed our Eyes for fifty Hours. Though I was safe on Shore, I imagined I felt the rocking of the Ship and the Turbulence of the Billows, as fresh as if we were in the Middle of the Sea.

WE were awaked the next Morning with the Impertinence of a Custom-House Officer, who insisted on searching us, in Hopes, I suppose, of extorting something from us; but we disappointed him, by suffering him to execute his Office, as he called it.

THE Town of *Cove* is but small, and built upon such a steep Ascent, that it gave my Brother and I a great deal of Fatigue to gain the Summit; but, to make us some amends, we had a delightful Prospect of the Bay. We were surprized to find there was not the least Fortification to defend the Harbour. There are indeed the Remains of an old Fort on the Right, as you enter between the two Headlands. The Mouth of the Channel is narrow, and the Cannon may reach from Shore to Shore. Where the Ruins of the old Fort stand, the Cape is very high, and the Channel is not an hundred Yards from the Shore. *Dog's-nose Point*, as they call it, which is farther up the Harbour, is another formidable Situation. Between this and *Cove* is a noble Seat of the Earl of *Inchiquin*, called *Roussillon*, in the Bottom of the Bend of the Bay, which here forms a Half-Moon. In time of War, I should think, it might run some Danger from Marauders.

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WE were informed; that in the late War with *France*, in the Reign of *Queen ANNE*, a small *French* Privateer came and anchored over-against the Town of *Cove*, under *English* Colours. There were several *English* and *Irish* Sailors among their Crew, and all that were *French* carefully concealed themselves. The Custom-house Officers came on board, and were invited into the Cabbin; where they were plied with good *French* Claret. However, one of them detached himself from the rest, for fear her Majesty should be cheated of her Duty; but, observing things with an Eye too curious, was secured, without Noise, under Hatches. Even the Boat's Crew were on board, quaffing *gratis* with their Countrymen in another Cabbin, without the least Suspicion. There were two Ships in the Harbour, and most of their Men on Shore, which the cunning *Corfsairs* found out by the Conversation they had with the Boatmen from *Cove*. The *Frenchmen* had but one Boat; but, as soon as the Tide began to ebb, they made bold with the *Queen's*, manned them both, and, in sight of the whole Town, sipt the Cables of both the Ships, hoisted *French* Colours on board their own, and sailed off in triumph. Indeed, when they were out of the Harbour's Mouth, they stripped the Officers as naked as they were born, and sent them adrift in their own Boat, to teach them more Wit another Time. Would not a reasonable Man imagine (as there must be living Witnesses of this Action) the Government of *Cork* much to blame, not to think of providing for the Safety of their Commerce, by fortifying their Harbour, which is so well provided by Nature for that Purpose? But we are just now informed, they have powerful Reasons to the con-

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trary,

trary, which, I own, seems strange to us; yet they ought to know better than we.

ABOUT half a Mile from the Town of *Cove*, upon a little Island, named *Arbowlin*, you see the Remains of a large Fort and Block-house, that if an Enemy should pass by *Cove* unmolested, and this Place properly fortified, it might blow a Ship out of the Water (another Sea Term); for the Channel at that Place is not Pistol-shot over.

WHEN you have passed this little strait, the Harbour widens again on the Left, where you may see many delightful Seats, mostly built on gently rising Hills, diversified with Meadows and Corn Fields. The Prospect calls to my Remembrance a Story of a Right Reverend Bishop, Dr. T - - - N, who was collated to the See of *Ossory*; imagining there was nothing to be had in *Ireland*, he wrote to an *English* Clergyman of his Acquaintance, that had resided some Years in this Kingdom, to know how many Ship-load of Oats and Hay he should send over for the Maintenance of his Horses. Now, Cousin, if a Reverend Bishop could be thus hood-winked, we must a little forgive the vulgar *English*, that can hardly be persuaded the Moon shines here.

ON one Side, to the Left, is another small Spot, called *Spike's Island*, a noted Place for Smuggling; for small Vessels, at high Water, steal in unseen by the Officers at *Cove*.

A STRANGER, when he has passed the fore-mentioned Strait, would imagine he was intirely land-locked, and would be wistfully gazing for the City of *Cork*. For my own part, I took a Castle, called *Monk's-Town*, to belong to that City, till better informed. Near this Place the Channel narrows again, and gives us another

Opening;

Opening; it is so deep that a rich outward-bound Ship, by the Carelessness, or want of a Pilot, lately bulged upon a Rock close to the Shore, and in a Moment sunk downright; yet we sailed over her standing Masts without the least Danger. This Ship belonged to Mons. DE VITTE, a French Refugee, Merchant in Cork, who has acquired a large Estate by Traffick: He has been at some Expence in order to raise her, but to no Purpose; for she has settled herself in a Bed of her own making, I believe, never to rise again. To the Left of this Place are the *Gyants Stairs*, formed, I doubt not, by Nature; but our Boatmen would not have it so. Indeed, none but a Gyant could make use of them as such.

A LITTLE higher in this Gut, is a Horse-Ferry, between the main Land and that of *Cove*, or the *Great Island*; for the Sea, at high Water, surrounds it.

WHEN you pass this Ferry, you make another Island, to the Right, about three Miles long, where we saw two pleasant Country Seats, and several rich Farms farther up from the Shore. On the Left is seated a little Town called *Passage*, whose chief Trade comes from the Ships that ride before it. We counted sixteen then at Anchor, among which were seven *Portuguese*, that were taking in Beef, Tallow, and Hides. Here the Harbour stretches above a Mile from Shore to Shore. On the Right is a beautiful Seat called *Anne-Grove*, the Residence of the Lord *Buttasant*, eldest Son to the Earl of *Barrymore*. On the Left we had Sight of a House, built upon a small Island, called *Hop-Island*; and why? because it belongs to a Dancing-Master of *Cork*, who has contrived a Fishery between him and the opposite Shore, that yields much Profit.

We had a View of another noble Seat on the Right, belonging to C - - - T - - - - N, Esq;

AFTER sailing over a Bason of above two Miles long and one broad, we arrived at a Place called the *Black-Rock*, an octogon Tower, built upon a Rock, where the Burgeffes of the City meet at stated Times of the Year, both on Business and Pleasure. The Channel, in this Place, is pretty even, I mean the Shores on each Side, till you come to *Cork*, which now begins to unfold herself. Here the Eye is entertained with innumerable pleasant Seats, particularly Counsellor BENNET's, which bespeaks the Opulence of the City we are now drawing near to. I often take my Eye off the Land, to observe the numerous Attendants we have upon the Water; that is, a Sea Army of *Porcupifces*, or, in plain *English*, *Porpoises*, who throw the *Somerfet* to Admiration. Our Landlord told us, their Appearance in that Manner foreboded Tempests; but our Boatmen told us, they were common in all Weathers, mere Privateers, that gave chase to the peaceable Merchant-Fish, such as *Salmon*, *Trout*, &c.

WE are now arrived in the Town, and lodge at a Place they call the *Mall*, where the People of Fashion walk to and fro, as they do in the *Mall* of *St. James's Park*; but, I'll assure you, there is no Comparison, for this *Mall* is paved with hard Pebble-stones, little better than the common Streets, which are ill paved. There is a Row of Trees on each Side, parted by a Canal, that, when the Tide is out, sends a disagreeable Smell, at least to us that are Strangers to it.

A FEW days after our Arrival, we were Spectators to a very odd Custom. On the first Day of the new Mayor's entering the annual Chair, as

soon

soon as the Proceſſion begins, thoſe that are not concerned in the Aſſembly, procure large Quantities of Bran, which they throw into the Eyes of every Perſon they meet, not forgetting the new Mayor, his Officers, and Retinue. They ſpare neither Sex, Age, or Quality. Before they arrive at the Quondam-Mayor's Houſe, they are ſure to be half covered with Bran, or half blind. Notwithſtanding an Order to the contrary is iſſued out ſome Days before the Proceſſion, it is all to no Purpoſe, Cuſtom prevails, and the Inhabitants would think it an Infringement of their Privileges, ſhould they diſcontinue it. They tell you it was firſt inſtituted in token of Plenty.

I was told a Story of a *Dutchman*, who was aſſaulted by theſe Bran-Mongers in ſuch a Manner, that, being ignorant of the Cuſtom, he drew his Knife, and was going to ſniker-a-way with all his Might; but, before he did any Miſchief, he was ſeized behind, his Weapon taken from him, and himſelf dragged through the Channel, which is none of the cleanſt. After this they ſtuffed his Drawers, Pockets, Shirt, &c. full of the Ingredients, and hooted him to the Water-ſide, where he flung himſelf into a Boat, and put off from the Shore to avoid their further Perſecution.

You find by this *Cork* is governed by a Mayor, but the Number of Aldermen is uncertain; for there are none of that Title, but have firſt paſſed the Chair, and afterwards are not only Aldermen, but Juſtices of the Peace. The Mayor is choſen by balloting, with only five Competitors.

THIS City was formerly ſurrounded with Enemies, a Sort of *Iriſh Tartars*, who often plundered to the very Gates, which were ſhut at

Sun-set, at Meal-time, and during Divine Service, not suffering a Stranger to enter the Town armed. At each Gate there was a Guard kept, to secure the Weapons of all Passengers; and the Inhabitants, for some Ages, married, like *Jews*, only in their own Tribe.

I HAVE met with, by Chance, an Address from the Citizens of *Cork* to the Lord Deputy and Council, in the Reign of King HENRY IV. which I shall give you as I found it.

“ I T may please your Wisedomes to have
 “ Pity on us the King’s poor Subjects within
 “ the Countie of *Corke*, or else we are cast away
 “ for ever. For where there are in this County,
 “ these Lords by Name, besides Knights, Es-
 “ quires, Gentlemen, and Yeomen, to a great
 “ Number, that might dispend yerely Eight
 “ Hundred Pounds, Six Hundred Pounds, Five
 “ Hundred Pounds, Two Hundred Pounds,
 “ and One Hundred Pounds, Twenty Marks,
 “ Ten Pounds, some more, some less, to a
 “ great Number besides these Lords.

“ First, the Lord Marques CARO, his yerely
 “ Revenues, besides *Dorzey* Haven, and other
 “ Creekes, One Thousand Six Hundred Pounds
 “ *Sterling*.

“ The Lord WIGGAN of the Green Castle,
 “ his yerely Revenue, besides his Havens and
 “ Creeks, Thirteen Thousand Pounds*.

“ The Lord BARNEVELT of *Beerhaven*, his
 “ yerely Revenues was, besides *Boderhaven*, and

* I believe this must be a Mistake of the Transcriber, and should be Thirteen *Hundred*, rather than Thirteen *Thousand* Pounds, which must be too large an Income in those Days.

“ other Creekes, One Thousand Six Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord BALRAM of *Enfort*, his yerely Revenue, besides Havens and Creeks, One Thousand Three Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord COURCY of *Kellbretton*, his yerely Revenues, besides Havens and Creeks, a Thousand Two Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord MANDEVILLE of *Barenstelly*, his yerely Revenues, besides Havens and Creeks, One Thousand Two Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord ARUNDEL of the *Strand*, his yerely Revenues, besides Havens and Creeks, a Thousand Five Hundred Pounds.

“ The Lord BAROD of the *Gard*, his yerely Revenues, besides Havens and Creeks, One Thousand One Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord STENEY of *Baltamore*, his yerely Revenue, besides Havens and Creeks, Eight Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The Lord ROCH of *Pool-Castle*, his yerely Revenue, besides Havens and Creeks, * Ten Thousand Pounds *Sterling*.

“ The King's Majestie hath the Lands of the late young BARRY by Forfeiture; the yerely Revenue whereof, besides two Rivers and Creeks, and all other Casualties, is One Thousand Eight Hundred Pounds *Sterling*.

“ And at the End of this Parliament, your Lordshipe, with the King's most Noble Counsel, may come to *Cork*, and call before you all these Lords, and other *Irishmen*, to bind them in Pain of Loss of Life, Lands,

* Another Mistake of, I believe, 9,000.

“ and Goods, that never one of them do make
 “ War upon another, without Lycence or Com-
 “ maundment of you, my Lord Deputie, and the
 “ King his Councel: for the utter Destruction
 “ of these Parties, is that only Cause: And once
 “ all the *Irishmen*, and the King his Enemies,
 “ were driven into a great Valley, called *Clanco-*
 “ *nighte*, betwyne two great Mountains, called
 “ *Maccort*, or the *Leperous Island*, and there
 “ they lived longe and many Yeres, with their
 “ Whyte Meat, untill at the last, the *Englyshe*
 “ Lords fell at Variance among themselves, and
 “ then the weakeſt parte tooke certaine *Irishmen*
 “ to take their parte, and ſo vanquiſhed their
 “ Enemyes. And thus fell the *Englyſh* Lordes
 “ amongſt themſelves, till the *Irishmen* were
 “ ſtronger than they, and drove them away, and
 “ now have the Cuntry whole under them, but
 “ that the Lord RŌCH, the Lord BARRY, and
 “ the Lord COURCEY only remayne with the
 “ leaſte parte of their Anceſtors Poſſeſſions, and
 “ young BARRY is thereupon the King’s Portion,
 “ paying his Grace never a Penny Rent. There-
 “ fore we the King’s poor Subjects, of the Cities
 “ of *Cork*, *Kingsale* and *Yoghal*, deſire your Lord-
 “ ſhip to ſend hither two good Juſtices to ſee
 “ this Matter ordered, and ſome *Englyſh* Cap-
 “ tynes, with twentie *Englyſhmen*, that may be
 “ Captynes over us all, and we will ryſe with
 “ them to redreſs theſe enormities all at our
 “ own Coſtes: And if you will not come, nor
 “ ſende, we will ſende over to our Liege Lord
 “ the Kinge, and complain on you all.”

THOUGH the Caſe is now altered, and they
 ſeem not to ſtand in awe of either foreign or do-
 meſtick Enemy; yet, as I obſerved before, it is
 eaſy

easy (as they have no Cannon) for a Foe to sail into the very Town, through their new-cut Canals, where most of their eminent Merchants live. I had almost forgot there are eight Pieces, about six Pounders, placed at the Back of the Theatre on *Dunscumb's* Marsh, with a Centinel for their Guard, and their Mouths turned to the South. I believe they were never charged with Powder. General L - - - R, I am informed, ordered them down to the Harbour's Mouth, to erect a Battery there; but it was not allowed by the Citizens. We were told, one of the Centinels, in the late hard Frost, was frozen to Death on his Post.

THERE are no Hackney-Coaches here; but, to make amends, there are Plenty of Chairs, or Sedans. Their Fare is but Four Pence for carrying you from one End of the City to the other. Indeed, if they carry you through the Gates, they will demand Six Pence; but this is an Act of their own making. These Vehicles are mighty convenient for the Followers of *Bacchus*, who has a great Number of Votaries in this City. This Vice is, in a great Measure, owing to their Riches and Commerce, which brings a great Resort of Sailors, who, it is well known, are one and all devoted to that Deity. As they have no Fence against the Borders of the new Canals, a Sailor dropt into one of them the other Night, just before the Windows of our Lodging. The Tide was out, and the Ouze so soft, that the Fellow seemed to like his Bed. His Companions went to lend him their Assistance to get out; but he gave them a few Curses, with a *D - - m ye, be quiet! I will take a Nap for an Hour or two, and be with you again.*

WE

WE were shewn the Spot where the D - - e of G - - - n fell at the Siege of this City; upon which Occasion a Witling of those Times composed the following Lines.

Here fell H - - - y D - - e of G - - - n,

As good a Blade as e'er had Haft on,

Or e'er made a Pass

At a Lad or a Lass;

But a Bullet of Cork

Soon finished his Work,

Pox rot him

That shot him;

A Son of a W - - - e

That got him.

I'll say no more,

But here fell H - - - y D - - e of G - - - n,

TO-MORROW we are engaged to go to *Cloyne*, where we shall pay our Respects to the Right Reverend Bishop. He has justly gained the Respect due to him, from his enlarged Understanding, as well as polite Literature. His chief Study is the Good of Mankind; and though he is seated in a Nook of the Island, his Benefits extend over the whole.

WE are returned to *Cork*, after being used with the utmost Civility by that Reverend Prelate above-mentioned. *Cloyne*, though a Bishoprick, is but a mean Place of little Trade. The Bishop's Palace is large and convenient, with good Gardens, &c. but that is all can be said of it. Near the Church is one of those high round Towers, which my Brother has amply described; therefore I shall say no more of it. The twelve Miles between *Cloyne* and *Corke*, the Eye is diverted with a fine Country and many noble Seats.

I forgot

I forgot to tell you, that the Bishop of *Cloyne* retains an eminent *Italian* Master of Musick in his House, *Sig^r. P - - - o*, to instruct his Children. It was an agreeable Surprise to me, to meet so fine a Performer, in such an obscure Part of the Island, when perhaps there is not a better in the three Kingdoms.

WE dined To-day at the *Lough*, as they call it, the Seat of Mr. C - - - y, about an *English* Mile from the City, where we were entertained with the utmost Hospitality. But what heightened our Satisfaction, were this worthy Gentleman's Daughters, whose Skill in Musick, added to the Charms of their Voice, gave us infinite Satisfaction.

I SHALL now conclude this Epistle with telling you, whatever Part of the World we are in, I shall be intirely

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

To the Right Honourable the Lord R - - - y.

My Lord,

Cork.

THE Commands your Lordship laid upon me at our last Parting, I fear will be but indifferently executed; however, I shall attempt to comply with your Orders in the best Manner I can.

BEFORE I endeavour to give your Lordship a Sketch, or, at best, but a rough Draught of the Antiquities of this Kingdom, I shall propose to myself a Method, which may make the whole Matter

64 *A Tour through IRELAND.*

Matter stand in a clearer Light, as well as much easier to myself.

I. I SHALL consider the ancient Names, and first Inhabitants of the Kingdom.

II. THEIR Civil History, in a compendious Manner, from the Time of the *Milesians*, to this Day; and a succinct Account of their Government and Manners.

III. THE Rise and Progress of Christianity, with some Observations on their Ecclesiastical History.

AND, lastly, I shall give the general Division and State of the Kingdom at present, which I imagine will be a very proper Conclusion to the whole.

THE Names by which *Ireland* was chiefly known to the Ancients were *Hibernia* and *Scotia*. The first is varied in the Orthography by several Authors, as *Ierne*, *Juvernica*, *Overnia*, *Ierna*, and *Bernia*, by all which Names we find it spoken of in different Places; but they all appear to have been originally derived from the same Source, which is, according to some, *Hiar*, an *Irish* Word signifying the West; to others, the *Iberians*, who formerly inhabited here; or, lastly, as many of their Historians affirm, *Heber*, one of the Sons of *Milesius*. The *Irish* Name *Erin* must be deduced from *Hiar*, notwithstanding the fabulous Notions they have of its being so called from *Æria*, a Name of *Crete*, and such other far-fetched Derivations. Sir JAMES WARE, a most accurate Antiquary, seems to approve of the Derivation taken from the *Iberians*, and produces many good Authorities to strengthen his Opinion.

THE Name *Scotia* is very apparently deduced from the *Scots* or *Scythians*, who were, without doubt,

doubt, some of the original Inhabitants of this Island: Yet there are many other Reasons given for this Name by the old Authors, who tell you it was so called from SCOTA, Wife of GADELUS, from whom, they say, the *Irish* Language was called *Gaolic*, or, vulgarly, *Gelic*, which seems, with much more Probability, to have come from the *Gauls*, or (according to some) from the People of *Galic*a in Spain.

THAT *Ireland* was called *Scotia*, before the North of *Britain*, now so called, and gave its Name to that Kingdom, is beyond all Dispute; for we find * it mentioned by the Name of *Scotia* long before that Part of *Britain* was known by other Names than *Caledonia*, *Albania*, &c.

PLUTARCH'S *Ogygia*, by him placed to the Westward of *Britain*, is thought, with some Probability, to have meant *Ireland*. It is also by FESTUS AVIENUS, in his Book entitled *Ora Maritima*, styled *Insula Sacra* (the Holy Island); nay, he affirms, that *Sic Insulam dixere Prisci*, "the Ancients called it so." Among the old *Irish* Historians, we find it called the Woody Island; in *Irish*, *Inis na bhfoidbbhuidhe*; also *Inis Alga*, the Noble Island, *Banba*, the Happy, and *Fodbla*, the Name of one of her Queens. It was likewise called *Inis fail* or *Inisfalia*, from the *Lia fail* or fatal Stone, which I shall mention more at large hereafter. To close this Account of Names, which must be very tedious to your Lordship, I shall only say, that the present Name *Ireland* comes from the *Irish Erin*.

* See Claudian Panegyric de 4^{to}. Honorii Consulatus. also lib. 2. de laud. Stiliconis. See also Orosius, lib. 1. c. 2. and Isidore Origin. lib. 14. c. 6.

FROM whence soever the first Inhabitants of *Ireland* originally came, it is highly probable that they came last from *Britain*: The Vicinity of the two Islands, the Easiness of the Passage, and, lastly, the very great Affinity we find between the Customs and Manners of the old *Irish* and their Neighbours the *Britons*, not to mention the Similitude of their Language, (which any one will perceive on comparing the present *Welsh* with the *Irish* Tongue) are all convincing Arguments that both Islands were originally peopled by the same Race.

THE first Accounts of all Nations, my Lord, are full of intricate Uncertainties, Fables so blended with Truth, that we hardly know how to separate them; nor can we, with any Colour of Justice, accuse the old *Irish* Historians of delivering Untruths, since we find nothing in them more repugnant to Probability, than what we meet with in the ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, and I may say in the Antiquities of all Nations*. I shall therefore omit giving your Lordship any Account of what the old *Irish* Chronicles deliver concerning *Cæsarea* or *Keasar*, *Partbolanus*, the *Tuatha de Dannans*, and other Colonies before the Time of the *Milesians*, as they are all so clouded with Fables, that we can give no Credit to their Relations.

IN the fourteenth Age before Christ, their Authors agree, that the four Sons of *MILESIVS* King of *Spain* arrived with a Fleet of thirty Ships, each carrying thirty Families, in this Island: That, after some Conflicts with the *Aborigines*, they subdued the whole Kingdom; and that two

* See Dr. *Hutchinson's* Defence of ancient History.

of them (the other two being deceased) IBERUS or HEBER, and HEREMON by Name, divided it between them, the North falling to HEBER's, the South to HEREMON's Share. Thus they reigned jointly with great Unanimity one Year, but the Lady of HEBER, a Woman of great Pride, having insisted on being styled Queen of the three most fruitful Valleys in the Island, two of which were already in her Possession, and the Wife of HEREMON being resolved to remain Mistress of the third, they raised a Dispute between their Husbands, which ended in a bloody Battle fought at *Geisíol* in *Leinster*, and left HEREMON sole Monarch. This Prince reigned fourteen Years, and died at *Airíod Rofs*. He was succeeded by his three Sons, from whom descended above an hundred and twenty Princes before Christianity arrived in *Ireland*. Of these Monarchs there is very little remarkable delivered in History: Both in this *Æra*, and after the Nation became Christian, they were perpetually torn by civil Wars among the petty Princes, who were, or ought to have been, all subject to the supreme King, or Monarch of *Ireland*. We find in their Chronicles very few of these Kings, that did not lose their Crowns and Lives in Battle. The Summary of the History of each is no more than this; he began to reign in such a Year, and was slain in such a Battle by the valiant Prince who succeeded him. In short, this Island, till within these fifty Years, has been a continual Field of Blood, which must have greatly prevented its Improvement, as we see what a vast Progress it has made in almost every thing for the better, in so short a Space of Time. We find in their ancient Histories many Stories of a romantic Cast, but which, however, are not disagreeable. I shall therefore,

therefore, in the Course of my Observations on the particular Places in this Kingdom, take Notice of some of them. I now return to the Succession of their Kings. From the Time of St. PATRICK's Arrival in *Ireland*, to the coming of the *English*, were upwards of fifty Monarchs more. In this *Æra* is included the Invasion and Defeat of the *Danes*, and great Part of the Church History of *Ireland*, which we shall consider in its proper Place. The *Danes* first invaded *Ireland* in the ninth Century: At their first coming they were often defeated; but, being allured by the Beauty of the Country, far excelling their own barren Regions, after several Attempts, and committing the most unheard-of Cruelties, Treachery and Sacrilege, they usurped the Government of the whole Kingdom in the Person of their Leader TURGESIUS, a Man, even according to their own Accounts, capable of every kind of Guilt. He erected a Castle for his Residence not far from the Seat of MAOLSEACHLUIN, or MALACHIAS, King of *Meath*, a Prince of consummate Prudence and Valour. TURGESIUS was now pretty well advanced in Years, and often condescended to visit the King of *Meath*, whom he nevertheless treated with much Haughtiness. At an Entertainment here he was captivated with the Beauty of MAOLSEACHLUIN's Daughter, a Lady of unspotted Virtue, as well as the most accomplished Princess of her Time and Country. The old Lover knew how to use his Power, and demanded her of her Father, promising to make her his favourite Mistress. Though the King of *Meath* detested the Thoughts of delivering his Daughter to be Prostitute to a Tyrant, he however would not absolutely deny, but begged his Majesty to receive her in a private Manner,

Manner, that her Reputation might continue, if possible, unsullied; at the same time promising, if his Request was complied with, that she should be attended by fifteen of the finest Girls his small Territories could produce. The Tyrant accepted the Proposal with Pleasure, and the Princess was conveyed to his Palace, attended by fifteen gallant Youths habited like Virgins. In short, instead of the expected Embraces, they treated TURGESIUS in a very rough Manner, secured and bound him, at the same time giving a Signal to a large Body of Forces, who had been drawn together near the Castle under the Command of the King of *Meath*, who, entering the House, put all the *Danes* to the Sword, and gave a final Period to TURGESIUS's Usurpation.

THIS Story, my Lord, though it has much of the romantick Air, is very well attested, and I thought might please your Lordship, as there is something very entertaining in the original Chronicles which mention it. The *Oostmans* or *Danes*, nevertheless, continued possessed of several Sea-port Towns till the Time of BRYAN BOROHME, who gave them a total Defeat, though with the Loss of his own Life, at the famous Battle of *Clontarf*, on the 23d of *April* 1014. After this the *Danes* never recovered their Strength in *Ireland*, and even to this Day the Natives entertain a violent Aversion to their Name; though it is thought, with a good deal of Reason, that some of their Descendants are still in being, as the Inhabitants of the northern Part of the County of *Dublin*, called *Fingall*, where many of them settled, differ in Language and many other Respects from the true *Irish*.

ABOUT the End of the twelfth Century, ROBORIC King of *Connaght*, being possessed of

the greatest Part of the Kingdom, was looked upon as Monarch of *Ireland*, and was the last that ever bore that Title, of the *Milesian* Race; for in his Time the Nation put themselves under the Dominion of the *English*, and have ever since remained Subjects to their King. This Submission was brought about as follows: TEIGHERNAN King of *Breifne* or *Bresnia*, (the Tract now called the County of *Cavan*) had the Misfortune to have a Lady of the worst Disposition. In short, she gave a Loose to her Passions, and deserting her lawful Lord, cohabited with DIARMUID M^c MURROUGH King of *Leinster*, a Prince who had no great Regard to the Dictates of Virtue and Honour. Upon this the *Bresnian* King implored the Succour of his Master RODORIC, who, abhorring the Crime, declared against M^c MURROUGH, and entered his Kingdom with all the wasting Attendance of War. The King of *Leinster* in vain demanded Aid from his Subjects and the neighbouring Chiefs: His Crimes and Tyranny had alienated the Hearts of the former, and the latter refused to engage in so faulty a Cause. Finding his Efforts at home prove to no Purpose, he fled to King HENRY the Second of *England*, who was then engaged in the Wars of *France*. Though he was himself prevented by what seemed at that Time of much greater Moment, he gave Permission to his Subjects to engage in this Undertaking: Whereupon RICHARD Earl of *Strigule*, surnamed STRONGBOW, and several other *English* Lords, raised Troops at their own Expence. The first that landed here was ROBERT FITZ-STEVEN, in *May* 1169; some time after arrived STRONGBOW, who shortly was married to EVA, the King of *Leinster*'s Daughter, and declared Successor to his Crown.

On

On the 18th of *October* 1171, King HENRY in Person landed at *Waterford*, where he received the Homage of several Chiefs, and soon after RODORIC himself submitted to his Power. Thus, after a few inconsiderable Sieges and some Skirmishes, with very equal Success, the whole Nation put itself under a foreign Yoke. Such is the Effect of intestine Divisions! This Submission has given Occasion to many Disputes, if it can be properly termed a Conquest or no; but for this I must refer your Lordship to a Book, which I think excellent in its kind, viz. *Mr. MOLINEAUX's Case of Ireland*. In this, and in the *Draper's* famous Fourth Letter, (for the Author of which a Reward of 300*l.* was offered by the Government) it is attempted to be proved, that *Ireland* is subject by Right only to the King of *England* as Successor to HENRY the Second, not because he is King of *England*, and therefore that the People or Parliament of *England* can have no Power to bind *Ireland* by Laws made there. But I confess, my Lord, this is out of my Sphere, and your Lordship will judge, on the Perusal of those Pieces, whether the Authors are in the right or no.

FROM the Time of this Cession, till the late Revolution, *Ireland* was never thoroughly quiet; a continual State of Discord between the Natives and their new Lords, kept both in very unhappy circumstances. The *English*, for many Years, lived altogether within what they called the Pale, which comprehended only four or five Counties; but now their Families are so blended by Intermarriages and other Occasions together, that these disagreeable Distinctions are intirely forgot, and in all Probability a few Ages will see this as flourishing and happy a Country as any in *Europe*.

IN this Place it may not be improper to take Notice of the ancient Government and Manners of this Nation. It appears from what has been already said, that, notwithstanding the many Subdivisions and petty Kingdoms, as they were called, all these little Monarchies paid tribute and were as Vassals to one supreme King, who was generally of the Race of HEBER or HEREMON. During the Pentarchy or Division of the whole Island into five Kingdoms, viz. *Munster, Leinster, Meath, Connaght and Ulster*, the most powerful Prince of the five generally obtained the Sovereignty; but the Pentarchy is said to have ceased in the fifth Century, and after that there was no such thing as a regular Election, or Succession, but the strongest was still uppermost. This chief Monarch was called King of *Ireland*, and often King of Kings, alluding to the Number of vassal Princes, who did Homage to him. All these supreme Monarchs were crowned on the famous Stone called *Lia Fail*, or the Fatal Stone, till about the Year 513. when FERGUS, a Prince of the Royal Stem of *Ireland*, who had obtained the Sovereignty of *Scotland*, got leave to remove it thither for his own Coronation. It remained at *Scone* in that Kingdom, till EDWARD the First of *England*, who conquered great Part of *Scotland*, took it thence, and placed it (with the ancient Chair) in *Westminster-Abbey*, where it is preserved, as your Lordship well knows, for the Use of our Monarchs at their Coronation. The ancient Historians tell you, that this Stone used to emit a supernatural Sound, if the Monarch placed on it was descended from the Royal Line of the *Milesians*; but that this Virtue, as well as other Heathen Oracles, ceased on the Birth of our Saviour. Your Lordship may give what Credit you

you please to this Account; but thus much is certain, that in all the three Kingdoms where this Stone has been, they have taken the utmost Care of it, as a very extraordinary Treasure, and that a Prophecy was once in much repute concerning it, which some say was formerly inscribed upon it, as follows :

*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient Lapidem, Regni tenentur ibidem.*

In English,

*Or Fate is false, or where this Stone shall be
The Scots will rule, a powerful Monarchy.*

Which, in some sort, may be said to be still in Force, as the present illustrious Family of *Hanover* deduce their Title from a Daughter of King *JAMES* the First, who was descended lineally from *FERGUS* above-mentioned, the first *Scottish* King of *North-Britain*, who was drowned at, and gave his Name to, *Carrick-Fergus*, an ancient City of *Ulster*, as he was returning to see his own Country.

It is well known, that the Residence of the *Irish* Monarchs was principally at *Teambair*, *Temoria* or *Temra*, now called *Tarab*, in the County of *Meath*. At this Place also was held the great triennial Convention or Parliament, consisting of the provincial and petty Kings, and all the Chiefs and other Nobility of the Kingdom. This was the Court by which all Laws were enacted, and other Business done for the general Advantage of the Nation. I find, my Lord, that we in *England* have a much meaner Opinion of the State of the *Irish* Kings, than is authorised by the earliest Accounts. In these unpolished

Times, we must not expect to hear of the Pomp and Luxury of the modern Courts; but I have good Reason to think that of *Ireland* was much on the same footing as her Neighbours, and indeed the State of the whole Nation: What do our Barons and their Feuds differ from the petty Princes of *Ireland*, except in Title? We can gather from their Antiquaries, that each Monarch always entertained the following ten Officers in his Court, which (by the way) does not favour greatly of Barbarity, viz. a Lord or Prime Minister, a Judge, an Augur or Druid, a Physician, a Poet, an Antiquary or Herald, a chief Musician, and three Stewards of the Household. That they wore Crowns of Gold appears plainly from one discovered not long since (in 1692) at a Place called the *Devil's-Bit*, in the County of *Tipperary*. This bears a Resemblance to a Helmet and Diadem in the Eastern Manner, and is now in the Possession of an *Irish* Gentleman in *France*. And that they wore very magnificent Robes, is evident from the Last Will of CORMAC M^c CUILLENAN, King of *Munster* and Archbishop of *Cashel*, still extant in some ancient Manuscripts, where he mentions particularly his Royal Robe, that shineth with sparkling Gems.

For the Manners of the common People, I shall only observe to your Lordship, that the strange Stories delivered in several old Geographers, viz. *Strabo*, *Solinus*, *Mela*, and *G. Cambrensis*, are by no means to be depended on, as there is nothing in the ancient Chronicles that give them any Authority. In short, it is highly probable, nay more, it has the Authority of TACITUS*,

* Vit. Julii Agricola, c. 24.

that the Dress and Customs of the ancient *Irish*, differed in few or no Respects from those of their Neighbours the *Britons*. Therefore, my Lord, I shall not repeat to you what you are already well acquainted with.

THEIR Habit, though it might appear rude to us at present, must have had no unbecoming Effect on a tall Man, as most of the Natives to this Day are. Over a close Vest and Drawers, or Stockings and Breeches in one, they wore a large Cloak or Mantle, carelessly thrown over one Shoulder. The Matter of this was according to the Ability of the Wearer; the lower Sort had it of Frize, with a shaggy Border; but their Chiefs generally of Scarlet Cloth, with a Gold or Silver Fringe. The Dress of the Women differed but little from that of the Men; their under Garment or Vest was long. They were very curious in platting and adorning their Hair, which in some Parts of the Kingdom they retain still. Both Sexes wore an immoderate Quantity of Linen* in their Shirts and Shifts; but this was prohibited, as well as the other Distinctions from the *English* Dress, by Act of Parliament, when *Ireland* was erected into a Kingdom by HENRY the Eighth. As to Gold Chains, Rings, Ear-rings, and such other Ornaments, we have the best Authority to confirm the Use of them among the ancient Natives. At present, some very remote Parts only excepted, the People dress intirely in the *English* Fashion.

I SHALL conclude this Summary of the Manners with some Observations on their Funerals.

* We find, that they frequently dyed this Linen of a Saffron-Colour, for what Reason I know not.

The *Irish* continued that cleanly, though Pagan, Custom of burning their Dead, long after Christianity; and that they preserved the Bones in Urns, as the *Romans* and other Nations did, appears from four or five of those Vessels, of a very rude Workmanship, wherein was contained a kind of Ashes, each covered with a Tile or flat Stone, found in a Rock or Cavern near *Power's Court* in the County of *Wicklow*, as I have been informed by a Gentleman of the best Credit. The large round Mounts or *Raths* (as they are sometimes called) frequent all over the Kingdom, are with much more Probability thought to have been Encampments of the *Easterlings*, than Funeral Monuments: The *Saxons* are known to have used such Places, and the *Irish* Word *Raith* is said to bear that Signification. The famous *Irish* Cry, still in use at some of their Funerals, is no more than this: A kind of Song is composed in relation to the Family, Actions, and Possessions of the Deceased, which is sung by some Women to no disagreeable Tune; for, by the way, the *Irish* Musick has something peculiarly sweet and melancholy, and the whole Nation seem to have a Turn that way. At the End of each Stanza of this Song, a Chorus of Women and Girls raise a melancholy Howl, which is called the *Irish* Cry, and sometimes made use of without the Song above-mentioned.

I FEAR I have already tired your Lordship's Patience; but you must blame yourself for giving me a Task so agreeable to my Inclinations: However, I shall hasten to a Conclusion as soon as possible. For the Arms and military Equipage of the old *Irish*, I shall only say, that they bore a very near Resemblance to the *Britons*; that they were always esteemed a brave and warlike People,

People, which Character, notwithstanding their easy Defeat at the late Revolution, (undoubtedly occasioned by want of Discipline, ill Pay, and worse Arms, besides the ill Conduct of their weak King) they still retain, as is apparent from the shining Figure they have made several times abroad in Arms.*

I now come to the Ecclesiastical History, which, as it is no very entertaining Subject, I shall be as brief as possible on. Christianity was introduced here by St. PATRICK, a Native of Britain, Nephew to St. MARTIN of Tours, about the Year 432. This primitive Bishop was a Man of most exemplary Piety, and, as he laboured in his Apostleship with unwearied Diligence, the new Faith made a wonderful Progress, and in some Ages this Island grew so famous for religious Men, that it was styled the *Island of Saints*. The many Ruins of religious Houses throughout the Kingdom are an incontestable Proof of this; and we find mention made in many Authors of a great Resort to *Ireland* for the Study of Divinity. In several Authors † we have sufficient Reasons given us, that the Religion of the old *Irish* was pure from those Superstitions which, without Number, crept into the Church in After-times, and was brought over here principally by the *English* Conquest, and by Cardinal PAPARO, the Pope's Legate, who, in the Year 1152, made a new Regula-

* Since this was wrote, the brave Actions of the *Irish* Horse, &c. in *Germany*, have fully convinced the World they are as good Soldiers as any whatever.

† See Archbishop *Ussher*, and the new Edition of *Ware's* Bishops by *Walter Harris*, Esq;

tion in the Government of the Church. The Arch-Bishopricks and their Suffrages are at present as follows:

Under ARMAGH, Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, are

Meath,

Down and Connor,

Clogher,

Derry,

Raphoe,

Killmore,

Dromore.

Under DUBLIN, Primate of Ireland,

Glendalough, or seven

Churches united with

Dublin,

Kildare,

Offory,

Leighlin and Ferns.

Under CASHEL, Primate of Munster,

Emly, united with Ca-

shel,

Limerick, Ardfert, and

Aghadoc,

Waterford and Lismore,

Cork and Ross,

Cloyne,

Killalloe.

Under TUAM, Primate of Connaght,

Elphin,

Clonfert, Killmacduagh,

and Kilsenora,

Killala and Achonry,

Ardagh, lately united

with Tuam.

Of these, *Meath* and *Kildare* are always Privy Counsellors, and take Place of the rest; and here I must observe, that the Church Livings in *Ireland* are, generally speaking, better than those with us, and more equal, which is no small Advantage to the Clergy.

I SHALL now endeavour to give your Lordship a general View of the present State of this Kingdom, as far as has come within my Knowledge

ledge hitherto. * For the Natural History, as it lies quite out of my way, I shall refer your Lordship to several Books † already wrote on that Subject, and at present only observe, that the Climate here is not very different from that of *England*: The Winters are reckoned warmer, the Summers not so warm, as those with you. There seems to me to be much more Rain here than there; but the Natives say, the Seasons are much more uncertain of late than formerly. However, Provisions are seldom very dear, but often wonderfully cheap. As to that peculiar Blessing of *Ireland*, in not producing or nourishing any venomous Creature, your Lordship, to be sure, has been often informed of this Privilege; but whether this be owing to St. PATRICK's miraculously expelling them, (as the Legends would have you believe) or to some natural Quality of the Air and Soil, as is most probable, I must think this Exemption a very great and extraordinary Mark of the Favour of Heaven. *Ireland* is known to have many rich Mines; and I have been assured that there is no inconsiderable Prospect of Gold and Silver in some Parts of the Kingdom; but this in a few Years will appear, and I shall forbear mentioning the Particulars. The Commodities which *Ireland*, as far as her limited Trade will permit, exports, are Hides, Tallow, Beef, Butter, Cheese, Honey, Wax, Hemp, Metals, and Fish: Wool, a most considerable Article, is prohibited; but her Linnen Trade is of late grown of very great Con-

* Since this, a Society has been set on foot in *Dublin*, styled, *The Physico-Historical Society*, which seems to promise a most accurate Account of *Ireland*, both Natural and Civil.

† Dr. Boat's Natural History of *Ireland*, &c.

sequence. *England*, in the whole, is thought to gain yearly by *Ireland* upwards of 1,400,000 *l.* and in many other Respects she must be of very great Advantage to that Kingdom, as is evident from innumerable Treatises I have seen on this Subject. Formerly, indeed, she was rather a Burden to her elder Sister, than any Benefit; but the Times are changed now, and improve every Day.

THE Government of the Kingdom is in the Hands of a Vice-Roy or Lord Lieutenant, who lives (as I hope to see when I arrive at the Capital) in very great Splendor. In his Absence there are Lords Justices, (who are treated with very great Respect, and styled *Their Excellencies*) generally three in Number, *viz.* Lord Primate, Lord High Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Parliament of *Ireland* seldom meet but every other Winter: Their only Power consists in proposing Bills, which are subject to the Council of *England*, and in a negative Voice to any Amendments. Whether they meet in the same Manner as with us, I shall inform your Lordship from *Dublin*, where I hope shortly to be. As to Civil Magistrates and the Distribution of Justice, I find it is here directly on the same Footing as in *England*.

IRELAND is reckoned to be about 240 Miles long, and 150 broad from E. to W. It is divided into four large Provinces, and those again into thirty-two Counties, as follows.

ULSTER.

A Tour through IRELAND. 81

ULSTER.

COUNTIES.	Chief Towns.	Extent, &c.
1. <i>Antrim</i>	<i>Belfast</i>	Leng. 120 } Miles
2. <i>Armagh</i>	<i>Armagh</i>	Bread. 90 } Miles
3. <i>Cavan</i>	<i>Cavan</i>	<i>Irish</i> Plantation
4. <i>Down</i>	<i>Down-Patrick</i>	Acres, 2,836,837
5. <i>Donnegal</i>	<i>Donnegal</i>	Parishes, 365
6. <i>Fermanagh</i>	<i>Inishkillen</i>	Boroughs, 29
7. <i>London-Derry</i>	<i>London-Derry</i>	
8. <i>Monaghan</i>	<i>Monaghan</i>	
9. <i>Tyrone</i>	<i>Dungannon</i>	

LEINSTER.

1. <i>Catberlogh, or } Carlow</i>	<i>Carlow</i>	Leng. 124 } Miles
2. <i>Dublin</i>	DUBLIN	Bread. 70 } Miles
3. <i>Kildare</i>	<i>Naas or Athy</i>	Acres, 2,642,958
4. <i>Kilkenny</i>	<i>Kilkenny</i>	Parishes, 858
5. <i>King's-County</i>	<i>Philipstown</i>	Boroughs, 53
6. <i>Longford</i>	<i>Longford</i>	
7. <i>Louth</i>	<i>Drogheda</i>	
8. <i>Meath</i>	<i>Trim</i>	
9. <i>Queen's-County</i>	<i>Maryborough</i>	
10. <i>Westmeath</i>	<i>Asblome or Mul- lingar</i>	
11. <i>Wexford</i>	<i>Wexford</i>	
12. <i>Wicklow</i>	<i>Wicklow</i>	

MUNSTER.

1. <i>Clare</i>	<i>Ennis</i>	Leng. 132 } Miles
2. <i>Cork</i>	<i>Cork</i>	Bread. 108 } Miles
3. <i>Kerry</i>	<i>Trales or Dis- gle-Isoucb</i>	Acres, 3,289,932
4. <i>Limerick</i>	<i>Limerick</i>	Parishes, 740
5. <i>Tipperary</i>	<i>Clonmell</i>	Boroughs, 26
6. <i>Waterford</i>	<i>Waterford</i>	

CONNAGHT.

1. <i>Galway</i>	<i>Galway</i>	Leng. 96 } Miles
2. <i>Leitrim</i>	<i>Leitrim</i>	Bread. 93 } Miles
3. <i>Mayo</i>	<i>Mayo</i>	Acres, 2,272,915
4. <i>Roscommon</i>	<i>Roscommon</i>	Parishes, 330
5. <i>Sligo</i>	<i>Sligo</i>	Boroughs, 10
		Acres

82 *A Tour through IRELAND.*

Acres in the whole Kingdom, 11,042,642

Parishes, ... 2,293

Boroughs, ... 118, which
with 32 Counties, each sending two Members to
Parliament, makes the Commons of *Ireland* 300.
The Peers are unlimited.

FROM the Inhabitants of this Kingdom that I have seen, as far as I can judge, the following Character may be given of them. They are rather tall than low, strong, and active, and both Sexes are generally handsome, at least, I think I have seen fewer People of a disagreeable Countenance here than any Part where I have been, *England* excepted, which is much on a Par. They excel in most bodily Exercises, endure Fatigue of all Kinds with great Patience, and are satisfied with very sparing Food. They are of a ready Wit; and that the ridiculous Notion we have of their Stupidity is the worst grounded Thing in the World, Archbishop USHER, Dr. SWIFT, Mr. CONGREVE, Sir RICHARD STEEL, Sir HANS SLOAN, and several other great Men, are undeniable Proofs. In short, a very accurate *English* Author * closes their Character in these Words: " They are prodigal of their Lives, " given to fleshly Lusts, light of Belief, kind " and courteous to Strangers, constant in Love, " impatient of Abuse and Injury, in Enmity implacable, and in all Affections most vehement " and passionate."

THUS, my Lord, I have endeavoured to give your Lordship as compendious a View of this Kingdom in general as I could: If I should be mistaken in any Particular, you must impute it

* Dr. H. J. M.

to the little Time I have been in the Kingdom, and my not having seen the Metropolis yet. Hereafter I, or my Brother for me, will constantly take care to let your Lordship know any thing we find worth your Knowledge in this Part of the World. In the mean Time, believe me to be

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

My Lord,

Cork.

AS I have already given your Lordship a succinct Account of the ancient and modern State of this Kingdom in general, I shall now proceed to give you a faithful Description of each Place in particular, without taking Things upon Trust, or omitting any Circumstance that I apprehend is worthy of your Notice.

I SHALL begin with *Cork*, by GIRALDUS called *Corcagia*, the Natives *Coreach*, and the rest of the World *Cork*. This Name is thought to come either from the *Coriondi*, who in PTOLEMY's Time inhabited this Tract of the Country, or from the *Irish Corac*, i. e. a marshy Place, or from *Coirc*, i. e. Oats, the Soil hereabouts being barren, and, without Cultivation, productive of little Grain of any other Kind. It is the Capital of the County that bears its Name, and, by some Authors, the chief City of the whole Province of *Munster*. It is certainly the second City of the Kingdom in its Extent, Trade, Riches and magni-

magnificent Buildings. The Situation is partly on a rising Ground on the North and South, and the Middle on a Level. Were it encompassed with a Wall, the Circumference would be at least three *Irish* Miles. I need not acquaint your Lordship, that eleven measured *Irish* Miles make up exactly fourteen of ours.

It is finely watered by two Branches of the River *Lea*, (the *Luvius* of the ancient Geographers) that divides about a Mile above the City. This River takes its Rise from *Lough-Loo*, near a Village called *Inchy-getlab*, in the Barony of *Muskerry*. One of its divided Branches runs on the North Side of the Town, and the other on the South, under two neat new-built Bridges. It is not navigable above the Town but for small Boats, neither is it in Art to make it so. By Canals cut for that Purpose, it runs through many Parts of the City, but is not fresh till it runs off to Low-water-mark. Then we may see Crouds of the meaner Sort run to wash their Linen, and that, together with the Filth from many other Things, renders it unfit for cleanly Use. The Water for the Use of the Kitchen is fetched from above the Town; and what is drank by the Inhabitants is brought from *My Ladies Well*, a Place much resorted before the Reformation, and where, even now, the *Roman* Catholics come to pay their Devotion. There is another Well, that has, in former Ages, been celebrated for the wonderful Cures it performed; but, since the Dissolution of Abbeys, was choaked up, till lately cleansed (as I am informed) by Dr. B---y, an eminent Physician of this Kingdom, who has wrote several elaborate Pieces in his Profession. They have many good Springs in the Parts adjacent to the City. We went this Morning

Morning to that of St. BARTHOLOMEW, which, being that Saint's Day, was furrounded by vast Crowds of *Roman* Catholicks, some upon their Knees at their Devotion, and others walking with their Beads in their Hands. This Ceremony is here called a *Patron*. The Well is inclosed with green Trees, close to the Side of the Road, and even the Sight of it looks refreshing. When their Devotions were over, they retired to several Sutler's Tents erected for that Purpose; some to eat and drink, others to wrestling, Cudgelling, Dancing, Noise and Merriment, which brought on several Boxing-Bouts while we staid there. In short, my Lord, it is exactly what we call a *Wake* in *England*, setting aside their Devotion. But let us enter the City again.

BEFORE the Reformation, there were no less than fifteen Convents of Religious belonging to this City. A Place called *Fryars-Walk*, was part of the Garden of that called the *Red-Abbey*, (from the Materials of the Building) belonging to the *Cisterians*; another on the South, whose Tower and some Part of the Church are still remaining, is metamorphosed into a Sugar-House. These Remains are yearly decaying; but the Master of the Sugar-House, (if we may call it so) as Time throws down the Materials, piles them up in the Chancel, and (though, as I am informed, he is a Protestant) will not suffer them to be made use of upon any Occasion.

THE Protestant Churches are seven; yet there are but three worth notice. The Cathedral, St. FINBAR'S or St. BARRY'S, was built by St. FINBAR, the first Bishop of this Diocese, in the Year of Redemption 630. His Festival was kept the 27th of *September*. It stands on the South Part of the Branch of the *Lea*, and is without the
F Gate,

Gate, in a very pleasant Church-Yard, shaded with Rows of Trees planted uniform. It was lately rebuilt by a parliamentary Tax upon Coals imported into *Cork*. It is a spacious Structure of the Doric Order; and I hear there is an Intention of building a new Steeple, and raising a noble Portico to the West End of the Church: But the Tower near it is a mean spirical Structure, low and poorly built.

St. MARY SHANDON, beyond the North Bridge, stands upon a rising Ground, is a handsome Building, with a high square Tower, erected from the Foundation a few Years ago.

THERE is also another new Church, within a hundred Paces of the South Gate, much the handsomest in the City. As we came up the Harbour it appeared to be seated in the Centre of the Buildings; but it is not so. The Foundation is bad, and the Tower has given way, so that it seems dangerous; yet Divine Service is performed there as in other Churches, though the Congregation at present is but thin, from their Fears. I am informed the Builder intends to take some Part of the Stone Tower down, (the upper Part being built of Wood) and then it is hoped the remaining Part will be secure.

THE other four Churches are very indifferent, and the old Remains of the former Monasteries, I think, too inconsiderable to be taken notice of. There are *Dissenters* and *Quakers* Meeting-houses. Some of the latter are rich Traders here. The Grandson of the famous P--N (the Person that gave the Name of *Pensylvania* to a Province in *America*, the Capital of which is *Philadelphia*, or *Brotherly Love*) has a fine Estate in this County. I had the Satisfaction of conversing with this Gentleman, and find him a Person of great Learning, and agreeable Conversation.

THE

THE two Gates, the North and South, though Prisons for Debtors and Malefactors, are beautiful Buildings, the River *Lea* passing with its divided Stream on the Outside of each. The High Street, terminated by these two Gates, I believe is near an *English* Mile in Length. There was a third Gate, within these few Years, to the East, with a Draw-bridge and Port-cullis, but removed, to give way to the new Buildings on the *Marsh*. They have two Markets weekly, *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*, and then the High-Street and Lanes adjacent are so crowded it is hard to pass. I own, my Lord, I had not Curiosity enough to count them; but I am credibly informed, that in the High-Street alone there are upwards of fifty Lanes, that branch out on each Side.

THE Floods sometimes do great Damage to the Merchants and Traders here; and the Inhabitants have been sometimes obliged to pass from House to House in Boats in the very Middle of the High-Street. It is true, these Inundations come but seldom; but the Houses upon the Keys prepare for it every Winter, by providing Materials to stop up the Doors of their Ware-Houses, &c.

NEAR the North Gate is an old Tower, (the Remains, as I am informed, of a larger Building) called *Skiddy's-Castle*, which is now converted into a Magazine for Powder, where is kept a constant Guard.

THE Custom-house is a complete Building; close to the North Channel of the River, which is indifferently wide here, with a new Cut to lead Vessels almost round it, where they can bring their Sides to the Wharf, and lade and unlade at Pleasure.

THE Market-house is a very handsome new Pile, built in the *Italian* Taste, with a fine open *Piazza*; but it is placed in a Nook of the City in a By-Lane, which much obscures the Beauty of the Building. Leading to the North End of it is another artificial Canal, that lands within ten Paces of the Market-house.

THE Exchange (that makes a Break in the High-Street, and, in some Sort, I judge to be a Fault, because in that Part it narrows the Passage in the very Middle of it) is small for such an opulent trading City, but a very neat Building; it is supported by substantial Pillars, and opens to the North and West Sides. In this Place I was desired to remark a Sea-Captain, whose Name is CHIP. This Gentleman is accounted the most successful Commander in the three Kingdoms. He has more than once gone out from the Harbour with the Wind intirely against him, made Voyages to *Lisbon*, &c. returned with his Lading back, and found the Ships at Anchor in the Harbour, which he left there at his setting out. But his Voyage from *Dantzick* in *Poland* to *Cork*, I cannot help mentioning as a rash Action. He set out from the former Place (after disposing of his Ship and Cargo) in his Long-boat, with only a Boy, a small Quantity of Provisions, and a Barrel of Water; yet made the Port of *Cork*, in this open Boat, before Vessels bound to the same Place, eighteen Days. I therefore term it *rash*, because he had his Passage offered him *gratis*; yet his Impatience would not permit him to wait for a fair Wind. But it was a constant Saying of his, when the Wind was full against him, *That he would go to Sea and seek for a fair one.*

THE County Court-house, where the Judges sit to hear Causes at the Assizes, is a very handsome

some Building, clean, large, and well ornamented; it stands near the Tholsel, but is more obscured than the Market-Place; for this is thrown back from a narrow Street, and when the front Door of the Passage is closed, the Building is almost hid from the Eye. It is supposed to be built on some Part of the King's Residence, and is still called the *King's Old Castle*. The Flesh-market, between that and the Tholsel, is no very agreeable Neighbour.

FRONTING the Tholsel, or Exchange, is the Fish-market, in another Lane; but this Situation is very convenient, a double-cut Stream running on each Side, which is a means of rendering it sweet and clean. About a hundred and fifty Paces to the West of this Market, on *Hammond's Marsh*, is a very handsome large Bowling-green, planted on its Margins with Trees kept regularly cut, whose Shade make it a pleasant Walk, but more so in a Morning, before the *Protean* Gentlemen come to their Diversion.

THE High-Street is mixed with old and new Buildings; and, as the old decay, new ones rise in the modern Taste. By the Accounts from all, here is a new City added to the old one since the Year 1718, which the industrious Inhabitants have gained from the Sea or marshy Ground, most Parts of which retain the Names of their respective Founders, as *Dunscombe's Marsh*, *Hammond's Marsh*, &c. The Building of the Streets in this new-acquired Ground, is mostly after the *English Taste*.

THOUGH Trade seems to be the predominant Passion here, yet Diversions have their Hours. There is a very neat *Theatre*, where the *King's Company* from *Dublin* entertain the Town about two Summer Months in the Year. As I take a Theatre to be a very rational Amusement, I have seen their Performances more than once, which

they have exhibited with great Order and Decency *.

THERE is also an Assembly, and an Academy of Musick weekly. The latter is performed at the Theatre on *Duncombe's-Marsh*. There were no Voices; but my Brother, whom your Lordship knows plays well himself upon several Instruments, informed me, the Performance was much beyond what he expected.

WE neither of us have troubled the Assembly, nor do I believe we shall; for your Lordship knows we take little Pleasure in such Amusements. This killing of Time in that Manner, seems to me a barbarous Murder. Gaming cannot be numbered among our Virtues; though I will not account it a Vice, when moderately used; but so many Pirates sculk among the fair Traders, that it is odds but they are robbed before they part.

PROVISIONS of all Kinds are here extremely good and reasonable; Flesh, Fish, Fowl, Fruits, Roots, &c. even an *Epicure* may be pleased at a cheap Rate. I am almost afraid to mention two Things to your Lordship, though one I saw with my own Eyes, (as they say) that is, twenty-four Strawberries; of what we call the *Hautboy* Kind in *England*, that weighed a full Pound; and I am informed by several Persons of undoubted Veracity, that the same Gardener, last Year, produced an hundred *Asparagus* that weighed upwards of thirty Pounds. Crayfish, which I own I prefer much above the Lobster, I have seen of

* Since this was wrote, there is another Play-house built in *Broad-lane*, that runs from *High-Street*, and the Performers call themselves the *Cork Company*.

thirty Ounces bought for Three Pence; Salmon at a Penny a Pound, Turbet under Three Pence, and all other Fish in Proportion; with Butter of the best, eighteen Ounces to the Pound, for Three Pence. What rich Town in *Europe* can produce the same?

BUT now, my Lord, we must look a little about the Town. The Suburb, to the North, is near a measured Mile long, and that to the South, much the same Length. To the West of this Suburb is a long Row of Cabbins, called the *Devil's-Drop*. The Reason is too fulsom to give your Lordship, and a *Tale at the best*.

IN this Part the poorer Sort of the Inhabitants dwell; their Doors are thronged with Children, which, notwithstanding the hard Labour of their Parents, proves them extremely prolifick, tho' their Food is of the meanest Sort.

THE Barracks, on the South Side of the Town, are formed from the old Citadel, whose Ruins seem to tell us it was formerly a formidable Place; it is built on an Eminence, to look into the Town, and command its Obedience. The last Gate, and several Parts of the Wall, more especially to the West, are of the old Fortification.

THE City was sacked by the *Danes*, with a terrible Slaughter, *An. Dom.* 1028. but was stronger and larger soon after; for in the Reign of HENRY the Second, a little after (what many People call) the Conquest, it was able to fit out thirty-two Sail of Ships of War, which they sent to intercept the *English*, that were returning from the Pillage of *Lismore*, laden with the Spoils of their Enemies, but detained in the Harbour by a contrary Wind. The two Fleets met, and, tho' that of *Cork* was superior in Ships and Men, yet, after an obstinate Engagement, the Victory fell

to the *English*. The Chief Commander of the *Cork* Fleet, with many of his Officers, lost their Lives; and the *English*, increased by this Victory, entered *Waterford* in Triumph. This, my Lord, has led me a little out of the Way, but you must excuse me.

CORK was once Capital of a Kingdom, or rather the Province of *Cork* was accounted a Kingdom, by the following Grant of King *HENRY* the Second, in these Words, to *ROBERT FITZ-STEVENS* and *MILES DE COGAN*.

KNOW all Men, that I have granted the whole Kingdom of *Cork*, except the City and Cantred* of the Oastmens, to hold for them and their Heirs from me, and my Son *JOHN*, by the Service of sixty Knights at Arms.

THIS City, since *Ireland* has confessed *England* for her elder Sister, has not always stood steadfast to her Loyalty. In the Reign of *HENRY VII.* the People of *Cork*, instigated by their Bishop, espoused the Cause of *PERKIN WARBECK*, which very much enraged that Monarch; but, upon Submission, obtained a Pardon: And, in the Reign of *HENRY VIII.* the Inhabitants took Part in assisting the Rebels of *Munster* against that Monarch's Forces, but were at last subdued, and pardoned, on Condition their Mayor should be delivered into the Hands of the King's Forces, which was accordingly done. Some time after he was hanged, as a Reward for his Treason.

IT sustained a short Siege against the Forces of *OLIVER CROMWELL*, who stormed the South Gate, and compelled the Inhabitants to surrender; for the Terror of his Arms and Fear of his Cruelty flew before him, and damped the Spirits

* A *Cantred*, anciently, was termed the Jurisdiction of a Hundred Towns and Villages, &c.

of the Braveſt. He ordered the Bells to be taken out of all the Churches of the City, and ſent to the Foundery, where they were converted into Battering Cannon, and the Churches have been without them ever ſince. Even one of his own Party admoniſhed him upon this Occaſion, telling him, the Inhabitants would look upon ſuch an Order as a Relative to Sacrilege. OLIVER calmly replied, *Since Gun-powder was invented by a Priest, he thought the beſt Uſe for the Bells would be to promote them into Cannons*; meaning it as a Pun upon the Canons of the Church.

As to the Origin of *Cork*, I cannot truly learn. Some Authors will have it built by the *Danes*, others long before their ſubduing this Kingdom; but, in my Opinion, the Situation is ſo very commodious for Traffick to all Parts of the World, lying upon the weſtern Ocean, that it muſt be one of the earlieſt frequented Ports in the Kingdom.

THE Trade of this Place conſiſts chiefly in Beef, Hides, Butter, Tallow, &c. which Merchandize is exported to moſt Parts of the known World. The laſt Slaughtering Seafon, as they term it, which generally begins about the Middle of *Auguſt*, and ends near *Chriſtmas*, the Merchants killed near Ninety Thouſand Head of Black Cattle. The War has a little damped their Exportation this Year, and the traders have put on more melancholy Faces than uſual.

RUNNING of Wool, though there is a ſtrict Act of Parliament againſt it, will be continued. Not long ago a large Quantity was ſhipped on board ſeveral Veſſels, in Sight of the Soldiers that were ſent to prevent it, who were out-numbered, and obliged to retire: Yet this Practice is as flagrant in *Great Britain* as here. I obſerve
tho

the Inhabitants have not the least *Brogue*, as they call it, upon their Tongues, nor any provincial Cast, as in the different Counties of *England*. Here are several Printers, one that publishes the *Cork Journal* twice a Week; and I am informed their Intelligence is often quicker in its Passage from *Bristol* here, than it is from *London* to *Dublin*. I can assure your Lordship, I found several Booksellers Shops as well stocked with ancient and modern Learning as many in *London*.

THIS City gives Title of Earl to the BOYLES, Earls of *Burlington* in *England*, and Hereditary Lords High Treasurers of *Ireland*. The first of this great Family, who settled in this Kingdom, was RICHARD BOYLE, who was first knighted; in 1616 created Lord BOYLE of *Youghal*, and in 1620 Viscount *Dungarvan*, Earl of *Cork*, and Lord High Treasurer. He married the only Daughter of Sir JEFFRY FENTON, Secretary of State, and by her had seven Sons and eight Daughters. Of these Sons were two Earls, one Viscount, and one Baron; besides the famous Mr. BOYLE, well known in the learned World for his admirable Experimental Philosophy. Of the Daughters were three Countesses, one Viscountess, two Baronesses, and one Baronet's Lady. Many Branches of this illustrious Family bear Titles of Honour in both Kingdoms at present; and I hear they have a magnificent Monument in the Cathedral of *Dublin*, which I hope soon to see.

WE saw here the greatest Curiosity that ever Nature produced. It is the Carcase of a Man intirely ossified in his Life-time, living in that miserable Condition several Years. Those that knew him before this surprising Alteration, affirm he was a young Man of great Strength and Agility. He felt the first Symptoms of this
surprising

surprising Change sometime after he had lain all Night in the Fields after a hard Debauch, till by slow Degrees every Part grew to a bony Substance, excepting his Skin, Eyes, and Entrails: His Joints settled in such a Manner, that no Ligament had its proper Operation: He could not lye down or rise without Assistance: He had at last no Bend in his Body; yet, when set upright, like a Statue of Stone, he could stand, but could not move in the least. His Teeth were joined, and formed into one intire Bone, therefore a Hole was broke through them to convey liquid Substance, for his Nourishment I cannot say, but to linger on a miserable Life. The Tongue lost its Use, and his Sight left him, sometime before he expired. The Figure is in the Possession of the fore-mentioned Dr. B - - Y, who intends, it is said, to send it to the *Royal Society* in *London*, of which he is a worthy Member, and, in my Opinion, it will be the greatest Curiosity of any among their numerous Collection. I have procured two Paintings of it here, the Front and back Parts of this Fancy of Nature, which I will send your Lordship, with some other Things, the first Opportunity that offers. I shall take my leave of the Description of *Cork*, when I have acquainted your Lordship that one of the celebrated *Irish* Historians was born in its Neighbourhood. ANTHONY WOOD, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, calls him DONOLD O FINELY, and puts him down as a Member of that University in the Reign of HENRY the Seventh.

YESTERDAY, my Lord, we returned from viewing *Blarney*, or *Blarney-Castle*, for such it was about half an Age ago. It stands three Miles above *Cork*, upon a small River of the same Name, over which is a handsome Bridge.

This

This Stream falls into the *Lea*, a little below the Castle. From this Place to *Cork* the Eye is delighted with Variety of beautiful Prospects, of gently-rising Hills, Woods, Groves, Meadows, and Corn Fields, with Variety of beautiful Seats, which the River *Lea*, with its Winding, kisses as it runs forwards, and adds new Charms to the whole.

BLARNEY, in the Beginning of King *WILLIAM*'s Wars in this Kingdom, resisted that Conqueror's Forces some time, and stood a short formal Siege; but a Battery from a rising Ground, compelled them to give up the Castle, after their Commander, who was Brother to the Earl of *C - - - y*, made his Escape. The Conquerors demolished the Fortification, leaving nothing remaining but one large Tower. But the Apartments erected since are very handsome and spacious. The Gardens are now in excellent Order, and well laid out. The unfortunate *E - - l*, the Lord of this Estate, when it was besieged, unluckily raised Forces in behalf of King *JAMES* the Second, and, being in the utmost Necessity, flew to *England*, in order to escape into *France*, to follow the Fortunes of his mislaid Master, but was made Prisoner at *London* in the Year 1690. The King granted him a Pardon, with a Pension of Three Hundred Pounds a Year during Life, on Condition he should quit the Kingdom in a stated Time, and promise never to take up Arms against the Protestant Succession.

THIS unfortunate Nobleman retired to *Hamburg* on the *Elbe*; and of the Citizens of *Altena*, on the same River, (which belongs to *Denmark*, though but half a Mile from *Hamburg*) purchased a little Island, in the Mouth of the *Elbe*, which went by his own Name. There he built

a con-

a convenient Dwelling-house, with a Range of Store-houses, and formed a convenient Plan of an useful Garden. In this Place he made great Profit by Shipwrecks that drove on Shore; not like the Robbers on our Coasts in *England*, that wish as much for a Storm as our Farmers do for a good Harvest, who will sooner murder the unfortunate Wretches, that they may plunder at Pleasure, than assist them. But this unfortunate Nobleman gave the Distressed all the Assistance in his Power, saving the Lives of many, taking them from the Arms of Death, and, by proper Remedies, restoring them to Life. With the same assiduous Care, he endeavoured to save their Vessels from a Wreck, when the fore-mentioned Brutes will murder to make one. All this Gentleman's Profit arose from those Goods that were thrown upon the Coast of his little Island, which he carefully placed in his Store-house, and, if demanded by the true Owners within the Year, he honestly returned them, requiring only Two per Cent. for Store-room; if not, he made Use of them as his own. When my Brother and I were at *Hamburg* in our Travels home last Year, our Consul there, Sir C---L W---H, took us in his Yatch to view this Island, and from that worthy Gentleman I had this Account.

THE Estate of this unfortunate Nobleman fell to the Crown; this of *Blarney* was purchased by Sir J---s J---s. The present E---l of C---y is the eldest Son of this Nobleman. Not long since this Gentleman, assisted by the D-----s of M-----b, who is Aunt to that Family, laid claim to his Paternal Estate in this Kingdom; but it was branched out in so many Hands, that the Consequence seemed of too dangerous a Nature.

ture to pursue; therefore a P --- n was laid before the P ---- t of E --- d, and a Stop put to any farther Proceedings. I am informed he was not long ago Captain of one of his Majesty's Ships of War, who, from the Weakness of his Father, has lost one of the finest Estates in *Ireland*. Therefore we find, in Contradiction to DRYDEN the *Poet*, *Lands and Tenements may commit Treason*.

I HAD almost forgot to acquaint your Lordship we were introduced to a very worthy Gentleman of this City, Sir R --- D C --- x, who is of your Acquaintance; for, though he knew not I had the Honour of being related to your Family, your Lordship was one of the first whose Welfare he enquired after. He is a Person of exquisite Understanding, of extensive Knowledge, and well read in the History of this Kingdom. This worthy Gentleman informed me, *Ireland* was so much improved of late Years, that if a Person could but rise from the Dead, who was intombed forty Years, he would not know the Spot where he was born, or his surrounding Neighbourhood; for the Face of Nature, with the Help of Art, had intirely altered every Feature. I own, I am charmed with what I have already seen, which is an Earnest of my Satisfaction to come; and whatever Fatigue I am to labour through I am assured will be overpaid. HOMER tells us in his *Odyffe*, that his wandering ULYSSES, in his Travels, saw different Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities, Nations, Men, and Manners; which was meant by that old celebrated Poet as a sufficient Reward for all his toilsome Labours. I am,

My Lord,

Your most obedient Servant.

L E T.

LETTER V.

To the same

My Lord,

WE are now at *Kingsale*, by the Natives called *Kintaileach*, a large Town, ten Miles to the S. W. of *Cork*. The Road we passed is very well for Travellers on Horseback, but indifferent for Carriages. The Country on both Sides is tolerable, but not to be compared with that which surrounds *Cork*; neither is the Eye so agreeably delighted with such Numbers of pleasant Prospects or beautiful Seats. However, the Glebe is well cultivated, even to the Summit of the Mountains; and the Vales look very pleasant, but more especially from the Right. We were favoured with the Company of Mr. P---N, the Q---r, whose Conversation made the Journey less tedious; for I think the Miles very long, the Road ascending and descending the greatest Part of the way.

THE Situation of *Kingsale* is much like the Road that leads to it, irregular, almost a Half-Moon round the Harbour, or Bason, as they call it, one of the finest I ever saw, and the safest; for I am informed, at Low-Water it is deep enough to contain five hundred Sail of the largest Ships, land-locked, as the Sailors term it. The Buildings of this Town are tolerable enough, I mean those that are kept up, for there are many mouldering away. In the Centre of the Town, which is mostly on a Level, is a handsome Market-house, by which stands a strong-built Prison. There are the Ruins of several Monasteries and Religious Houses scattered up and down, that, I believe,

believe, before the Reformation, must have taken up at least a third Part of the Town. That Part towards the Land was formerly covered by a strong Wall, if we may guess at its Strength by the Thickness of its remaining Gates.

WAR, which murders *Cork*, is the Life of *Kingsale*; and I am credibly informed, that Leases are made for double the Rent in the Time of War with *France* or *Spain*. The Reason is, that most of our inward or outward bound Ships have Convoys to, and from, this Place, where they take in Provisions, &c. but at this Time there is not one Ship in the Harbour, so that they find little Amendment in their Trade yet, and I must own I never saw so large a Town as this with so small a Face of Business.

I HAVE already informed your Lordship there is not any Regularity in their Streets; and one of them, that leads to the Bowling-green, on that Part that extends to the Right of the Bason, is troublesome enough to ascend; but on the Top you are agreeably surprized to find a very handsome Level, where there is a fine Bowling-green, whose Border, to the Left, is a Kitchen-Garden, mounted above the Tops of the Chimnies of the Street below. From hence you have a Prospect of the Town and Harbour, and the little Island of *Scilly*, about three Acres, as near as I could guess, where none but Fishermen dwell: Their Houses are of a poor Structure, without the least Fence, Yard, Garden, or green Spot, as I could discover. The ancient Inhabitants, as we were informed, came from the Island of *Scilly*, near the Land's End of *Cornwall*, where multiplying rather too fast, the Race, like those of the North that first came to this Kingdom, forsook their native Country, and arrived here; where

where they have many Ages followed the same Employment of Fishing. Their Boats are indifferently large, and bear the Sea very well; for I had the Curiosity to go in one of them beyond the Mouth of the Harbour; but finding the Wind high, and the Billows boisterous, I chose rather to return than tempt the Winds and Waves; for the sake of a Pleasure, that could not give the least Satisfaction, through the Danger. When I landed, I had the Curiosity to look into one of their Houses, and found their Furniture worse than I could conceive, a mean hard Flock Bed, &c. and every thing of a piece.

A GENTLEMAN that went with us in the Vessel, told me, the Situation of *King'sale* put him in mind of *Lisbon* in *Portugal*, as you enter the River *Tagus*; and, I own, at the Distance of a Mile from it, you would imagine it was thrice larger than you find it. The Custom-house Officers are very strict here; for they came on board in order to search us, though we had not left the Harbour three Hours; but when they saw us in the Vessel, they retired, and civilly begged Pardon. I was informed by my Companion, these Fishing-Vessels are very dextrous in the Smuggling Trade; therefore the Vigilance of the Officers of the Customs is but necessary.

WE have been viewing the Citadel, which is built upon a solid Rock, fronting the Sea. I have never seen a finer Fortification, I mean towards the Entrance of the Harbour. For its Strength towards the Land, there is little to say; the Ditch neither wide nor deep, and the Ground about so high, you may look into the Fortification; but at the Part towards the Sea looks formidable to

an Enemy. There are three Tier of Cannon, the first next the Sea, from thirty to forty-two Pound Ball. I reckoned an hundred and eight, ready for use, with their Ammunition piled for every Gun in excellent Order. We were shewn the Cannon of forty-two Pound Ball, that struck a *French* Ship on the Quarter, almost a League from the Citadel, in the last War, and brought her into the Harbour. The Gunner was rewarded with a better Post for his Skill. I observed some Pieces with the Arms of *Spain*, finely ornamented, that were taken from the *Spanish Armada* in 1588, but they are not mounted.

THIS Royal Fortification is Bomb-proof, and, in the Opinion of every one, impregnable by Sea. They have it in Tradition, that in the Year 1700 a terrible mischievous Ghost plagued the Centinels upon Duty in the Night; (for your Lordship knows few Ghosts venture abroad by Day-light). Here follows the Account of it, as I found it printed in a *Journal* of that Time.

“ We have Advice from *Kingsale* of a strange
 “ Apparition there, which first appeared like
 “ black Dog to a Centinel at Eleven at Night,
 “ as he was on his Post; and then changed to a
 “ tall black Woman, who knocked him down
 “ in his Watch-house, and dragged him out;
 “ since which he is lame, and has lost his Hearing.
 “ Another stout Soldier being on the same
 “ Post, resolved to speak with it; it appeared to
 “ him like a black Man with fiery Eyes, grinning
 “ in his Face: He strove to run away, but
 “ it threw him down thrice in twenty Yards.
 “ He was taken up by another Centinel and one
 “ of the Smiths belonging to the Fort, who
 “ heard the Noise. He continued speechless

“ twenty

“ twenty-four Hours, lost his Hearing, is lame
“ on one Side, and walks on Crutches.” I doubt
not but your Lordship will smile at this Rela-
tion, as most of us did; yet they shew you the
very Centry-Box where the Soldier stood. We
could not gather any further Particulars of this
terrible Spirit; so we suppose he has been quiet
ever since.

ABOUT half a Mile nearer the Town, upon a
Point of an Isthmus, are the Ruins of another
strong Fort, of a large Extent. The Block-
House, on the Verge of the Water, is still re-
maining, though not occupied. It was demo-
lished on the Building of the Citadel, which was
accounted a much better Situation. As we land-
ed, we were shewn the Ruins of the Castle, where
the Barons of *Kingsale* used to reside.

As these Barons have the Liberty of being
covered before the Monarchs of *England*, and
their Representatives in this Kingdom, first
paying their Obeysance, by taking off their Hats;
and as this Honour is not worn by any *English*
Subject, I will give your Lordship the best Ac-
count I can gather of so extraordinary a Favour.

THIS Family were descended originally from
ROLLO Duke of *Normandy*, and may be esteemed
among the Number of the most illustrious Fami-
lies in *Europe*. They came over to *England* with
WILLIAM the Conqueror.

THE first that appeared in this Kingdom was
JOHN DE COURCY. After the Death of STRONG-
BOW, Earl of *Strigule*, King HENRY the Second
joined him in Commission with WILLIAM FITZ-
ALDELME in the Year 1178. The Province of
Ulster, being remote from the Capital, shook off
their forced Obedience to King HENRY, and ap-
peared

peared in Arms, to encourage the other Parts of the Kingdom to regain their Liberty. A general Revolt was expected by the *English*, who were as yet not established in their Conquests. His Co-partner in the Government, FITZ-ALDELME, ignorant in the Art of War, and more a Politician than a Soldier, dreaded the Event; but the brave DE COURCY raised a Body of *English*, and, assisted by the loyal Natives, marched to oppose them. He gained several Victories; but in one Battle, he was so over-powered by Numbers, and the Disadvantage of the Ground, that most of his Forces were either slain, or taken Prisoners; and the Horse were intirely destroyed. However, eleven of his bravest Officers were resolved to die with their valiant Chief. With these courageous few, on foot, he baffled the Enemy, often turning upon them like hunted Lions; till, with the Death of Numbers, and after a fatiguing March of two Days, without taking the least Refreshment, he brought all his Friends to a Place of safety. But soon after this Misfortune, he prepared another Army, subdued the whole Province, and by King HENRY the Second was created Earl of *Ulster*. After the Death of King HENRY the Second and RICHARD the First, King JOHN, by the Wiles of ELEANOR his Mother, ascended the Throne; though Prince ARTHUR, then in his Non-age, was accounted the lawful Heir. This young Prince was a sharp Thorn in the Side of King JOHN; therefore, to ease himself of the Pain, he secretly caused him to be put to Death. COURCY, then Earl of *Ulster*, hearing of this cruel Murder, vowed Revenge, and spoke so openly upon the Barbarity of the King, that he

was

was soon informed of it. Orders were therefore sent to seize the Earl; but having notice of the Design, he repaired to his Province, and raised a powerful Force, in order to defend himself. He fought several Battles, and as often repulsed his Opposers; but at last, as he was going to his Devotion unarmed, a Party of his own Officers seized him, and carried him in Chains to *London*, where he was condemned by King JOHN to perpetual Imprisonment, and his Earldom of *Ulster* given to HUGH LACY, Deputy of *Ireland*, for his good Services. This DE COURCY married ALFRICA, Daughter to GODRED, King of *Moneda*, now the *Isle of Man*. By this Princess he had a Son named MILES DE COURCY, who was afterwards created Baron of *Kingsale*, to make him a Recompence for the loss of his Title to the Earldom of *Ulster*.

SOME time after DE COURCY's Imprisonment, a Knight, famous for Agility and Strength of Body, came from *France* to the Court of King JOHN, and demanded the Combat, (a thing usual in those Days) for Tryal of the Right of *Normandy*. The vaunting of the *Frenchman* somewhat daunted the Courtiers of the King, and none of them seemed over-fond to engage this Champion. At last the imprisoned Earl was thought on, and sent for by the King. When he came before him, the King asked him if he would undertake the Combat in his Behalf; but the Earl answered, *No, not for thee! but for the Honour of my Country, which contains Millions better than thyself, I will lose the last Drop of my Blood.* The *Frenchman* being informed of the Earl's Valour, took Flight to *Spain*, as being ashamed to go into his own Country. We find, after this he

had his Liberty, and accompanied King JOHN into *France*. For PHILIP the *French* King, hearing of COURCY's prodigious Strength, desired he might see some Proof of it. Accordingly a well-tempered Head-piece was placed properly upon a Post for him to try his Force. When he came before the Spectators, he cast Looks of Fury round him, then drew his Sword, and struck the Helmet with such Violence, that it entered the Post so far, no one present could take it out but himself. It was demanded why he cast such ireful Looks round him before he struck the Blow? He answered, *Had I failed, I would have cut off the Heads of all the King's Favourites; yea, and the King's too.* The Reason why I have related this short Story is, my Lord, that this Earl being asked what Recompence or Favour he desired from the King for being his Champion, only demanded the Liberty for him and his Descendents of wearing their Hats in the King's Presence, which was granted, and the Privilege assumed to this Day. I own, my Lord, I think describing a Person with his Temper, Virtues and Vices, is more than Painting: There, indeed you may see the Features, not the Mind. Therefore, from the same Author I shall give that of DE COURCY as well as I can make it speak *English*.

“ THIS DE COURCY was fair of Complexion,
 “ large of Limbs, strong of Sinews, and high
 “ of Stature, though of a just Proportion; a
 “ Warrior from his Youth; of invincible Cou-
 “ rage; foremost in Battle; so forward to fight,
 “ that oft he forgot the Office of a Leader, to do
 “ that of a Soldier. Yet, though he was hot in
 “ the Field, he was mild, temperate, and reli-
 “ gious, ascribing all to the Goodness of Hea-
 “ ven. He married the Daughter of GODRED
 “ King

“King of Man.” So, by this Author, your Lordship may find that *Island* was in those Ages an independent Kingdom.

THE SWORD of COURCY is to be seen in the Tower of *London*, rivals that of our HENRY the Fifth in *Westminster-Abbey*, the Weapon he used when he conquered *France*; and, if their Strength may be measured by the Length of their Swords, both these Heroes surpassed all the World.

DE COURCY being restored to Favour by King JOHN, embarked for *Ireland*; but, by adverse Winds, was blown back fifteen Times to the *English* Coasts, till at last he made for *France*, to wait for a more auspicious Wind, and died there. The Custom of wearing the *Hat* before the King is still in use, and hereditary to the Noble Family of the COURCYs.

I CANNOT learn when this Town of *Kingsale* was first built, or who was the Founder; but I believe it must have flourished in the early Ages, from the Goodness and Security of it's Harbour, and it's Situation for Trade. I find the *Danes* conquered it, and it has sustained several Sieges since, and yielded to several Masters. In the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, 1599, the King of *Spain* sent over 7000 *Spaniards*, among which were great Numbers of Fugitive *Irish*, with one OWEN M^c EGAN, an Apostolick Vicar from the Pope. They landed at *Kingsale*, in behalf of the Rebel *Tyrone*. These Forces were commanded by an experienced *Spanish* General Don JOHN DEL AQUILA. They ravaged several Parts of *Munster*, and every Prisoner of the Queen's Subjects that fell into the Hands of the *Spaniards* were confessed by the above-mentioned M^c EGAN, whom he charitably absolved, and afterwards sent them to

Heaven in a Haltar; but being afterwards taken Prisoner himself, he met with the same Fate. The Lord *Montjoy*, then Lord Deputy, hearing of the Inroads of the *Spaniards*, made Head against them, and, after several successful Battles, forced the *Spaniards* to their Ships, with the Loss of three Parts of their Army. Don ALPHONSO CAMPO, with another Body of 3000 *Spaniards*, landed the following Spring at *King-jale*. They were met by the Lord *Montjoy*, and after a bloody Battle, wherein the *Spaniards* lost 1200 of their Men, with their General ALPHONSO, and three of his chief Commanders taken Prisoners, the rest retired to this Town, which was immediately besieged, and the *Spaniards* compelled to sue for Peace, which was granted, on Condition they should instantly embark for their own Country, which they joyfully complied with, and have never ventured to invade this Kingdom since. The Inhabitants sued for Pardon, which was granted by the Lord *Montjoy*, in the Name of the Queen, on Condition they would return to their Obedience.

IN 1649, as *Cromwell* was preparing to invest this Place, the Mayor of the Town went out to meet him, the Keys of which he received, and did not, as usual, return them again to him; but, to the Surprise of most People, he gave them into the Hands of Col. STUBBER, the Governor. He was informed the Mayor was a *Roman* Catholick, therefore judged it not convenient to trust a Place of so much Importance to one of that Religion. It was whispered to CROMWELL, that STUBBER the Governor was not over-strict in any Religion. *May be not*, replied CROMWELL, *but as he is a Soldier, he has Honour, and therefore we will let his Religion alone at this Time.*

This

This Place retained it's Obedience to the Government till the unfortunate Reign of King JAMES the Second, who, after his Abdication, landed here the 12th of *March* 1689, with Succours from *France*; he was received by the Lord TYRCONNEL, and from thence proceeded to *Dublin*. This Town was garrisoned in his Favour, and proposed to make a bold Defence; but the Earl of *Marlborough*, after *Cork* submitted to his Majesty King WILLIAM's Arms, on the 3d of *October* invested *Kingsale*, opened the Trenches on the 5th, and cannonaded the Town. The Garrison made a very good Defence for nine Days, but on the tenth a Breach was made; and the Earl of *Marlborough* preparing for a Storm, the Governor beat a Parley, and surrendered. The Walls were demolished by Order of the King, and the other Fortifications intirely destroyed.

YESTERDAY, my Lord, we were invited to view the House and Gardens of Mr. R - - - H, about two Miles above the River. They are laid out in an elegant Taste by the Owner, a worthy Gentleman, who has travelled through most Parts of *Italy*, and brought home not one of their Vices, but a Politeness that surprized us: He has a Taste for every thing that is curious, and a free generous Spirit, that adds a Grace to every thing he does. But whatever he has gained by his Travels, he has not lost the least Tone of his Country; and though I have not been used to such Sounds, in my Judgment it adds a Pleasantry to his Conversation.

AFTER an elegant Entertainment, we rode to view *Bandon Bridge*, about twelve Miles from *Kingsale*, upon a River that gives Name to the Town. The Place is divided by this River,
over

over which is an handsome Bridge. The Inhabitants are such staunch Protestants, they will not let a Papist dwell among them, which proceeds from the ill Usage they have formerly received from them. They will not suffer a Bag-piper to play in their Hearing, or let one of the Popish Religion, if known, though a Traveller, lodge there one Night. I was told they had formerly placed at the Entrance of the Town these following Lines:

Jew, Turk or Atheist

May enter here,

But not a Papist.

THIS Town drives a very good Trade in Cloth, Hides, &c. The Part next *Kingsale* is chiefly inhabited by Tanners, built upon a gentle Descent to the Bridge. The other Side is pretty much upon a Level, and most of the Houses occupied by Cloathiers, Wool-combers, and Weavers. It is remarkable for making very good Bread, which they send several Miles round them. The River *Bandon* rises about twelve Miles above the Town, and is but small till it arrives there; but afterwards it widens the Banks on each Side, enlarges itself as it runs downwards, and is navigable to *Kingsale*, where it loses itself in the Harbour. The Country is charming on each Side, and yields a very agreeable Prospect. We were shewn a Well a little out of the Town, that is said to have done many extraordinary Cures, but has now lost it's Virtues. The Water was of a wheyish Colour, and a pleasant Taste, as we were informed.

WE are just returned from viewing a Place called the *Ovens*, about five Miles S. W. of *Cork*. It is a subterraneous Cavern, we are told, that extends

extends above two Miles under Ground. For my Part, I was content with walking about two hundred Yards from the Mouth, whose Entrance forms something like a Gate; the Passage widens in several Places, where Nature has contrived several spacious Chambers.

A GENTLEMAN in our Company informed us, he had been upwards of a Mile further, and in some Places found the Passage so narrow, that he was obliged to creep through upon his Hands and Knees. There are several Wells in the Bowels of this wonderful Cavern; one seems to be a Chalybeat. We found no Damps, as is usual in such Places, or any noxious Vapours; for our Lights burnt as bright as if we were in the Room of a House. My Conjecture is, that Art has here assisted Nature in former Ages. Why may we not suppose this Cavern was partly formed by the ancient Inhabitants, to shelter the weaker Families from the Insults of the riotous *Danes*? whose Conquests in this Island, as well as *Britain*, were attended with all the Branches of Licentiousness.

THE same Gentleman informed us, after the last severe hard Frost, a fatal epidemical Distemper raged over the whole Kingdom, but more especially among the meaner Sort. At that Time a Man, with his Wife, and three Children, being refused Admittance every-where by the Inhabitants, through Fear of receiving the Infection, took shelter, with his miserable Family, in this Cave. The Man retained his Health tolerably well, and had Strength enough to beg in the Neighbourhood for their charitable Assistance; but alas! Charity itself grew so cold at last, that there was but little to be expected from her. The Gentleman that gave us this Account, had a small

small Summer-Dwelling on the Borders of the River *Bride*, which is near the Mouth of this Cave. He every Day ordered Provisions to be left on the Bridge, which the poor Man thankfully received, and conveyed it to his wanting Family. After some Time it was observed the Man did not appear, and the charitable Allowance remained untouched on the Bridge. The Gentleman, imagining they were either dead or removed, prepared himself to be satisfied, just as a poor Relation, hearing where the unfortunate Family had made the Place of their Retreat, came in order to give them some Assistance. When entering the Passage, he found the Wife and three Children stretched cold and lifeless on the Ground; but the Husband was not to be found, who, it is easy to be supposed, after their Deaths removed from so melancholy a Scene. The Relation borrowed Implements proper to dig a Grave in the neighbouring Church-yard, where stands an old ruined Church without any Roof. While he was employed about this pious Work, the Wretch, whose Office it was to receive the Fees of the Place, came upon him, seized the Tools and his Coat, that lay by the dead Bodies, whom he had brought upon his Back from the Cave, and was securing them for his Dues, as he called them. The poor Man, moneyless, and never another Coat to his Back, was endeavouring to reason the Affair with this deaf, hard-hearted, inhuman Villain, while this worthy Gentleman came by, and understanding the Matter, gave the Wretch his proper Chastisement, and compelled him to fly the Place; and, to add to his Charity, with his own Hands assisted to dig the Grave. Sure, my Lord, such Actions will meet with Reward in this and the next World.

I think

I think it almost the sole End of being to help the Distressed, as far as the Condition of our Fortunes will allow. The Husband retired to *Cork*; but through Grief for his Loss, and an ill State of Health, did not long survive, but followed to the Grave.

WE were shewn the Residence of the immortal SPENCER, who came over as Secretary to the Lord GREY, Lord Deputy of *Ireland*. Here, it is said, he wrote the greatest Part of his *Fairy Queen*, a Work that is so deservedly admired, and had such an extraordinary Effect upon the great Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, that I cannot help repeating a particular Instance of it. When Sir PHILIP read a few Stanzas of the 9th Canto, which was sent him by the Author, he was so transported with the Discovery of so uncommon a Genius, that, turning to his Steward, he ordered him to give the Person that brought it Fifty Pounds; but, upon reading the next Stanza, he ordered the Money to be doubled; and, upon reading another Stanza, increased his Bounty to Two Hundred Pounds; adding, *Prithee be expeditious, or I shall give him my whole Estate.*

WHILE he resided in this Kingdom, he likewise wrote a short Treatise, intitled, *A View and perfect Discovery of Ireland*, in a Dialogue between IRENÆUS and EUDOXIUS, which he dedicated to King JAMES the First; but, by what I can find, it was not approved of. Several Authors have confuted him. Father PETER WALSH, an *Irish* historian, reflecting on our Author, says, *The political main Design of this Dialogue, was to prescribe Ways and Means to reduce Ireland; a Design well becoming him as Secretary to ARTHUR, Lord GREY of Wilton, and Deputy of Ireland under*

der Queen ELIZABETH. None could surpass him; none except against him, save only those that would not be reduced. I own, my Lord, I never read of an excellent Poet, that made a good Politician, though the great MILTON has attempted it.

IN the Rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, he was plundered of his Estate, which obliged him to return to London, where his Misfortunes were increased by the Death of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. However, he writ himself into favour with Queen ELIZABETH, who constituted him Poet Laureat, with an handsome Sallary, which was curtailed by the Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH, who imagined himself pointed at in the following Lines:

*O let not those, of whom the Muse is scorn'd,
Alive or dead be by the Muse adorn'd.*

The Ruins of Time.

*Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good Days, that might be better spent,
To waste long Nights in pensive Discontent;
To speed To day, to be put back To-morrow,
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fears and Sorrow;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peer's;
To have thy Asking, yet wait many Years;
To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares,
To eat thy Heart with comfortless Despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.*

Mother HUBBERD's Tale.

I AM told, there are some of the Descendents of this venerable Poet still living here; but we had not the Satisfaction of seeing them.

I HAVE just now seen a Set of Knives and Forks, whose Handles were made of a boney Sub-

Substance, or Excrecence, that grew out of the Heels of the wonderful ossified Body, I had the Honour of acquainting your Lordship with in my last. These Bones grew in the Form of a Cock's Spur, but much larger, as you may easily imagine, since the Handles are of a common Size. They were not sawed off, but fell yearly, like the Horns of a Stag, without any Force, or Pain to the Limbs that bore them. They were well polished, and of a very hard Substance, equal to Ivory, though not so white. It gave me some Concern they were not to be purchased; but, I am told, there is another Set unpolished, which, if I can procure, I shall put a greater Value on. I should have forbore mentioning this to your Lordship, if I had not been well assured of the Truth, by Persons of undoubted Veracity. We had not the Pleasure of conversing with the Gentleman in whose Possession this surprising Figure remains, or your Lordship might have had a better Account of it.

YOUR Lordship, I believe, would have been greatly astonished to have seen this Letter dated from *St. Sebastians*, where we were in a fair way of being carried the other Day. My Brother and I having resolved to go two or three Leagues out to Sea, in order to fish, a Diversion, you know, we are both fond of; as we were at anchor, one of our Boatmen cried out a Sail coming round the *Old Head*, (a Point of Land that runs out four or five Miles into the Sea, and forms a narrow Isthmus;) and another of our Men swore it was a *Spanish* Privateer, which he knew by her Manner of working. The Word Privateer gave my Brother such a Thump on the Heart, that I perceived him almost ready to faint. I drew out a Pocket-Perspective, and observed

observed she was full of Men, with her Guns ready, and her Tompkins * out. We ordered the Men to draw up the Anchor and hoist Sail immediately; but the Master told us it was to no Purpose; for the Ship sailed so well, that in half an Hour, we should be in reach of her Forechase †. We asked him what he intended to do? *Why, lie still where we are, for if we do not, they will pepper us.* As my Brother and I looked at one another with Countenances that soon betrayed what we felt within, the Boatman cried out, *Do not fear, Masters, my Loss will be greater than yours; for if I lose my Boat, my Family and I are undone. All I fear is, that they want a Pilot; if so, I must not refuse them; it is not the first Time I have been served so in the last War.* Depend upon it they will not come close to us; they know we do not anchor in deep Water, therefore they will not come where we are; but, for all that, they will send their Boat to us, with Men enough to eat us all. It fell out directly as he said, for the Ship lowered her Sails and lay by. The Master ordered us to creep under the Forecastle, and conceal ourselves; *For may be, said he, they will not rummage us; they know we never bring any thing worth taking away.* They presently came alongside of us, and cried out, *What Cbeer, what Cbeer, my Lads! Do not be frightened, we shall not hurt you.* They asked our Master several Questions about what Ships were in the Harbour. He replied, *There are none now; but this Morning two Vessels came out, laden with Provisions and Stores for the West Indies.* The Man that asked these

* A Tomkin is a Piece of Wood to fit the Mouth of a Cannon.

† The Guns on the Forecastle, pointed over the Ship's Head.

Questions, repeated this Account to the rest of his Comrades in *Spanish*, upon which they set up three loud Huzzas, and left us. I must own, the Sound of their departing Oars was very agreeable to us. When the Master called us forth, I was surprized to see two strange Men, who looked upon us as if we came from another World. These two were Pilots, which the Privateer had taken in upon the Coast of *Ireland*; but having no farther Occasion for them, was the Reason they paid us this disagreeable Visit. The Privateer was called the *Esperance*, of 30 Carriage Guns, 20 Swivels, and 400 Men. She belonged to *St. Sebastians*, and had been upon the *Irish* Coast fifteen Days, without meeting any Prize. There were several *English*, *Irish*, and *Scots* Sailors among the Crew. Their First Lieutenant was one *BRIAN*, an *Irishman*, whom they reckoned to be an excellent Sailor, and a Person of great Humanity. He had almost the chief Command of the Ship; for the Captain, who was a *Spaniard*, had been ill from their first setting out on this Voyage. We had these Particulars from the Pilots, who were rewarded with half a Dozen Pistoles, and a Box of Sweetmeats each. Our Master made an Apology for parting with the Fish we caught; But, Gentlemen, added he, *we did but make a Truck; so much Fish for so much Wine*, (shewing us a Bottle that held about two Quarts) *and that is yours*. We took the Wine, and gave him a Piece of Money; for which we had ten thousand Good-luck to your Honours! Long-life to your Honours! a Sort of Compliments the vulgar *Irish* are very free of; but, on the other Hand, if they are disoblged, they will cry, *Sorrow mend you, the D---l mend you*, &c. The vulgar Sort are extremely ad-

H

dicted

dicted to Swearing; they will come out with such monstrous new-coined Oaths, that are very shocking to think of, much less to hear; and even the very Children are expert at them. I told you, I would acquaint you with their Faults, as well as their Virtues. But I have done now.

I SHALL now acquaint your Lordship with a Ceremony they have at *Cork*, where we are returned. It is somewhat like that of the Doge of *Venice's* wedding the Sea. A Set of worthy Gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a Body, which they call the *Water-Club*, proceed a few Leagues out to Sea once a Year, in a Number of little Vessels, which for Painting and Gilding exceed the King's Yachts at *Deptford* and *Greenwich*. Their Admiral, who is elected annually, and hoists his Flag on board his little Vessel, leads the Van, and receives the Honours of the Flag. The rest of the Fleet fall in their proper Stations, and keep their Line in the same manner as the King's Ships. This Fleet is attended with a prodigious Number of Boats; which, with their Colours flying, Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, forms one of the most agreeable and splendid Sights your Lordship can conceive.

I HAVE this Moment received your Lordship's Letter, wherein you so kindly mention the Indisposition of my dear Lady FANNY, and tell me the Small-pox has not altered her Features, and that her Beauty is not in the least lessened. I beg your Lordship to believe, no Alterations of her Face can lessen my Passion for her; I love her Mind, and to hear of her overcoming that Distemper, before I had Intelligence of her Illness, fills me with the utmost Contentment. What Terrors should I have felt for her dear Life,

Life, had I been present at ----, when she first caught the Infection? What Dread should I have undergone in its Progress? It is true, the slow Approach of her Letters (occasioned I now find by her Distemper) gave me some Terrors; though I knew her Heart was not of the same Mold of many of her Sex. I am satisfied of her Truth and Virtue, and our reciprocal Affections shall never end but with our Lives.

WE propose to leave this City To-morrow, to take a transient View of some other Places; when, by my Readiness to furnish you with the best Account I can of them, I shall endeavour to convince you how much I am

*Your most obedient
and devoted Servant.*

P. S. My Brother has been disordered with an Ague, but is something better; he desires his Remembrances to your Lordship by me; for at present, he says, writing does not agree with him.

L E T T E R VI.

To the same.

I TOLD your Lordship in my last, we had a View of the Residence of SPENCER, our immortal Poet; yet the Hurry we were in to gain *Cork* before Night, prevented our Consideration of it; but Yesterday I was resolved to breathe in the same Place, and, in my Imagination, trace the Footsteps of that celebrated Bard. When we arrived at the House, which is commodiously seated under a Hill, where a little River steals by

It; which Hill and River will live for ever in the following Lines:

- - - I sat, as was my Trade,
Under the Foot of Mole, that Mountain boar,
Keeping my Sheep amongst the coolly Shade
Of the green Alders, by the Mulla's Shore, &c.

I say, my good Lord, when we arrived at the House, my Mind was filled with an awful Pleasure: That Mountain, this River, those Fields and Meadows, and that Town and Bridge of Mallow, were once familiar to his Sight, and seemed dignified to mine. But, my Lord, upon enquiry, I found this Estate of Killcolman, (that Name it bears) is now no longer in the Family, but, through the Imprudence (and perhaps Riot) of the Grandson, is fallen into the Hands of another; and the surviving Great Grandson can no longer call it his. I own, my Lord, it grieves me much, that what had been acquired by the Wit of the Ancestor, should be lost by the Folly of the Descendant. But this is no new Thing, we have too many daily Instances to prove this Vice untractable.

THIS Estate was given to SPENCER, by Queen ELIZABETH, by the following Grant:

" GIVEN in the County of Cork, by Patent,
" To Henry North---To Arthur Rawlins---To
" Arthur Hyde---To Sir Thomas Norris---To
" Washam St. Leger---To Sir Thomas Stoyes---To
" Master Edmund Spencer--To Thomas Fleetwood,
" and Marmaduke Edmunds, and to their Heirs
" for ever, eighty eight thousand and thirty-
" seven Acres of Land; with paying yearly
" Rents of five hundred and twelve Pounds,
" seven Shillings and six Pence Halfpenny Ster-
" ling," &c.

OUT

OUT of which Quantity our Poet had three thousand Acres to his Proportion, and as we were informed at *Killcolman*, as fine Land as any in the whole Kingdom, the River running in the Middle of it. At this Place our Poet met with a Lady of a more tender Heart than the inexorable ROSALINDA, his northern *English* cruel Beauty: For this *Irish* Lady gave him her Heart, and agreed to the Conubial Knot with Satisfaction to them both, as your Lordship may find by the happy Husband's Epithalamium, penned by himself, and printed in his Work. I cannot find that SPENCER ever returned to *Ireland* after the Rebellion of *Desmond*, or who occupied the Estate for several Years; but it was restored to the Family in the Year 1665, after the Restoration of King CHARLES II. by a Court of Claims. He lies buried in the Abbey of *Westminster* among other Poets, next to CHAUCER, by his own Desire, with this Inscription on his Monument:

“ HERE lies (expecting the second coming of
“ our Saviour Christ) the Body of EDMUND
“ SPENCER, the Prince of Poets in his Time:
“ Whose divine Spirit needs no other Witness,
“ than the Works he left behind him. He was
“ born in *London*, in the Year 1510, and died
“ in the Year 1596.”

THE Reason why I mention this to your Lordship, is to prove a Blunder in the Date; for it is well known he was not sixty when he died, and this false Date would make him eighty odd.

THIS Tomb was erected to his Memory by that unfortunate Earl of *Essex*, who was Lord Deputy of *Ireland* in the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH.

HAVING mentioned *Mallow*, it may be necessary to acquaint your Lordship, that it is a Town in

the County of *Cork*, seated on the River *Black-Water*, by the *English* sometimes called *Broad-Water*; the *Daurona* of *Ptolemy*. This River has many Heads or Fountains, which join in one Stream about 15 Miles above *Mallow*, and by its winding Course of near 50 Miles, falls into the Harbour of *Youghall*. The Town of *Mallow* has nothing to recommend it more than its mineral Springs just under the Hill, that I suppose *SPENCER* calls the *Mole*; and as I could not come at the Stream he calls *Mulla*, it is not unreasonable to imagine he has given that *Mulla*, or *Mallo*, to this Part of the *Black-Water*, from the Town of *Mallow*. There is a very handsome Bridge over the River, and a small Horse-Barrack upon a Hill. In the Season for drinking the Waters, the Lodgings are extraordinary dear; and I believe their chief Subsistence comes from the Numbers that assemble for that purpose by Custom and Company; for I cannot learn there is any great Virtue in the Water. The Meadows where the Company walk are very pleasant; but the low Situation of the Town, to us, was not over agreeable. The Inhabitants seem more polite than those of *Youghall*, which may be owing to their seeing the best of Company resort to their Spring. Here is a very beautiful Shell-House and Grotto, built by Subscription, of which, they say, a worthy Doctor of Divinity was the Contriver; and we may guess it created some Malignity, by the following Lines:

*Joint Work of Judgment, Fancy, Taste, and
Art,
With wond'ring Nature's rival Counter-part.*

By

*By Avarice oppos'd, by Envy blam'd ;
By Bounty built, to future Ages fam'd.
Live long, by Time, or Malice, undestroy'd,
By Avarice and Envy unenjoy'd.*

WE once more paid our Respects to the worthy B --- p of C --- ne, and from thence arrived at *Youghall*, through none of the best Roads, yet very agreeable Prospects ; sometimes with the Sea to our Right, and Hills, Mountains, Seats and Vales to the Left. This Way is not the common Road from *Cork*, but we chose it for the sake of agreeable Company, that led us there. We could find no other Name for

TOUGHALL, either in *Latin* or *Irish*, but what it bears ; therefore it is reasonable to suppose it retains its Original, given by its first Founders. The Situation is agreeable and romantick ; but the Harbour, in my Opinion, is rather too open to be accounted one of the best. It butts directly upon the Sea, which, we were told, has gained upon the Strand within these few Years: For it is not long since the Strand was esteemed proper for a Horse-Race ; but now the Sea has worn so many deep Holes in it, that it is utterly spoiled for that Diversion.

THE Town consists chiefly of one large Street, with a few Inlets on each Side. The *Barracks* are neat enough, but would contain twice the Number that now occupy them. *Youghall*, we are told, was formerly a Place of good Trade ; but I own, by the Countenance it at present carries, it seems to be long in Mourning for the want of it. While our Dinner was preparing, we took a Walk through its long, wide, empty Street, without meeting ten People, even on the Quay itself. There were three small Vessels at Anchor,

but they seemed to us as idle as *Westminster-Hall* in the *Long Vacation*; and yet this Town, by Act of Parliament, is one of the Ports allowed for the Exportation of Wool from this Kingdom to *England, Wales, &c.*

THE Custom-House is pretty enough; but I believe the Officers are not much troubled. In short, my Lord, it seems a heartless, dejected Place. Its Walls are turned to an Anatomy, and even the Stones reduced to Ashes; yet it formerly held out for the Crown against the Rebel *Desmond*, in the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH: He besieged this Place, and for want of promised Assistance the Town yielded; but the Mayor was hanged, by Order of this victorious Male-content, in the Year 1579.

THIS Town submitted to CROMWELL, notwithstanding, in the Year 1648, the Corporation had proclaimed King CHARLES II. King of *England, &c.* At this Port OLIVER embarked for *England*, after his incredible Successes in this Kingdom. The Inhabitants seem to have worn the Badge of Loyalty, more especially since the Protestant Succession; and at the Year 1678, I found an Order in their Records, *That no Papist should buy or barter any Thing in their publick Markets*; and in the Year 1704, there was but one *Popish Priest* in the Town of *Youghall* and its Precincts.

WE observed the Ruin of the Ruins of two Abbeys, one at the North, and the other at the South of the Town. These are the Remains of a spacious Building, the College, upon a lovely Eminence, which we ascended by a great many Steps. Some of the Apartments are kept in Repair. From the Top of this Building we had a charming Prospect. The Garden of this old Place

Place was in tolerable Order, and they told us the Mayor of the Town resided there. This, and many Miles round it, call the fore-mentioned Earl of B - - - n and C - - k Master, and gives him the Title of Baron. I own, my Lord, it gave me a melancholy Reflection, when I was told that neither the Father, nor the present Nobleman the Son, ever saw this Place, or any other Part of their wide extended Estates in this Kingdom. All *Europe* is informed of this present Nobleman's Taste in Architecture; and had he ever once seen this delightful Situation, I am of Opinion he would have been pleased to have improved this antique Building, where Nature has laid so fine a Foundation. In my Opinion, my Lord, a fourth Part of the Money laid out at *Chiswick*, would have made this one of the finest Places in the World. But it is the ill Fate of this Kingdom, and this Nobleman is not particular; for there are many large Estates in this Island that were never yet under the Eyes of their Owners: Their Agents indeed grow rich, and the Landlords, perhaps in another Age, may receive Titles from them; but I fear their Rents will lessen, and by degrees dwindle like our Title to *France*, to a meer Title. When we came down these Steps, we saw near the Foot of the Stairs, four or five ordinary Fellows assembled together, (hearing, I suppose, there were Strangers in Town); they stood uncovered, and paid their Compliments as we passed. We had not gone many Paces from them before I heard one of them say to the rest, *I believe they are all Bugs*. I'll assure your Lordship, I did not know but the Word *Bug* might be some *Irish* Title in that Language; but when I asked the Meaning of it from the Gentleman that accompanied us, I was informed,

informed, I might take the Word *Bug* in the *English* literal Sense; for by that the Vulgar of this Kingdom intitle all of our Nation. Here is a large Church of a *Gothic* Structure, that has little to recommend it.

WE shall take leave of this Place To-morrow, which is governed by a Mayor, but no stated Number of Aldermen. I would not forget to tell your Lordship, that the chief Magistrate of *Kinsale* has the Title of Sovereign, which I ought to have mentioned in my Account of that Place. In this Kingdom there are Titles for the chief Magistrates of Places, seldom heard of with you in *England*, viz. *Sovereigns*, *Provosts*, *Portrieves*, *Burgo-masters*, and *Seneschals*.

THIS Place is divided into Upper and Lower Town; and the Walls, which form almost a Square, are standing, but of little Use for Defence. We were informed there is a Fort called *Clay-Castle*; but I do not find it is provided with any Materials of War, so of little Service.

I FORGOT to inform your Lordship, that the College, or Abby, was dedicated to St. MARY, and that here are the Remains of a *Franciscan* House, built by an Earl of *Kildare* in 1232, which was CROMWELL's Head-Quarters for some Time. There are several Monuments belonging to some Branches of the BOYLES, particularly of ROGER BOYLE, famous for his Art of War, and some Dramatick Pieces. The Epitaph you will find in the First Volume of the Earl of Orrery's Life.

I am,

My LORD,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To E---- H-----, Esq; at his Chambers in the
Middle-Temple.

Dear NED,

I HAVE been once more at *Kinsale* with my Cousin to view the Citadel, accompanied by the Lieutenant Governor, (General L--G--R is the Chief) and the Fort Major; both these Gentlemen, with several Engineers, came to inspect it: And this Evening we took our Leave of *Cork* with a Relation of General P--R's, who is Governor. On both Sides the Road you have agreeable Prospects of very handsome Seats at a distance, in a fine Country. The Roads are charming, and the measured Miles, with their red Figures cut in Marble, give us a Satisfaction in our Journey, by being in Expectation of passing the next Mile Stone. The first Place we took notice of was a pleasant Village, three Miles from *Cork*, called *Glanmire*. You come down upon it over a pretty steep Hill into a pleasant Bottom, and cross a new Bridge of five Arches over a Stream of the same Name, that runs with its Windings into the *Leigh* below *Cork*. The Road winds very much to avoid the Hills that surround it, which is made easy now, but before the Turnpikes were erected, it was a very difficult Ascent and Descent; for some Part of the old Road still remains, which plainly shews us the former Height and difficult Ascent. Near this Place, about twenty Years ago, was fought a Battle between two standing Regiments, and one that was disbanded, who would not deliver up their Arms: Several, they say, were killed in the Dispute on both Sides, and a poor Boy that had got up into a Tree near the Place to be

Witness

Witness of the Fray, was shot dead by an accidental Bullet, and dropt down among the Soldiers; however, the Rebels (for they were no better) thought fit to throw down their Arms and separate. We were informed this tumultuous Body had only a Serjeant for their Commanding Officer.

WHEN you have crossed this Bridge, you may see the Stream to your Left, course along by a beautiful Wood, with a Foot-path on its Margin, that gives the Eye no small Satisfaction. Thro' a good Road you come two Miles further, where you cross another winding Brook, and see a pleasant Seat, upon a rising Ground on the Right, occupied by a Gentleman, who courteously, as we were viewing it, desired us to alight, and walk into his House. The Dwelling is clean and neat, but the Garden is very pleasant, large and commodious. After an easy two Hours Ride, we crossed a Bridge not long built; for about the Middle of it was a Stone with this Inscription: "The Foundation of this Bridge was laid *June* the 22d, 1733, and finished *November* the 16th, 1734; Colonel REDMOND BARRY, JAMES DEVONSHIRE, and JAMES BARRY, Gentlemen, being Overseers thereof." A Person that kept a little Inn just before you pass it, gave the first mentioned Gentleman an exceeding good Character, that he was the Life of the Country round him, and in the late hard Times (as he called them) supported Numbers that must have otherwise perished.

THE Owner of this Inn seemed an intelligent merry Fellow; and finding I was an *Englishman*, (I suppose from my Enquiries) told me one of my Nation had served him a slippery Trick. This is the Substance of it: Not many

many Months ago he observed a Man walking very melancholy on the Bridge. Our Host was in his Orchard behind his House, and out of Compassion was resolved to go and inquire into his Circumstances; but before he could get through his House, the Fellow had thrown himself over the Bridge into the River. The Stream not being deep enough to drown him, mine Host assisted him, or rather forced him out, brought him to his House, got him some Refreshment, put him into Bed, and did not inquire into the Reason of his Discontent till next Morning. The Person frankly told him, he was an *English* Sailor from *Bristol* to *Cork*, where he came in order to avoid a bad Wife that he had left in *England*, and to go on board a Privateer that he imagined the Merchants of *Cork* would have fitted out against the *Spaniards*; but being disappointed there, and hearing of one that was building at *Liverpool*, and proposed for *Dublin* to man and victual, he was resolved to beg his Way thither; but finding Charity so cold, (not having broke his Fast that Day) and himself much fatigued, Despair had seized him, and he had resolved to live no longer. Mine Host comforted him with a good Breakfast, a better Dinner, and with a second Supper, put him once more to Bed: But in the mean Time, he had observed his Diligence in attending the House, feeding the Horses that stopt at the Door, and flying at the least Call, so that he hoped all Thoughts of dying were intirely gone; and really liking the Fellow, he put him to work about the House. Thus he went on for about a Fortnight, every Day thanking him for saving his Life; but the Landlord going to Church one *Sunday* Morning, and leaving the Sailor with his Maid, at
his

his return found his Man gone, a Chest of Drawers wrenched open with a broken Knife, a Moire, a Guinea, some Silver, two Shirts and a Silk Handkerchief taken to keep him clean, and bear his Charges on the Road to the D---, as our Host said. So by this Story, Cousin, you find we have *English Bites* that come over here to prey upon the Natives.

THIS new Bridge is built over the *Bride*, a very good River, with Plenty of Fish; and yet not one of all the Maps of *Ireland*, that I have seen, have either marked it out or mentioned it, though it has a Course of forty Miles, and falls into the *Black-water* above *Lismore*. It is possible this River had some other Name in Times past; for I find Names are altered frequently in this Kingdom. We passed through a Wood this very Day that has taken a new Title within these few Years, from an Affair that happened there, and is now called *C---rs Wood*, which was formerly known by the Name of *Glanmire*: Therefore, as I have often said, I am for taking Things as I find them; though my Brother gave me a strict Charge to be very particular in every thing I meet with on the Road between *Cork* and *Kilkenny*, which, to oblige him, I shall faithfully observe and execute to the best of my Power. Half a Mile from this *Bride's* Bridge, on the Left, we saw the House and Gardens of Colonel *BARRY*, which shews the excellent Taste of that Gentleman. It is the first House in *Rathcormuck*, with a pleasant Green fronting it. Some in our Company were acquainted with that worthy Gentleman; and the Freedom of his Entertainment made every thing pleasing to us. There is a pretty neat modern-built Church to the Right of the Town. The Town is but small, with a
neat

neat new Market-place, and some very good modern Buildings; and, as we were informed, mostly belongs to the fore-mentioned Gentleman. It is a Borough, and sends two Members to Parliament.

WHEN we left this Place, we passed a small Stream, and near it another; the first called the *Funchen*, and the other *Glanschakin*, not noted in the Map, and arrived at a Town called *Fermoy*. I own, I had formed to myself an Idea of this Place, that went far beyond what I found it. The Church is but a mean *Gothic* Building, and had been before the Reformation an *Augustin* Order of Fryers. The Town has nothing more to recommend it than a handsome Bridge over the *Black-water* of sixteen Arches. There are two or three handsome Seats in Appearance; but as we did not stay to view them, I can neither give my Brother, or you, any further Account of them. This Town gives Title of Viscount to an ancient *Roman* Catholick Family named *De La Roche*. Their Creation bears Date the 6th of HENRY VII. but the Honour is now forfeited.

WE saw nothing worthy much Notice, but here and there an old ruined Tower that were nameless, till we arrived at *Kilworth*, where we have set up our Stage for this Night; but having Time upon our Hands, we went to view *Macrony*, near this Place, the Seat of JAMES MANGERS, Esq; which is very handsome. *Kilworth* is a long straggling Town of one Street; there is a neat Market-place.

THE next Morning we set out and travelled over *Kilworth* Mountain, a Place, not above 30 Years ago, a more dreary Waste, as it was described to me, than could be found in the Deserts of *Arabia*; but now you might perceive all round
you

you Black Cattle feeding, and every Half-mile little Plantations and Farm-houses, that made it far more pleasant than *Bagshot Heath* in *England*, or many more of the same kind. A Gentleman in Company that gave me a Description of its former State, told me, that most Parts of this noble Kingdom had met with the same Improvement. At the further End of this Mountain we parted with the last Stone, that gave us Notice of the measured Miles we had passed, which, I own, grieved me a little. Not long after leaving this Mountain, we came to a small Town called *Ballyporcen*, where is a handsome Seat of the Lord King's, with a fine Wood, at least, the best I have seen in the Country hitherto. At an Inn Door of this Place we found standing upright a Figure, that represented a human Body; there were all the Limbs, excepting one of the Arms. In short, I that seldom consider things of this kind, was surprized. It looked like a Body ill drawn. When I went to handle it, it weighed almost equal to so much Iron. Had my Brother been with us, he would have examined it more curiously. This Wantonness of Nature had been just dug out of a Bog, and I suppose had been the Root of some Oak; for it was a woody Substance, and might have possibly lain there since the Flood. I had some Intention of giving a reasonable Purchase for it; but the Woman of the House told me, *She did not doubt but she should get its Weight in Gold by it; for she had taken more since that Centinel guarded the Door, (meaning the Figure) in a Week, than she had before taken in two Months; and therefore would not part with it upon any Account:* So we soon left this Place and the Rarity behind us.

My

My Cousin Ned was prodigiously pleased with all we saw. He brought over with him a Servant, a downright Country Clod, that had never before been thirty Miles from his old Master's Dwelling; in short, a meer Bumpkin, but strictly honest. This Fellow gaping and staring about him, cried, *Wauns, Measter, they tolden me in Hampshire the Fowkes here had gutten long Tayles, but I canno foind but they are like kus; and that they had gutten nothing to yeate but Buttermilk and Purtatoes; (but yet I thowt if they had Buttermilk, they mun have gutten Caws among 'em too) but I foind they have as good Victals here as we have, and the Fowkes speak English too: Adad I thowt we mün have maade Signs to um.*

JACOB's simple Account (for that is his Name) made us laugh, and we often encouraged him to give his Sentiments on many things that occurred, which he finding pleased us, was always ready; and the Rogue did not want a sort of Pleasantry, that might have sometimes passed for Wit, to which his Country Manner of speaking added something. But JACOB, this Afternoon, seemed a little baffled: Coming through a Turnpike, he asked the Man, *How lung ha you had this Turnpike out o England? Ever since you turn'd Fool*, replied the Man, in JACOB's own Dialect. When he had passed it, he called out, *Wauns! I believe I mun let these Irish Fowkes alone, for they bän as much Wit as myself.* But no more of JACOB now.

THE next Place we arrived at was a Monument just erected to the Memory of an eminent Lawyer, near a pretty Church, about two hundred Yards out of the common Road, within half a Mile of a Place called *Clogheen*. The Bust and the other Decorations seemed to be

masterly finished. I staid to take down the Inscription, though in the Rain. If I had not, my Brother would never have forgiven me. It is in *Latin Verse*, by Dr. DUNKIN, (a Gentleman well known to the Poetical World) but too long for the Compass of a Letter.

CLOGHEEN is a very neat Town, (though small) well built, almost new, with a very pretty Market-place, not quite finished. The whole Town, with a fine Estate round it, belongs to the Heirs of the late deceased worthy Gentleman. In the Inn where we stopped to refresh ourselves, we saw a Print of Counsellor CALLAGHAN, which might easily be known by the Bust I had just before seen. Near this Print was wrote with a Pencil the following Lines :

*Behold the Features of a Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry smiling Grace !
A Voice, like Angels in their Chaire,
Whose Silver-Tongue e'en Foes admire.
How blest are we that call'd him Lord !
Thro' him our Winter Barns were stor'd.
Next Heav'n to him our Thanks we give ;
Like Heav'n he smil'd, and bid us live.*

I should not have taken notice of these Lines, if they did not sufficiently prove him a good Landlord, and beloved by his Tenants. Underneath were these two uncouth Lines :

*Those Lines you see are wrote above;
Speak all our Landlord's Tenants Love.*

GOING out of this Town, we passed over a little neat Bridge. The River beneath is called *Aven-Tar*, or *Tar-water*. In our Journey on

we passed an old Castle at some Distance, called *the Castle of the White Knight*, a Person of great Power and Dominion some Ages ago. We were told many romantick Stories about him, and among the rest, that every Man his Lady cast a gracious Look upon he put to Death.

We met with nothing worth Observation till we came to a Place called *Ardferman*, the large Ruins of an old Castle, built on a Rock that overlooks the River *Sure*. This Castle was built by King JOHN, when he was Earl of *Moreton* and Lord of *Ireland*, Son to King HENRY II. in the Year 1186. Over the River *Sure* is a Bridge of fourteen Arches; and on that Side next the Castle is a Mill on the River, that has some particular Contrivance, (as I was told) which I could not find out, neither did I stay to examine it. When we passed the Bridge, we were shewn a pleasant rising Hill we had left behind, where OLIVER placed his Cannon to batter the Castle. We saw the Breach, and at the same time were told the following Story: When this Place was besieged by OLIVER, a Butcher was within the Walls, who, while the Siege lasted, could never be prevailed upon to come out of the Room where he had placed himself; but when the Breach was made, and the Soldiers began to storm, he took up a Handspike, defended it almost alone for sometime, and knocked down several Soldiers that strove to enter; at last, finding no Seconds, he retired without the least Hurt. When the Castle was surrendered, he was asked, why he would not come to the Walls before the Breach was made? He replied, *Damn them! I did not mind what was done on the Outside, but I could not bear their coming into the House*, as he called it. There is a high

Ascent all round this Castle, or rather I should have said on every Side; for it is a direct Square. The Gate is still standing, and most part of the Walls; but the Inside shews you a Desert, only some Part of the Roof of one of the Rooms remains; I mean the Timber of it, and the Back of the Stone-work. This was certainly of some Note before King JOHN rebuilt it; for we find that CORMAC, a warlike King of *Ireland*, left at his Death, (about the 9th Century) an Ounce of Gold, the same of Silver, his Horse, Arms, and Furniture, to this Place. There is a good Inn, to Appearance, over-against the Castle-Gate; but its Vicinity to *Clonmell* hurts it much; yet I thought the Situation so pleasant, I would have persuaded our Company to go no further, but I could not prevail. This River *Sure* parts the County of *Tipperary* from that of *Waterford*, and we have left the County of *Cork* behind us several Miles. This River is accounted the first River of the Province of *Munster*; the next is the *Broad-water*. The *Sure* takes its Rise almost in the extreme Parts of the County of *Tipperary*, and after an irregular Course of near Eighty Miles, falls into the Bay of *Waterford*. Hitherto I have never seen a Country better watered, and every River is well provided with Fish; but they have not much Variety; I can hear of no other but Salmon, Trout, Pike, Roach and Eels; when you know our *Trent*, it is said, takes its Name from thirty Species of the Finny Race; and I have heard my Uncle say, he has caught twenty-five different Sorts in one Day.

WE are now at *Clonmell*, the Head Town of the County of *Tipperary*, where most of our Company take several Ways. They call it five Miles

Miles from *Ardfennan* to this Place; but as they are not measured, I am sure they are ten *English* Miles. The first Part of our Way here was but indifferent, I mean for eminent Seats, though the Country was pleasant and rich; yet when you come about half way, and meet the River *Sure* again to the Right, you cannot conceive a more Beautiful Prospect on both Sides its Stream, that runs between Hills for the most part to the Town. Beneath these pleasant Hills, on each Side, you see delightful Meadows, with beautiful Houses and Plantations, mixed with more eminent Structures, both ancient and modern. The Paddocks, Meadows, and even the common Fields, are inclosed with high white Stone Walls, some more than two Miles in the Square, which, diversified with the different Greens, contribute to the Beauty of the Prospect. I was informed the whole Course of the River *Sure* (in *Latin* *Surivus*) for many Miles of its Banks on each Side, produced the same agreeable Situations.

To your Left, you see a fine Corn Country, now and then diversified with a dreary Bog, but as profitable to the Inhabitants as if it were Meadow or Field; for since the great Woods are destroyed in this Island, which were once so plenty here that it bore the Name of *Inis pa bhfiodhbuidhe*, or woody, (it is a devilish hard Word, Cousin, but my Priest wrote it for me). The inland People more especially make use of Turf, cut out of these Bogs, which makes a sweet wholesome Firing. These Places are called Turberries; and you frequently see a large Building near Gentlemen's Houses, made to preserve the Turf from the Weather. It is cut mostly in small square Pieces about the Size of a *Holland* Brick, piled up in Parcels hollow, for the Sun

and Wind to dry, and then carried home for use. It is a much quicker Fire than Coals. There are five Sorts of this Name, the Produce of different Soils, and made of different Sizes, *viz.* Grassy, Watery, Hassocky, Red, and Muddy. The grassy Bogs are covered with a lovely Green, that a Stranger would take them for rich Meadow; and of all, this is the most dangerous to such as know them not. It is not many Years ago since a Stranger, travelling in the Country alone, and not knowing the Road, to avoid a bad Piece of Ground, struck out of the common Path into one of these fair deceitful Bogs, sunk in, Horse and all; the Horse perished, and the Man must have met with the same Fate, if some People by chance on a neighbouring Hill, that saw his Error, had not come timely to his Assistance. But this was before the Turnpikes were erected; for now there is not the least Danger; though the Roads, as I am told, in many Parts, run through several of these Bogs; and such noble Roads cannot be equalled in the Universe. I need not describe the watery or muddy Bog; their Names speak for themselves. The hassocky Bog is muddy, with Tufts of Grass, like Mole-hills, (but there is no such Animal in this Kingdom) small Beds of Rushes, Reeds, and rough four Grass, surrounded with Water in Winter, but in Summer dry enough to cut into a Turf larger than the common Kind.

BUT let us leave these Bogs, and come to our Road again, which I am loath to leave, tho' it has brought me safe to this Town of *Clonmell*, commonly called *Clemell*. This Place is very ancient, being built before the Invasion of the *Danes*. It consists of four cross Streets, formerly fortified strongly with a square Wall. The Streets lead

to each of the Gates. The Market-House, the only uniform Building I saw in the whole Town, is indeed very neatly built, mostly of Marble, in the best Taste; but, like that of *Cork*, lessens the Passage of the main Street. There is a very spacious Bridge over the *Sure*, just out of the Gate, to the Right, of twenty Arches. The Town does not seem to have any great Prospect of Trade, but from the neighbouring Gentlemen's Seats.

OLIVER found more Resistance from this Town, than any other of his Conquests in this Kingdom. An Author in those Days writes thus: "In *Clonmell* our General (OLIVER) found " the stoutest Enemy that ever opposed him in " *Ireland*: The Victory was more than once " doubtful. There never was a more warm Engagement, or a hotter Discharge on both " Sides. We were repulsed from the Breach " several Times. Had not the Lord *Brogbill*, " afterwards Lord O - - - y, (who was gained " over by OLIVER's Wiles from the King's " Party) met with the Bishop of *Ross*, and defeated him, when he was marching with 5000 " Men to the Relief of the Town, OLIVER had " certainly been repulsed, and possibly drove " out of the Kingdom." This Bishop, in his March, declared he would hang all the *English* that fell into his Hands; but when he was taken Prisoner, the Lord *Brogbill* ordered him to be tied up to a Gallows erected for that Purpose, before a Castle that held out, garrisoned by his own Soldiers, which immediately surrendered.

THE Forces in the Town were commanded by a brave experienced Officer, HUGH O'NEAL, who fought his Way through the thickest of

OLIVER's Troops, and made his Escape, Sword in Hand, over the Bodies of his Enemies.

WHEN OLIVER had gained the Victory, he took his usual Method of demolishing the Castles and other Fortifications; but the Skeletons still remain. The chief Church, of the Gothic Race, is kept in Repair. Before the Reformation it was a *Benedictine* Monastery. There are the Remains of two more, I conjecture, of the same kind, but not fit for Service. The *Minorites* seated themselves here in 1269. I observed as we passed, that the Portcullises of some of the Gates are still remaining, though now useless. The Barracks are in good Order, and large enough for more Men than they have.

As we were pursuing our Journey from *Clonmell* through a fine Country, with our Eyes employed on every Side, the Wheel of a Chaise struck against my Cousin's Leg, and bruised his Shin very much; so that we were obliged to stop at a Place called the *Two-mile-bridge*, (that is, two Miles from *Clonmell*). I thought I knew the Face of the Master of the Inn, and soon found I was not mistaken. His Name is REYNOLDS. His Father is Tenant to my Uncle B-----N, at *Elseonere* in *Shropshire*. It is some Satisfaction to meet with a Person we know, let his Station be ever so much below us, more especially in another Kingdom, when we least expected it. We were extremely well entertained here, and my Cousin's Leg taken as much Care of, as if he had been under the Hands of a Surgeon. This Inn is pleasantly seated, on the Borders of the River *Honour*, which runs into the *Sure* about a Quarter of a Mile from this Place. My Cousin desired to stay here till the next Day, to ease his Leg; and I, liking the Situation,

Situation, easily complied with him. Besides, I was assured my Brother would not be at *Kilkenny* in several Days; for I know he intends to visit *Waterford*, and several other Places near the Sea-Coast; and to tell you the Truth, I want to look round *Clonmell*. Where there are so many Objects to divert the Eye at a Distance, I am assured a nearer View cannot fail of giving us great Satisfaction; so it is very possible I may enlarge this Letter To-morrow. I only wish you were an Eye-witness to the many Beauties we have seen, and I doubt not but you would be in love with them as much as we are.

OUR Landlord lent us a Chaise for the Ease of my Cousin's Leg, and we set out to see the Races at *Featbard*, about six Miles from hence. The Race Ground is round a Hill, where we had an Opportunity from that Height to see the whole Course, without the least Interruption. This Hill yields a noble Prospect all round. The Town of *Featbard* has still the Remains of its Castle, Walls and Gates, as CROMWELL left it. He came to besiege it by Night, and sending to summon it by a Trumpet, he was told from the Walls, that it was a very unseasonable Time to come and disturb a quiet Neighbourhood, and the Governor would indict him for it at the next Quarter-sessions; but he disregarded their Threats, and obliged them to receive him on his own Terms. *Featbard* is an ancient ruinous Town; the great House was formerly the Seat of the noble Family of the EVERARDS, now forfeited; it is a spacious, but declining Structure, and carries still an Air of Grandeur in its Antiquity. Here is also an old *Gothic* Church, and the Remains of an *Augustine* Convent, founded by one WALTER MULCOT in the Year 1306.

POOR

POOR JACOB spent most of his Time in cursing the Booby Hatch, as he called it: *Wauns I did ever Mon see sick a Tbing?* I must own, Cousin, the first I saw of this kind of Vehicle surprized me as much as JACOB. They are hung high for the Ease of the Horse, not the Rider. The Driver is seated upon a thing like a Stool, with his Back-side near your Mouth, and a Foot upon each Shaft, and away he drives at a great Rate; for the Roads are so good, they will lug you along near fifty *English* Miles in a Summer's Day. But these are hired Carriages, and very convenient. The Roads are as much frequented with Chaises of the genteelest Kind, as those of *England*, and as numerous. We have seen many Seats about *Clonmell*, equal to any, for such a Space, that you will find any where with you.

YESTERDAY we were feasting our Eyes with a Sight that might strain the Opticks, but never tire. It is the Seat of GEORGE MATHEWS, Esq; called *Thomastown*. What do I call a Seat! It is a Paradise. Here gently-rising Hills, covered with Trees, planted in the most elegant Vistas Imagination can frame; there variagated Vales, Lawns, Meads, Pastures and Streams. I cannot find Words to describe this Place. What think you of Walls nine Foot high, composed of Lime and Stone, that girdles in above two thousand Acres, and *Irish* Acres, that make almost a fourth Part more than our stinted Measure; these Walls, with innumerable lofty Gates, that would not disgrace the Portal of a fine House. Within these secure Inclosures you see the *Deer trotting after one another*, as OTWAY has it; Studs of Black Cattle, Sheep, and other Animals; in short, every thing that can charm the Eye. The House and Gardens are not the least Ornament,
and

and yet not the greatest. It is called *Thomastown*, as I said, tho' there are but few Habitations about it.

WE stay'd so long viewing this lovely Place, (not considering the Time) that it was late before we came to the City of *Cashel*; but the next Morning I thought it the poorest City I ever saw, and may be ranked in the Number of indifferent Towns, though an *Archbishoprick*. The *Cathedral* is built on an Eminence, partly upon a Rock; from whence we had a Prospect of a fine Country below us, with the River *Sure's* Meanders, which diversify the Landscape. There is a Wall round the Cathedral, on the Summit of the Rock, and another below it. This Church is dedicated to St. PATRICK, and has been a noble Building; for the Marks of old Age upon it make it look very venerable, though its Beauty is very much decayed. This City was girded with a Wall; and though now mouldering, seems to be of better Materials than others I have seen. Two Gates are still remaining, of tolerable Workmanship, and there is a good Court-House, with a Prison under it. The Bishop's Palace is a large, handsome, old Building. We were shewn the Ruins of an old Monastery of *Dominicans*, and an old Church, that we were informed was dedicated to JOHN the Baptist. The Cathedral is not in the Town, but near it, and was founded by CORMACK, both King and Bishop; it was enlarged by several Kings and great Men after him. There are several Monuments within, which I had taken an Account of, but lost them; and I suppose my Brother will never let me hear the last of it. Within the Walls of the Church-yard is one of those high round Towers I have mentioned to you before. My *Irish* Friend tells me *Cashel*, in *Latin*, is called

Casilia, in the native Tongue *Ciafoil*, which, he says, is a compound Word that means *to receive the Taxes of the King*; for we are assured, before the Conquest, there were Kings of *Casbel*, that were often *Bishops* as well as *Monarchs*. He shewed me a Stone, as you go up to the Cathedral, where the Kings of *Munster* were formerly crowned; on which Stone the appointed Person sat, at sundry Times, to receive the King's Taxes from the Subjects, which I suppose were not small, since he received spiritual with the temporal Dues. The City and Suburbs certainly were very large once, since we find no less than thirty-eight Brewers were cited before a Convention, for not paying their Dues to the Church, of two Flaggons of Ale at each Brewing. King HENRY II. in this City received the Homage of DONALD King of *Limerick*, Ann. 1172. We went about a Mile from this ancient City, to walk in the lovely Meadows that border on the River *Sure*, where we saw a very large Castle looking on the Stream; and though a great Part of it has fed old Time, yet there are Apartments pretty well kept up, although covered with Thatch; but the high Trees, which are inhabited by a vast Colony of Rooks, set it off very much.

YESTERDAY Morning we took leave of our honest *English* Host, (my Cousin being much better) and turned our Faces towards *Kilkenny*, where we hope to meet the Baronet. About three Miles from the *Garter*, you come to the Foot of a high Hill, the only one we have met with yet, I believe an *English* Mile from its Base to its Summit, though not difficult to ascend; but when you are near the Top, turn about, and you will be over-paid for all your Labour. To your Right towards *Clonmell*, and to the Left to a Place

Place called *Carrick on Sure*, and beyond both, as far as the Reach of Sight, the Eye can never be tired. Such a lovely Scene! they may well call it the *Golden Vale*, intermixed with lofty Woods, or rather Groves, that rise above the Fields and Meadows, through which several goodly Seats peep out, whose glittering Windows, with the Reflection of the rising Sun, and its Beams playing in different Parts of the River *Sure*, made it extremely delightful. We staid a full Hour in contemplating this beautiful Landscape: Even JACOB was transported, and cried, *Wauus! Measter, they have stole this Plaace out of England somewhere, but not out of Hampshire, for I dunna know any Plaace so pretty.* Indeed, I pity the Ignorant in *England*, and sincerely wish ten thousand of those Unbelievers on the Spot with us, that their Eyes might convince them of their Error. This fine Prospect is bounded before you with Ridges of Hills, called the Mountains of *Waterford*, and on this Side with others; but they only looked like a fine Frame to a finer Picture. The Hill that we ascended is called *Killcash*; and half a Mile below is a very handsome House, or rather Castle, (for it is built in that Form) the Seat of the Hon. ----- BUTLER, Esq; stiled BUTLER of *Killcash*. We were loath to leave this charming Situation; and the rest of the Way, to a Place called the *Nine-mile-house*, (about four Miles upon the Level of this Mountain) though no bad Prospect, looked but melancholy, after leaving that Paradise behind us. There is but one Inn, and a Cabbin or two, at this Place, with a deserted Barrack, which was first built to check what were called the *Kelly-mount-Gang*, who are now broke, being brought to condign Punishment. From this Inn, your
Descent

Descent is equal to the Rise at *Killcash*, but more winding, and you come into a fine level Country again. After an Hour's Ride we came to a Town called

CALLAN, in the County of *Kilkenny*. This Place seems to lie in the Ruins *OLIVER* left it. You see the Remains of three Castles, and an old Church of the *Gotwick* Building, like all I have hitherto seen, on the Right as you enter the Town; but the Roof is gone, and all the rest a meer Anatomy. This Place had a Reputation for Strength when *OLIVER* sat down against it; but I think that Reputation was soon lost; for they say *CROMWELL* besieged it in the Morning, and took it by Storm before Night. All that were found in Arms were put to the Sword, only the Troops of Colonel *BUTLER*, who surrendered before the Cannon fired against the Town. I went to see the Place where the Battery was raised, upon an artificial Mount, that looked to me like one of the *Danish* Rathes or Forts; and had I not been informed to the contrary, I should have taken it for such. The Situation of this Place is very agreeable, upon a Stream called the *King's River*, dividing in two Branches above the Town, which meet below it, and form an Aight, (as we call it on the *Thames*) or little pleasant Island. The main Stream runs under a Bridge of four Arches, and the small one (after driving a Mill) under two. This River is not to be found in the Maps of *Ireland*, though its Course is above thirty Miles, and falls into the *Nore*, about nine Miles from this Place. Upon this Stream, about a Mile below *Callan*, is a very famous Iron Mill, that brings great Profit to the Proprietors. The Town is built in the Form of a Cross; and in the

the Centre a Cross is erected, with a square Glass Lanthorn, that gives Light in the Night to Travellers that come from the four Cardinal Points of the Compass. One would imagine this Town should be in a more thriving Condition, since the two great Roads of *Cork* and *Limerick* go thro' it. There is one handsome Seat, just out of the Town, in the *Limerick* Road, belonging to a Gentleman of the *Ormond* Family; but we had not an Opportunity of seeing the Inside. It was Market-day when we stopped there, where we observed great Numbers of what they call the ancient *Irish* Race. Men and Women mostly wore large Frize Cloaks, though a very warm Day. The Women's Heads were wrapped up in thick Handkerchiefs, besides their ordinary Linen Head-Dress. We observed a Man mounted upon a little Horse, that most of the others seemed to pay an extraordinary Respect to, tho' I thought neither his Figure, or Dress, seemed to draw it upon him. I had the Curiosity to ask a Gentleman in our Company the Meaning of paying him so much Civility, who informed us that Person was of an ancient Race, and derived his Birth from some of the noted Clans in the County; and though the Patrimony might have been in the Hands of others for more than seven Centuries, yet from Father to Son, since that Time, the Survivor still calls the Estate his, though not a Penny of the Profits ever come into his Pocket; but he enjoys it in Imagination, and when he talks concerning it, says, *My House, my Land, my Mountains, Meadows and Rivers, &c.* They are often allowed a Cabin, and a small Parcel of Ground Rent free, or on a trifling Acknowledgment from the Proprietor, and expect to be treated with the utmost Respect by every one.

The

The old *Irish* give him the Title of his Ancestors, make him and his Lady (if he has one) little Presents, cultivating his Spot of Ground, not suffering him or his to do the least Work to degrade his airy Title. I own, Dear NED, this Account, (if true, and I have no Reason to contradict it) gave me a secret Pleasure: It called to my Memory an Idea of many Ages past; and when I observed this Man, I looked upon him as one of the ancient *Milesian* Race, so much renowned for their Wisdom and Victories, even before Christianity had a Being in the World. Alas! let us think what *Egyptian*, *Grecian*, and *Roman* Greatness were, and the State they now are in.

Quid non longa valebit Immutare Dies?

What Changes do we find by length of Days?

We saw a handsome House and Gardens that belong to Archdeacon C---. In the Year 1407, in the Reign of HENRY IV. there was a terrible Battle fought at *Callan*, between the *English* and the rebellious *Irish*; and after a hard Struggle for Victory, the Rebels were entirely defeated. An *Irish* Historian tells us, the Sun was so complaisant as to stand still while the *English* Forces travelled six Miles; but I cannot find the Use of it: I believe he might as well have gone about his Business. An *Irish* Poet of those Times, wrote in his own Language the following Lines, which a Gentleman translated as near the Original as possible.

*At Callan, 'tis said, the Sun it stood still,
To see the bold English the Irishmen kill:*

But

*But when the Rebellious were put to the rout,
He lash'd up his Steeds, and whipt him about;
Then gallop'd amain to regain the Time lost,
And came in the Nick to his westerly Post.
So Gapers, on Errands, when Time is in waste,
Run as fast as they can, to make the more haste.*

BUT we will leave *Callan*, and now for *Kilkenny*, where we intend to stay for some Time. But, first, to give you a short Account how this Stream came by the Royal Title of *King's River*. *NIALL*, a King of the Race of *HEREMON*, came with a great Retinue of Horse to the Border of the River, in order to ford to the other Side: The Waters being rapid by means of a late Flood, the first Man that rode in to try the Passage, was hurried down the Stream with such Violence, that he was given over for lost; which the King seeing, ordered some of his Attendants that were best horsed to plunge in to rescue him; but all shuddering at the Danger of the Stream, were afraid to venture. The good-natured Monarch observing this, went himself to seek for some convenient Place to plunge in with his Horse; and finding one, as he thought, to his Purpose, was preparing to jump in, when the Banks, being undermined by the Violence of the Torrent, broke down, and the poor Prince lost his Life in his pious Endeavours to save one of his Subjects. This fatal Accident fell out in the Year 859; and ever since this Stream has been honoured with the Title of *King's River*.

I am just arrived at *Kilkenny*, where I shall close this tedious Epistle. Blest be the first Inventor of Letters, who has given us the Power of conversing at the greatest Distance, and communicating our Thoughts to each other.

If Wishes can make you happy, be happy as the Wishes can make you of

Yours, &c.

P. S. We shall reside here some time, to remark the Country about us.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord R-----.

My LORD,

MY Brother is gone another Road to *Kilkenny*, where I expect to meet him in a few Days: Mean time I begin this Letter at *Lismore*, a Town in the County of *Waterford*, a Bishoprick, now united with *Waterford*, formerly with *Ardmore*, a Place we have been to view; it lies on the East Side of the Bay of *Youghal*, about eight Miles from it, in the County of *Waterford*; but has not the least Remains to shew it was ever a Place of any note.

LISMORE is a beautiful Situation, far exceeding *Youghal*. I mention this, my Lord, as they both belong to the same Nobleman. "*Lismore* (says an old Author) is a famous Holy City, half of which is an Asylum, into which no Woman dares enter: It is full of Monasteries and holy Cells, and a great Number of religious Men not only dwell there, but come from all Parts, more especially from *England* and *Scotland*, to study Wisdom and the Ways of Holiness." But alas! my Lord, there are no Marks of this Greatness now remaining. The Cathedral is still pretty well kept in repair, and is very large, with a new Half-Spire. It was originally founded by a very holy Man, St. *CARTHAG*, who felt the Persecution

tion of an *Irish* Monarch: The Saint, to avoid his Fury, retired to this Place, with some of his Religious, in the Year 636: He tied his Disciples to a most strict Rule of Life; they were never allowed the Use of Flesh, Fish or Fowl, only the Vegetables that the Ground produced at the Expence of their own Labour. Father DANIEL, in his *Histoire Monastique*, mentions one of the same Foundation in *France*. There are the Remains of a large old Castle, finely situated near the River. Below the Town is a rich Fishery for *Salmon*, which is the greatest Branch of Trade here. Sir WALTER RALEIGH, that noted Scholar and Soldier, was granted the Manor of *Lismore*, with its Appendages, in the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, at the yearly Rent of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *Sterling*; but that Estate was lopped off with his Head, in the Reign of King JAMES I. Not many Years after the Conquest, CAMBRENSIS informs us, this was a very rich City, and held out some time against the *English*, who took it at last by Storm, and gained rich Plunder here and in the Country near it, enough to load sixteen Sail of Ships; but, as I said before, there are few remaining Marks of any such Grandeur. *Lismore* was united with the See of *Waterford* in the Year 1363. The publick Road to *Cork* was formerly through this Place; and in that Time, I am informed, it had a better Face of Business.

YESTERDAY we stopped at a Town called *Capper-Quin*, that has little more to recommend it than a good Wooden Bridge over the River *Black-water*, a fine old Castle, that is kept in some Repair, with a handsome Barrack, and a Church, I believe, as old as the Castle; but the Country every-where is charming. It is

true, it is not so thick set with Houses as in *England*.

LAST Night we lay at a Town called *Carrick on Sure*, to distinguish it from another of the same Name on the *Shannon*. Here is a handsome Bridge over the River, with Arches wide enough for Boats to pass and repass. The Bridge is very high from the Water; but notwithstanding the Height, a fool-hardy Person, crossing the Bridge not long ago, was stopped by a large Flock of Sheep; he being impatient, spurred his Horse, and jumped into the River, which is both deep and rapid, yet swam safe on Shore: An Action so rash, that one can hardly rejoyce at his Safety.

CARRICK is a pleasant Situation, and has been a Place of great Strength, as appears by its Castles in Ruins. There is a very good Horse-Barrack formed from one of them. The Face of Business looks briskly round us: It is eminent for the best Sort of Frize, which is a great Branch of their Trade. Near this Place is a very pretty Park, with the greatest Number of the largest White-thorn Trees I ever saw. Here are the Ruins of a fine old House, that did belong to the late Duke of *Ormond*. This Place was built by the *Danes*, and after the Conquest was new fortified by ROBERT FITZ-STEPHENS, who made it his Residence, till forced from thence by the rebellious *Irish*, who chased him to the Walls of *Cork*. It was taken by Colonel REYNOLDS, an Officer of CROMWELL's Army, without the Loss of one of his Soldiers: He came upon the Town unexpectedly in two Bodies; one lay concealed behind a rising Ground near the Place, while the other appeared in View in full March to attack the Castle, where the whole Force of the Town ran to defend it; in the mean

mean time those Troops that stood obscured, led by REYNOLDS in Person, surprized the other Gate that leads to *Clonmell*, came on the Backs of the Besieged, and surprized them so suddenly, that they surrendered without striking a single Stroke; and all those strong Fortifications were destroyed by Order of CROMWELL. Some few People retired to the Church to defend themselves; but when they saw Colonel REYNOLDS draw up his Men before the Church-yard, they thought it more adviseable to submit. Every one that knows the Character of OLIVER, can tell he was an inveterate Enemy to the *Roman* Clergy. We were told a Story, that one of them, dreading the Fury of the Soldiers, secretly retired to the House of an eminent Lady in the Town, put on Woman's Head-Attire, slipped into Bed, and when the Soldiers rushed into the Chamber, imitated the female Cries of a Woman in Labour; which Counterfeit was helped on by the Lady, and her female Attendants. When the Soldiers understood, what they thought, the Truth, they decently retired, and set a Guard on the House, that the good Woman in Pain should not be disturbed on any Account. The Priest's first Fears being partly over, they consulted how he should make his Escape out of the Town; for there was no Safety within the Walls for him. He was dressed as a Woman from Head to Foot; when that was done, the Lady sent to a proper Officer for Permission to send two of her Servants to a neighbouring Village for a Midwife, and her Request was granted. A Horse was accordingly prepared, with a Pillion and Saddle; the Servant mounted first, and the Soldiers, out of Good-nature, assisted the Priest in setting him behind the Man; by which Stratagem he got

himself *delivered* out of the Hands of his Enemies. And with this Tale (whether true or false) we shall leave *Carrick*.

WE are now, my Lord, after a pleasant Journey, with the *Sure* widening to our Left, and the Mountains to our Right, at

WATERFORD. These Mountains, that take their Names from this City, are several, one within another, with beautiful Vales between; they run bending along the Sea-shore, a great way in the County of *Cork*, and still keep the Name of *Waterford Mountains*; for one Part of this County borders upon the Sea. This City, the Capital of the County that bears its Name, was built by the *Danes*, in the Year 879, under the Conduct of Prince AMELANUS, who, under Colour of Traffick, imposed upon the Natives; for instead of Warehouses, &c. to secure their Goods, they erected Castles, with other Places of Strength, and begirt the Town with a high broad Wall: Notwithstanding this BRYEN BOIROIMHE, the warlike King of *Ireland*, in the Year 981, pursued the *Danes*, with many rebellious *Irish* that took part with them, to this Place, where, after a short Siege, he took it by Storm, set it on Fire, and put all the Rebels to the Sword; but afterwards rebuilt it more strong and magnificent, and settled the City on his own loyal Subjects. The next Siege this City sustained was by the Earl of *Pembroke*, at his first landing in this Kingdom in the Year 1171. At that Siege the Inhabitants made a brave Defence, repulsed the *English* two several Times, with great Loss, and when they entered the Town, fought for every Inch of Ground, till the *English* gained a dear-bought Victory: Insomuch that STRONGBOW told FITZ-STEPHENS, *Another such Conquest would*

would send them all back to England. This City was many Years the chief Port where the *English* landed in this Kingdom, and for Riches was esteemed the second in the Nation, adhering strictly to the Interest of the Conquerors, till at last their Motto was *Intacta manet*, i. e. *Remains untainted*. King HENRY II. made a longer Stay at *Waterford* than any other Place in this Kingdom, except *Dublin*; the Supplies from *England*, from the Goodness of the Harbour, mostly landing here. It was burnt by Accident in the Year 1280, and in two Years was rebuilt much more magnificent than before. Some Authors will have it built in the Year of Christ 155, and quote old PROLEMY for their Author, who calls this Place *Menapia*, the *Irish Portblargi*, the Port of the Thigh; the Confluence of the three Sister-Rivers, forming that Likeness. King RICHARD II. landed at *Waterford*, and was crowned in 1399 King of *Ireland*. An old Author describes the People of *Waterford* as follows; "The Air of *Waterford* is a little gross, yet nevertheless the Sharpness of their Wit is not in the least dulled or rebated by it; for the Townsmen are pregnant in conceiving, quick in taking, and sure in retaining, wary in publick Affairs, slow in determining Matters of Consequence; in chusing their Magistrates, Experience is first considered; therefore in their Election they seldom chuse a rich Man that is young, or an old Man that is poor; free and benevolent to Strangers, despising Idleness and Vain-glory." This is a Character, my Lord, drawn for the People of *Waterford* above two hundred Years ago; and I do not find but this Character is improved, as well as their Trade. In the Year 1183 Prince

JOHN was made Lord of *Ireland*, and landed at this Port, where he received the Homage of several Kings and Nobles of the Realm; and from hence returned to *England*, making *Waterford* the chief of his Residence while he stay'd in the Kingdom.

KING HENRY VII. granted many Privileges to this City, for their steadfast Loyalty in opposing the Earl of *Kildare*, who, by the Wiles of the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, favoured PERKINWARBECK, who was set up by that artful Lady as Heir to the Throne of *England*, and was to represent the Duke of *York*, murdered in the Tower by his Uncle RICHARD III. July the 23d, 1497, the Earl of *Kildare*, with the Earl of *Lincoln*, and many Noblemen, *English* and *Irish*, with great Powers, besieged this City in behalf of this young Pretender, who was with them in Person; but the couragious Citizens repulsed them, with little Loss. The Siege lasted eleven Days, during which Time eleven Ships anchored at *Passage*, a Town five Miles below *Waterford*. These Vessels brought from *England* and *Flanders*, Ammunition, Men and Money, to support the Cause of PERKIN. Notice being brought to the Citizens of *Waterford*, that the Rebels were preparing to land, they left a sufficient Strength to defend the Walls against *Kildare*, &c. with the rest they went to meet these new Invaders, and, like CÆSAR, came, saw, and conquered, killed many, and took most of the remainder Prisoners. Some of their Heads were hung over the Battlements, which so terrified PERKIN and his Adherents, that the Siege was raised, and the Pretender took Shipping in order to make his Escape. The loyal Citizens of *Waterford* manned four Ships of their own,

own, and pursued him till he landed at *Cornwall* in *England*, where the People of *Waterford* followed him, and gave notice to King HENRY; then at *Exeter*, who used such Means to have PERKIN secured, that he at last lost his Life by the Hands of the common Hangman. This was chiefly owing to the Loyalty of the People of this City. King HENRY confessed the Obligations he had to his loyal Subjects of *Waterford*; and that this memorable Event might be recorded for ever, among other Privileges, granted, "That the Citizens of *Waterford* (in token of their steadfast Loyalty and "Courage) should never be obliged to enter the "Field, unless the Monarch, or his Representative, in Person, should be their Leader;" adding a Sword to be carried before their Mayor, and a Cap of Maintenance.

WHEN King JAMES I. of *England*, and VI. of *Scotland*, ascended the Throne, after the Death of Queen ELIZABETH, those of the *Roman* Persuasion concluded the King was of that Religion: They would not stay to be satisfied; but entered the Protestant Churches by Force, celebrated Mass publicly, and defaced the scriptural Inscriptions on the Walls, to make Room for Saints, &c. A Priest assumed the Title of Pope's Legate, was allowed as such; and the Rites of Burial were exhibited with the Catholic Ceremonies. In short, every thing was in Confusion, not only at *Waterford*, but at most of the Capital Towns in the Kingdom; yet all was soon quieted by the Vigilance of the Lord Deputy MOUNTJOY, afterwards created Earl of *Devonshire*. This Nobleman wrote to the Heads of every Corporation, and shewed his Resentment of such disloyal Proceedings.

AFTER

AFTER the memorable Battle of the *Boyne*, fought on the 1st of *July*, 1690, the unfortunate King JAMES never stopped from *Dublin* to this Place, where he embarked for *France*, in a Ship that waited for that Purpose; nor once lay down to repose himself after the Battle, till he was out at Sea.

JULY the 22d, of the same Year, this City shut their Gates against Major-General KIRK, who headed a Party of King WILLIAM's Forces: He sent them a Summons to surrender in the Name of their King, which they civilly refused, and at the same time begged Leave to deliberate eight and forty Hours, at the End of which the City surrendered upon Articles. The next Day the Royal Conqueror entered the City, confirmed their Articles and former Privileges, and recommended to them to remember their Motto, *Intacta manet*, to remain untainted; and after the raising the Siege of *Limerick*, his Majesty once more honoured this City with his Presence, where they gave him Tokens of their Loyalty, and from hence he embarked for *England*.

THIS City is the See of a Bishop, which at present is enjoyed by a worthy Prelate, whose Name I have heard your Lordship mention, and he fully answers the Character you gave him. The Cathedral, dedicated to the Holy and Undivided Trinity, is large, and kept well in repair; but I cannot much commend the Magnificence of the Building. We see nothing of those august Fabricks, like those of *York*, *Canterbury*, and many others, not to mention the *Italian* Churches. The Tower of this is low and plain. The first Founders were the *Daves*, about the tenth Century. The Inside is very neat; though one Part, which was formerly a Chapel,
is

is without a Roof. We were shewn here STRONGBOW's Tomb; but there are no Grounds for it, nor any Inscription to assert it for Truth: You see a Hero in Armour indeed, and indifferently performed; but I was assured the Tomb of STRONGBOW is in a Church at *Dublin*. It is possible it may be one of his cotemporary Warriors. There are several other Tombs and Monuments, but none of any extraordinary Architecture; therefore I shall mention nothing more of them or the Church. There are two more Churches in this City, all, I believe, *Danish* built, one called St. PATRICK's, and the other, I think, St. CATHARINE's, founded in 1280; and I should have told your Lordship there is another Parish Church in the Cathedral, but not now in Use. We saw the Remains of a very large high Tower, and the Place where they say two large Bullets stick in the Walls, shot from OLIVER's Cannon when he besieged this Place; but, I own, I could not distinguish them from the Building. Some Part of this Tower is now a Store-Room for Powder, and is well supplied. I mentioned the two Shot of OLIVER's in the ruined Castle of this Place, and therefore will give you a short Description of that Siege, as I have done of CROMWELL's Successes in other Places, which ought to have come in at its proper Period of Time; but, my Lord, you must excuse it. CROMWELL had reduced *Passage* Fort, or Town, as I mentioned to your Lordship in the Affair of the Earl of *Kildare*. It had, in OLIVER's Time, a strong Castle, which is now in Ruins. The Citizens of *Waterford* were resolved to retake it, but failed in their Design; for marching to put their Intentions in Practice, they were opposed by a Party of OLIVER's Soldiers, detached for
that

that Purpose, who coming unexpectedly upon the *Waterfordians*, routed them, and took above four hundred Prisoners; therefore the Citizens betook themselves within their Walls for Shelter, resolving to make a brave Defence, which OLIVER perceiving, intended to turn the Siege into a Blockade; but the Winter brought such Hardships upon his already-fatigued Soldiers, that he was compelled to leave the Intrenchments, and retire into Winter-Quarters. The next Spring the Army of the Parliament resolved to attempt once more the Siege of this Place, the Inhabitants of which, better taught by the Calamities of War and OLIVER's prodigious Successes, resolved to submit, after obtaining favourable Articles.

WATERFORD, as it now appears, is a very large, well-built City, extending, from the Banks of the Harbour, its Streets upwards of three Quarters of a Mile. At the Quay (I believe one of the finest in the World) Ships of large Burden, at low Water, can ride afloat; and there is a Wet-Dock, with Flood-Gates, large enough to contain three Vessels of moderate Burden, in order for Repair. The Custom-House is a very good Structure, with an handsome Piazza. The Houses on the Quay (which extends a great Length) are well built; and the many more Foundations laid, promise to reach a Place called *The Rock*; all which speak the Riches and Grandeur of the Place. There is a very handsome publick Bowling-Green, and a neat Theatre, where I was surprized to find the Scenes so elegantly painted. This, like that of *Cork*, belongs to the King's Company of *Dublin*; but there were no Plays exhibited while

while we were here. We were informed this City is a third Part enlarged within these few Years; and if it goes on as it promises, it may rival *Cork* in the fourth Part of a Century. There are two Prisons; that near the Water is a very large Building, and airy for such a Place. The Bishop's Palace is not very magnificent; but we are told, that the present worthy Prelate intends to enlarge it, in a very beautiful Manner, as well as the Cathedral. The Market-House is, I think, too small for so large a City; for the Streets are crouded every Day; but on Market-Days there is no passing for Idlers, without being half squeezed to Death. Provisions are as reasonable as at *Cork*, and Sea-fish rather better and cheaper. Some People imagine the Air from the Sea causes Fogs and Vapours that are hurtful to the Constitution; but, for my own Part, I was never better in Health since I have been in the Kingdom; and the Inhabitants seem, by their ruddy Complexions and Activity in Business, to confess no such thing. There are several fine Seats in the Neighbourhood of this City, which we have seen, particularly C---l C---s's, and the L---d T---e's; and the Cathedral, in Time of Divine Service, is crouded round with the Coaches of Gentlemen, from which we may make another Judgment of the Riches of the surrounding Country. The Barracks are very handsome and large; but look like a Ship with half its Lading.

THE People that come to Market here, I mean of the native *Irish*, seem not to like the People of *Waterford*, though they take their Money; for they look upon them as *English*; and indeed this City, with most of the Plantations round

found it, as well as *Wexford*, originally sprung from *England*. The Name of *OLIVER* they hate, and, in some Sort, not without Reason; for he was a terrible Scourge to them upon Account of their Religion, and his Soldiers followed his Example. A Gentleman of Worth and Probity gave me a Copy of a Will made by an *Oliverian*, that died in this Kingdom, to prove what I have asserted, which I will transcribe for its Singularity.

“ I JOHN LANGLEY, born at *Wincaunton* in
 “ *Somersetshire*, and settled in *Ireland* in the Year
 “ 1651, now in my right Mind and Wits, do
 “ make my Will in my own Hand-writing. I
 “ do leave all my House, Goods, and Farm of
 “ *Black-kettle*, of two hundred and forty-three
 “ Acres, to my Son JOHN, commonly called
 “ *Stubborn Jack*, to him and his Heirs for ever;
 “ provided he marries a Protestant Woman, but
 “ not ALICE KENDRICK, who called me *Oliver’s*
 “ *Whelp*. My new Buck-skin Breeches and my
 “ Silver Tobacco-stopper, with 7. L. on the
 “ Top, I give to RICHARD RICHARDS, my
 “ Comrade, who helped me off at the Storm of
 “ *Clonmell*, when I was shot through the Leg.
 “ My said Son JOHN shall keep my Body above
 “ Ground six Days and six Nights after I am
 “ dead, and GRACE HANDRICK shall lay me
 “ out, who shall have for so doing five Shillings.
 “ My Body shall be put upon the Oak Table,
 “ in my Coffin, in the Brown Room, and fifty
 “ *Irishmen* shall be invited to my *Wake*, and
 “ every one shall have two Quarts of the best
 “ Aqua Vitæ, and each one a *Skein*, *Dirk*, or
 “ *Knife* laid before him; and when their Liquor
 “ is out, nail up my Coffin, and commit me to
 “ Earth

"Earth, from whence I came. This is my
"Will. Witness my Hand, this 3d of March,

"1674."

Witness,

WILLIAM PURCELL, JOHN LANGLEY.
JOSEPH EDWARDS,

SOME of his Friends asked him; why he would be at such a Charge to treat the *Irish* at his Funeral, a People whom he never loved? *Why, for that Reason*, replied LANGLEY; *for they will get so drunk at my Wake, that they will kill one another, and so we shall get rid of some of the Breed; and if every one would follow my Example in their Wills, in time we should get rid of them all.*

I AM sure, my Lord, a Man with such Thoughts at his Death, could be no very good Christian. But I hear *Stubborn Jack* did not perform that Part of his Father's Will.

THE poorer Sort of *Irish* Natives are mostly *Roman Catholicks*, who make no Scruple to assemble in the open Fields. As we passed Yesterday in a By-Road, we saw a Priest under a Tree with a large Assembly about him, celebrating Mass in his proper Habit; and, though at a great Distance from us, we heard him distinctly. These Sort of People, my Lord, seem to me very solemn and sincere in their Devotion: But it is certain, their Priests have a very despotick Power over them; and, if ill inclined, might be dangerous in a Kingdom where their Numbers so far exceed those of the Religion by Law established.

THE Citizens of *Waterford* are very charitable: Last Year, which was called the dear Year, the Gentry and Inhabitants maintained, by a generous Contribution, eight hundred Poor, at the weekly

weekly Charge of forty-three Pounds; provided for the Dressing, and attended by turns to see it dol'd out properly. Such extensive Charity must be registered in Heaven.

WE took Boat and went over to *Ross*; and from thence to *Old Ross*, about three Miles up in the Country, expecting to find something worthy Observation; but were disappointed. There are some Remains of an old Abby, where, we were told, a *Danish* King lies entombed, supposed to be the Founder of it. There are a few poor Huts about the Place, and by the Materials of their Buildings, we may suppose huddled together from the Ruins of this Abby, &c. So we returned to *New Ross*, by some falsely called *Ross Pontus*; for I could not learn there ever was a Bridge there. It lies in a Bottom, with high Hills behind it. The Church, which is a large old Building, is upon one of them, and the Ascent to it difficult and tiresome. This Place is one of the Staple Ports for exporting Wool; but it looks as if it had but a very short Course of any kind of Trade; and though it is called *New Ross*, its Countenance has the Marks of venerable Age. They say it took its Name from a noble Lady called Rose; though it is so many Ages since, that it cannot be determined whether the following short History concerns the *Old* or the *New Ross*.

It was without Walls, (trusting to the Courage of its Dwellers) till an *Irishman* from the Country came on Horseback to *Ross*, and stopping at the Shop of a Merchant, cheapened a Piece of Cloth. Having agreed on the Price, he puts the Cloth before him, and pretending to draw

draw his Purse for Payment, claps Spurs to his Beast, and flew away like Lightning, leaving the Merchant fuming for the scurvy Trick played him.

THIS Affair being made publick, the Lady ROSE appointed a Meeting with the Heads of the Place, where she agreed, at her own Expence, to find Materials to surround the Town with Walls and Gates, if they would find Hands to work, which was joyfully agreed on. This Lady, like Dido of *Carthage*, presiding over the whole, the Fortifications were finished with the utmost Expedition.

THIS worthy Lady had three Sons, all rich Traders to several Parts of the World, and who made several successful Voyages as their own Factors. One of these Sons was wedded to a Woman, who, in his Absence, gave herself up to the lewd Embraces of a Fryar in a neighbouring Convent; and was so open in her ill Conduct, that all the Country knew it. The Husband returning, was resolved to be revenged, and took the first Opportunity to stab the lustful Priest in the Embraces of his wicked Wife. The whole Town applauded the Action, and were with Difficulty persuaded, by the Lady ROSE, from destroying the whole Fraternity of Fryars, who all this while were meditating Revenge, which at last they accomplished in the following Manner: The three worthy Brothers proceeded on another Voyage, and the Fryars, knowing the Time of their Return, placed false Lights on the Tops of some Rocks, about half a Mile from *Hook's-Tower*, (a Place, or Light-House, erected, they say, by the Lady ROSE, to guide Vessels in the Night into the Harbour with Safety). The three Brothers returning richly laden, re-

L joycing

joycing to find themselves so near their Port, guided their Vessels to the fatal false Lights, and bulged upon the Rocks, where they, their Ships, Cargoes, and most of the Mariners, were swallowed by the relentless Waves. Thus these pernicious Fryars accomplished their Revenge, which created such Enmity between them and the Townsmen, that it proved almost the Ruin of both Parties.

ROSS lies along the River *Barrow*, which is here so deep, that Ships of Burden may lie close to the Quay, as at *Waterford*, even when the Tide is out. The Quay is but small; but, I believe, as well as the Custom-House, large enough for its Trade. Some of the Buildings are like those of *Chesler*, with Shops ascended by Steps, which renders them close and dark. There is a Conduit of Water in the Town, which supplies it, drawn out by several Cocks, the best tasted Water I have drank in this Kingdom.

OVER-AGAINST *Ross*, on the other Side, where we ferry across to the County of *Kilkenny*, there is a Place called *Ross Ibarcan*: It consists but of a few Cabins, which are covered by several high Trees, that give a pleasing Prospect to the Eye.

ROSS was accounted a very strong Town when OLIVER besieged it: The Lord *Taafe* was Governor, with a strong Garrison, which was augmented with fifteen hundred Men, ferried over from the other Side, in Sight of CROMWELL and his Army, without his being able to prevent them. However CROMWELL sent the Garrison his usual Summons, which was not answered; yet as soon as the Battering Cannon began to speak, they beat a Parley, and obtained Leave to march to *Kilkenny*; but six hundred chose to joyn with CROMWELL, which Augmen-

tation

tation was very welcome at that Time, many of his Troops being afflicted with Sickness. The Ruins of the Walls of *Ross* are still remaining. This Place was not above two Ages since a Bishoprick; but united to *Cork* by Queen ELIZABETH in 1586. The Town is governed by a Sovereign; and the Improvement of Hops begins to flourish here, which, I am told, is much wanted in this Kingdom.

WE went from *Ross*, through a very indifferent Road for this Country, to *Duncannon* Fort. This Place was so well provided in the Time of OLIVER's being in *Ireland*, that he thought it adviseable not to storm it, therefore broke up the Siege; but next Spring, after *Waterford* submitted, Colonel WOGAN, a brave Officer, who commanded here, found it vain to stem the Torrent, and surrendered to IRETON in the Absence of CROMWELL, then on his return to *England*, by Order of the Parliament. This Fort commands the Harbour of *Waterford*; for the Ships must pass very near it. There are upwards of thirty Cannon planted in three Tire or Ranges. Those next the Water are of a large Size, and all in good Order. Without the Fort is a mean Street, mostly consisting of poor Cabins. You enter over a Draw-bridge, which is raised at Night. The Governor's House and Chapel are small, but neat. The Barracks are well built, and at present lodge a Company of Foot; but there is room for two. These Buildings are surrounded with a strong Wall, built upon the Flat of a high Rock that overlooks the Sea. I am informed, there is a Perpetuity of Land, granted by Queen ELIZABETH, to keep this Fort in repair; and I make no doubt but the Revenue is put to the

proper Use. The Governor of this Fort is General PARKER.

FROM *Duncannon* Fort we crossed the Country, with the Sea sometimes in view to our Right; and after a tedious long Journey and rugged Road, (not being Turnpike) we arrived safe at the Town of

WEXFORD, which is the Capital of a County of the same Name. 'Tis built near the Sea, upon the River *Slane*, that throws itself into the Ocean here. It was called by the *Danes* that built it *Weissford*, and was formerly a Place of much better Trade than at present. The first Forces from *England* that attempted the Conquest of this Kingdom landed here, (encouraged by King *DERMOT*) a Year before the Earl of *Pembroke*; they were led by ROBERT FITZ-STEPHENS and MAURICE FITZ-GERALD. The former built a Castle two Miles from the Town, called *Karrick*, which he fortified with the utmost Art of those Times; but the People of *Wexford*, not brooking such a Neighbour, got him into their Power by a Stratagem, then confined him and most of his Followers in Prison, till, on the Arrival of King HENRY II. the Inhabitants brought FITZ-STEPHENS to *Waterford*, where they delivered him to that Monarch, and at the same Time submitted as Subjects of *England*. FITZ-STEPHENS was appointed Governor of the Town and the District round it, which in a few Years encreased so much with *English* Inhabitants, daily arriving here, that in some time they spread all over the Country, where they still remain, and are famed for the best Improvements in the Kingdom. These ancient *English*, that are planted here, have something peculiar to themselves. The *English* they speak

Speak seems to be that of ^a GEOFFRY CHAUCER, ROBERT of *Gloster*, or the *Monk of Litigate*, and as hard to be understood. The Inhabitants of *Wexford* indeed have it not so much; but I speak of those we meet with in the Country, and those we see at Market.

FROM this Town King HENRY embarked for *England*, after receiving Homage from most of the Kings and Princes of the Nation. Here was the Ceremony of the first *English* Marriage performed, between RAYMOND, (afterwards Vice-Roy of *Ireland*) and the Lady BASIL, Sister to STRONGBOW, Earl of *Pembroke*. And since, my Lord, these two brave Leaders, thro' ten thousand Difficulties, were the chief Instruments in subduing this Island, I shall not think it deviating from my Subject, if I give your Lordship their Characters, from an ^b Author who was an Eye-witness of most of their Actions; and though much of that Author cannot be depended upon in his Description of the Country, yet in this we may rely upon the Truth. First then, to begin with STRONGBOW Earl of *Pembroke*: "Of Complexion ruddy, a little
"freckled, which may be owing to his abiding
"the Inclemency of all Weathers; a large full
"Eye, and his Features inclining to Effemi-
"nacy; a weak Voice; of Stature tall, and
"well proportioned; courteous and liberal; as
"ready to obey as command; meek in Peace,
"intrepid in War; never drooping at the
"Frowns of Fortune, nor too much elevated
"with her Smiles. He left no Male Issue to

^a Three poetical Authors, that wrote above three Centuries since. ^b *Cambrensis*.

“inherit his Estate or Virtues. His only
 “Daughter ISABELLA was married to WILLIAM
 “Earl Marshall.”

“RAYMOND was of large Proportion, of un-
 “common Stature; his Hair of a bright Yel-
 “low, short and curling; large dark-grey
 “Eyes, with a regular manly Face, and pleas-
 “ing Countenance; by some called RAYMOND
 “LE GROS, from the Fulness of his Person;
 “yet he would watch whole Nights, and walk
 “through his Camp, to see that none were re-
 “mifs in their Duty; plain in his Dress and
 “Diet; there was an irresistible Grace in his
 “Discourse, that gave a Pleasure even with his
 “Commands; when he asked Counsel, it was
 “like a Scholar to his Master for Instruction;
 “yet bold and assured in Battle, but tender and
 “compassionate after Victory, treating his Cap-
 “tives with the utmost Clemency, and few of
 “such but became his Friends.”

THESE are amiable Characters, my Lord, and
 I believe no more than what they both deserv'd.

I SHALL now proceed. I don't find that
Wexford makes any great Figure in History, any
 further than I have mentioned. It was the second
 TOWN CROMWELL besieg'd, or had the Courage
 to oppose him. The Governor, Capt. DAVID
 SYNNOT, by Papers passing between him and
 OLIVER, delay'd the Time, till the Earl of
Castlehaven had thrown in five hundred Foot to
 reinforce the Garrison. With this Augmentation
 the Governor resolv'd to withstand the Besiegers,
 but OLIVER soon made a Breach in the Castle,
 upon which a Parley succeeded. While the
 Commissioners were treating about a Surrender,
 OLIVER's Troops enter'd the Breach, fix'd
 their Colours on the Top of the Castle, ran to
 the

the Gates, and forced them open for the Army to enter; but the Inhabitants fought desperately in the Middle of the Town, and at length betook themselves to Boats, some of which were so crowded that they overfet, and many perished in the Water. Here OLIVER gained a rich Blunder, besides three Vessels that were in the Harbour, laden with the Effects of the Inhabitants, and placed there for Security; but the Wind being contrary, they could not put to Sea as they intended, and by that means fell into the Hands of the Conquerors; they were sold to pay the Army, and enabled OLIVER to pursue his Conquests.

WEXFORD is seated in a Bottom; tho' where the Castle stands is a rocky high Hill, which overlooks the Sea, and commands the Port and the Town. There are several Parts of the Walls remaining, which are so broad, that a Coach might drive upon them. The Gates are still in being, and some handsome Buildings. Near one of the Gates is a small Structure, that covers a mineral Well, which they call the Spaw; but the Look of the Water could not invite me to taste it: It was covered with an oily Scum that forbid me; yet this Water is some Advantage to the Town; for many resort here upon account of the Spring, though not in such Numbers as formerly. At the End of the Town are Barracks for a Regiment of Soldiers, the best built of any that I have seen yet, formed out of the old Castle, which yields a Prospect of the Harbour. Most of the old Buildings are composed of Stone, with a reddish Cast, something like those of Chester. The Church is in the main Street, of a modern Taste, though partly built on an old Foundation. The Town consists of one long Street,

with a few Lanes on each Side. There are several Ruins of ancient Abbies and Religious Houses. The Market-House is a very neat Building, of a modern Structure. The Custom-House seems but newly built, not large, but handsome. The Quay, I believe, is answerable to their Trade, of no great Dimensions. I am told, their chief Dealing lies in Corn, and that mostly Barley.

THE Haven is very large, but the Entrance is defended by two narrow Necks of Land, each forming an *Isthmus* that stretch forward to meet the other, leaving an Opening of about half a Mile. At the Extremity of each is a Fort; that towards *Dublin* called *Fort Marget*, the other *Fort Roselair*. I saw them but at a Distance from *Castle-Hill*, with my Perspective-Glass; but am informed their Provision of War is little or nothing. The Chief Magistrate of *Wexford* is called Mayor. This Town was once either a Bishoprick, or intended for one; for in a Bull of Pope *Lucius III* is mentioned a Bishop of *Wexford*. We were invited Yesterday to dine with Captain D---N, at a Place called

ENNISCORTHY. The Road to this Place is very pleasant, the River *Slane* joining Company with us sometimes, then leaving us to run before, and meet us again. By the Way we saw several old Castles. This Place is a pleasant Town, with a fair Stone Bridge, that crosses the River *Slane*. This Stream takes its Rise in the County of *Wicklow*, which, with a Train of auxiliary Brooks, after a Course of thirty Miles, runs down to *Wexford*. There is a Church, not long come out of the Hands of the Architect. The Houses are most of them neat, and some of them very finely built. There is an old ruined Castle near the Bridge, said to

to be erected by the afore-mentioned RAYMOND LE GAS. There is a very neat Town-House or Market-House, and an elegant Assembly Room, where we saw a great Number of handsome well-dress'd Ladies. Captain D---N, where we dined, is an old brave Officer, who had served with Honour in many Campaigns; and, to keep his warlike Spirit in motion, used to head a Party in pursuit of what was called the *Kellymount Gang*, Rogues that struck Terror thro' the whole Kingdom. These Fellows, knowing his active Genius, attacked his House in the Night, although in the Town, with an Intent to murder him: The brave Captain drove them from their wicked Design, but in the Action was shot into one of his Eyes, which he unfortunately lost.

I BELIEVE, my Lord, this long Account has wore out your Patience. I shall return to *Wexford*, and from thence to *Kilkenny*, where I shall embrace my dear Brother and my kind Cousin, whom I have been wandering from these sixteen Days, which seems a tedious Time, I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

My LORD,

WE are now at the celebrated City of *Kilkenny*, the Capital of a County of the same Name, delightfully seated on the River *Nore*, (the *Neoris* of the Ancients). As *Ireland* was once called the *Island of Saints*, this City, in those

those Times, had the Appellation of *Holy*; and indeed the Remains of the ruined *Monasteries* shew, their Buildings covered above a third Part of the Town.

THE present Inhabitants of this Place shew a Politeness peculiar to themselves; and we meet with an extraordinary Civility, even from the meanest Tradesman; a Complaisance unlooked for. We intend to take up our Residence here for some time, that we may view the Country round us. Your Lordship, by this, is informed my Cousin has once more joined us, which adds a third Part to the Satisfaction we all receive.

THIS City, it is said, takes its Name from St. CANICUS, or rather CANICUS, or KENNY, Son to LAIDEE, an eminent *Irish* Poet. However, though the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace are here, the Title is taken from *Offory*. This See does not take its Name from any particular Place, City, or Town; but a Territory, that gave the Title of Earls of *Offory* to the *Ormond* Family. The Shrine of CANIC lay deposited several Ages in another Place, but was removed hither, and from that Time gave his Name to this Church, which, by the best Accounts I can gather, was rebuilt, if not founded, by HUGH RUFUS, in 1202, who leaving this mortal Life before he had finished the great Work, MAPILTON, Bishop of the Diocese, about the Year 1252, compleated and enlarged it. But, my Lord, as I shall be very short in Ecclesiastical History, I shall describe it as it remains at this Time. It is a noble large Fabrick, built on an Eminence, with a Descent all round it. You enter the Church-yard from the Town by a Flight of Marble Steps; it is planted with regular Trees, and to the West a handsome Terrace Walk, where

where you have a beautiful Prospect of a very fine Country. The Cathedral, as most are, is built in the Form of a Cross: Its Length 226 Feet, and Breadth, in the Part of the Cross, 123; its Height in Proportion, with a centre Isle, and one on each Side. It is a very strong Building, and yet looks neat and light. The Choir is very beautiful, and the Ceiling adorned with curious Fret-work. The Stalls are composed of Wood, but very well ornamented; and the Rays of the Sun, painted over the Communion-Table, seem as if they gave Light to the Whole. The Organ, my Brother tells me, is a very fine Instrument, but he did not commend the Voices; and your Lordship knows, in these Matters, I am apt to take his Word. There are some Monuments scattered irregularly about this Cathedral; some in Armor, like those in the Temple, but have no Marks to find who they represent. I took notice of one in an open Place, formerly called *St. Mary's Chapel*, even with the Choir. It is formed of black Marble, with many laborious Embellishments; the Image of *St. CANIC*, with a Mitre at his Foot, a Monk's Hood on his Head, and Crosier in his Hand; and many other Figures of Persons, with Foliage of Flowers, very masterly executed. This Monument, had it not been defaced by Time and ill Usage, might vie with any I have seen in *Westminster-Abbey*. On the North Side, which is called the *Parish Church*, is the Monument of Bishop GAFFNEY, mean enough, with an ill cut Mitre and Cross, together with *Hic jacet*, &c. cut in old *Saxon* Letters, and along the Border *Obiit* 1576. There are several more, viz. the Reverend Dean JOHNSON, FOWKE's Tomb and Monument, Lord Viscount MONT-GARRET,

GARRET, &c. but of Structures so mean, they are hardly worth Observation. There is one I shall take notice of, more for the untimely Fate of the unfortunate Prelate, than any extraordinary Workmanship; for the Tomb is mean enough, with this Inscription, that speaks the Meaning of most of the others.

Hic JACET Reverendus Pater Nicholaus Walsh, Quondam Offoriensis Episcopus, Qui obiit die Mensis Decembris 1585. Anno Domini 1585.

HERE LIES The Reverend Father in God, Nicholas Walsh, Late Bishop of Offory, Who died December the 15th, In the Year of our Lord 1585.

THIS worthy Prelate, being an early Protestant, had numerous Enemies on the other Side of the Question; and, when promoted to this See by Queen ELIZABETH, set about not only the Reformation of the Church, but to regain the Finances, that by degrees had crept, or rather been pilfered from it. These Intentions gained him powerful Opposers; but he still persisted, for the Honour of God and his Church, and punished all Crimes within his Jurisdiction with an upright Hand, strictly adhering to the Truth. He thought himself answerable for every Sin that he did not punish. But his strict Justice was the Means of his Death. One, JAMES DULLARD, being guilty of the heinous Crime of Adultery, was cited to answer as usual in the Bishop's Court, before this worthy Prelate. When the Offender

appeared

appeared before his awful Judge, even in the Time of his Examination, he drew out a concealed Instrument, stabbed the Bishop to the Heart, and afterwards made his Escape; but Heaven overtook him and brought him back to Justice, when he suffer'd Death for his impious Crimes. I was surprized, my Lord, there was not some mention made upon his Tomb of this barbarous Murder; but was answered, the Abettors of the Villain, though they could not prevent his Execution, had Power enough not to have their Crimes cut in Marble to witness against them.

THE Arch, in the Middle of the Church, is esteemed a masterly Performance, and admired by every one that has the least Knowledge in Architecture, for one of admirable Composure; and our modern Builders regret that the Author's Name is buried in Oblivion, since it would be an Honour to their Country. The Font is cut out of one entire Block of Marble, or otherwise so curiously joined as not to be perceived. In short, my Lord, it is a noble Pile of Gothic Building, and the whole Fabrick, within and without, is kept in exact Repair, which is chiefly owing to its Succession of Bishops, who for Ages have liberally contributed to its Embellishments.

THE Tower is very large, though low, and in my Opinion takes away some Part of the Ornament that might easily be given it. Within a few Yards distance, on the Outside, in the Centre of the Church-yard, stands one of those round Towers, which we have frequently seen, and all in Church-yards hitherto. This has not met with any Decay, at least on the Outside. It is of a great Height. Near ten Feet from the Ground

Ground is an Opening, in form of a Church Door, with an Arch over it; about Mid-height of the Pillar is another Opening; and near the Top, round the Battlements, are more of the same kind. I cannot find, in all my Search and Enquiry, the real Use of these sort of Fabricks; for there are no Steps either on the Outside or within, to facilitate the Ascent.

My Cousin's Man JACOB, who is a Favourite with all of us, ran to me with a great deal of Joy, and told me, he had a very great Rarity that I had not seen, which was a great Ash Tree that seemed to grow out of a Tomb-stone. I thought it something extraordinary indeed, but soon found out JACOB's Error. There was a large Ash Tree, and Part of a Tomb-stone so near it, that at first Sight one might be mistaken; but the rest was so far buried that we could not feel it with our Canes. This Part was conspicuous enough; a Stone of dark Marble; but with no other Inscription than the Word ORMOND, cut in old Saxon Letters.

THE Bishop's Palace is new built, inclosed with a high Wall, with two Gates, one of which leads out of the Church-yard, and the other into a back Street. It is a very handsome Building, but whitened on the Outside, which, to me, glares a Meanness I do not like; but every one to their own Fancy. The present Person that fills this Bishoprick is Doctor C---, newly translated here; but he has already gained the Esteem of his Diocese. And now, my Lord, we will go look about this agreeable City.

THERE is a Ring of tuneable Bells in the Tower of the Church, the first I have heard in this Kingdom. Just as you go down the Steps

is

is a Free-School, built and endowed by the Right Honourable PIERCE BUTLER, Earl of *Ormond* and *Offory*, with an Addition by his Wife, the Countess of *Ormond*, above two hundred Years ago; which has been noted for producing Men of Learning in all its Branches, both here and in many other Parts of *Europe*, if we may give Credit to what we were told by one of our Company.

I SHALL begin with the Castle, which was first built in the Year 1192, on the East Side of the Town, by the Son-in-law of the victorious Earl STRONGBOW, WILLIAM MARSHALL the Elder, Earl of *Pembroke*. It is built upon a rising Ground, upon a rocky Foundation, one Part looking from a deep Descent upon the River *Neure* or *Nore*, on the Banks of which are planted Rows of high Trees; yet the Tops reach not the Foundation of the Castle on that Side. The Front next the Street is built upon a level Ground, and, with the Chapel, forms a large Square. You enter through a noble lofty Gate of Marble, of the *Corinthian* Order; but alas! when you are once in, you have only the Prospect of an illustrious Ruin, a meer Desert; and the Wing that fronts your Entrance, whose new Foundation has not been laid above forty Years, stands unfinished. I could not consider it without a gloomy Melancholy. Tho' they call it a Castle, there are few Out-works to defend it; neither, for this last Century, was there any such. It was intended as a beautiful Palace, and such it must have been about thirty Years since. One Apartment, where the Tapestry is, looks somewhat like what it has been; but like a weather-beaten Ship in a Storm, after a long Voyage, with all her Cargo thrown over-board. One of the

the round Towers is kept in Repair, with decent Furniture to some of the Apartments. Round the Top, which is flat, is a handsome Balustrade, where the Eye may view a sweet Country, that rather increased than gave the least Alleviation to the Gloom that overwhelmed my Spirits; for it called to my Remembrance, that all the glorious Prospect we saw round us was lost by a mistaken Zeal, that has even full enough punished itself. The noble large Gardens are in much the same State as the Palace; and the Bowling-Green is now common for any Gentleman that pays for his Pleasure: It is generally the Rendezvous of both Sexes for an Evening's Walk; and I will assure your Lordship, I have seen the *Beaumont* here make a very handsome Figure.

THE City of *Kilkenny* feels the Loss of the once powerful Owner's Residence; for in those Days all the Place felt his Influence. Though the vast Number of noble Families round it contribute to keep up its Spirits; yet I cannot find it very remarkable in Commerce for any thing in particular but Leather Gloves.

WERE the River navigable, I believe it would be the richest inland Town in the Kingdom. I am told thirty thousand Pounds would have been the utmost to have compleated its Navigation to *Waterford*, and that the D--ch--fs of M---b offered to give a third Part of the Expence. It gives me some Concern the Terms were not complied with. This agreeable River springs from many Branches in different Parts of *Upper Ossory*; and, augmented by many Streams, runs down to this Place under two Bridges, the first a little below the Bishop's Palace, and the other near the Castle, till it loses itself, near *Ross*, in the *Barrow*, then joins the *Sure*, and all three fall into the

the Haven of *Waterford*. These three eminent Rivers are called the *Three Sisters*.

I CANNOT learn what Name this Place was known by before that of *Kilkenny*; but such an agreeable Situation must certainly be a Place of great Resort in the earliest Times. It was a Corporation in 1204, with its Sovereign and Burgeses; and in 1210, with Sheriffs and other Officers. It was also made Shire Ground, in the manner of our Corporations in *England*, with all their Privileges and Immunities. It is divided into two Towns, *Kilkenny* and *Irish-Town*; though the Cathedral, that gives the Title, stands in the last. They are separated, or divided, by a small rapid Stream, called the *Bregab*, that rises from seven Springs above the Town, and falls into the *Nore* between the two Bridges.

KILKENNY was made a City by King JAMES I. of *England*, and then the Chief Magistrate, from Sovereign, was called Mayor, and the other Assistants Aldermen, I think eighteen in number. The Chief Officer of *Irish-Town* (or *Lower Kilkenny*, as it was anciently called) bears the Title of Portrieve, with twenty-four Burgeses, though it is not the fourth Part so large as the other. Each Place elects two Members of Parliament. The Mayor of *Kilkenny* has no Power or Authority in the Lower Town, but as Justice of the Peace, nor issues out any Action, or decides Properties, without the Concurrence of the Portrieve. There is a Bridge of one Arch over the *Bregab*, that divides their Precincts; but the Gate called the *Water-Gate*, is on the *Kilkenny* Ground. There are nine Gates to this City still standing, and the Remains of its old Walls, which plainly shew its past Strength; in some Places they are raised over Rocks. When I tell your

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Lord

Lordship the Streets are paved with Marble, I do not fable, for they are certainly so, and even the Steps of both the Prisons are of the same Materials. I have seen a Cobler's Cellar fronted with Marble, and the Steps that descend to his Cavern of the same; but then your Lordship must consider that Marble is as common here, as Pebbles are with us; and, as I am informed, of Mines inexhaustible, even near the City, and of a Hardness perdurable. The main Street is a full *English* Mile (I mean of both Towns) in length, which is the chief Part of the Town. For the most part it is spacious; but near the Middle of what is called *Kilkenny*, stands the Market-Place, and Tholsel or Town-House, a very good Building; and near it a handsome *Gothic* Cross, much the worse by Time, which you may ascend by high Marble Steps; it does not ill resemble that of *Coventry* in *England*, though not so high. Here are the Remains of three famous Abbys; and, as the Materials are mostly Marble, their Ruins will stand the Teeth of Time much longer than others of the same Foundation. The *Black Abby* (called I suppose from the *Black Fryars*) has been in its Glory, equal to any I have seen. The Chancel Window shews the Remains of a masterly Hand; and many of its Cells still remain. In the Body of the Church lies a Figure, that shews the Art of the Chisel; and near it a Vase, or Font, I suppose, with *Irish* Characters cut round the Border; but as we had no Interpreter with us, we could not find their Meaning. The Steps of one of the Towers are yet in tolerable Order; but they were so covered with Filth, it balked our Curiosity in ascending. This is without the Walls of the Town, to the Southward; and in this Abby, according to the best Accounts we can find,

find, were the two MARSHALLS, Earls of *Pembroke*, buried.

THE Abby of St. JOHN the Evangelist was built in the Year 1211, whose Ruins stand upon a large Extent of Ground, bordering on the River. That of St. FRANCIS is now (at least some Part of it) turned into a Horse-Barrack. This seemed the most elegant Building of the three; the Gardens still remain, and border on the Rivers *Bregab* and *Nore*. This has been the last in use, as being the least ruined; for I observed a Date upon a Stone, of 1657. Near this Place is the Parish Church, dedicated to St. MARY, that seems to me in as much Fear of Ruin as the rest. There is a Porch indeed, and Gates to shut; but there are several Chasms in the Walls, that, in my Opinion, renders Devotion dangerous there: But almost the whole Town goes to the Cathedral.

ALL these Towers of the different Ruins, the Castle, and St. KENNY's, when you are on the Hill by the *Nore*, on the Side towards *Dublin*, give a very fine Prospect; and you would expect much more from within the City than you find.

THE Coal of *Kilkenny* makes an exceeding hot, quick, glowing Fire; and, in a close Room, causes the Head-ach, at least we found it so; but give the Chamber Air, and the Pain leaves you immediately. But, my Lord, I must not forget the old Distich, that every one repeats here; whether true or false, I can neither aver nor contradict.

*Fire, without Smoak,
Air, without Fog;
Water, without Mud,
And Land without Bog.*

THIS City had been for Ages the Seat of the BUTLERS, first Earls, then Dukes of *Ormond*. This Noble and Illustrious Family is descended from the Counts of *Brion* in *Normandy*, who coming to *England* under WILLIAM the Conqueror, settled there under the Name of WALTER. Among them we read of HUBERT WALTER, who was Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and Son of HARVEY WALTER, a very powerful Baron of those Times. They bore many honourable Titles while in *England*, and were some of the first who attended the *English* Conqueror to this Kingdom, in the Reign of HENRY II. Of these, THEOBALD, (who was Nephew of the famous St. THOMAS A BECKET) from his Office of the Chief *Butler* of *Ireland*, introduced that Sirname to the Family, and which so many noble Houses now bear. They were first created Earls of *Ormond* by King EDWARD III. in the Year 1328.

AFTER many Lords of this Title had borne the Office of Lord Lieutenant, and been otherwise eminent in the *Irish* Affairs, JAMES, Earl of *Ormond*, was, in the Year 1642, by King CHARLES the First, for his great Fidelity and Service to that unhappy Prince, created Marquis of *Ormond*. He is so famous in the History of those Times, that I need not enlarge on his Actions, but proceed to inform you, that King CHARLES II. immediately on his Restoration, made him Duke in *Ireland*, by his former Title, and an Earl of *England* by that of *Brecknock*. This great Man was several Times Lord Lieutenant, and had a Son, famous as himself, well known by the Title of Earl of *Offory*, who was also made a Peer of *England*, Knight of the Garter, and Rear-Admiral of *Great Britain*. He married the Lady
 AMELIA

AMELIA NASSAW, Grand-daughter to the illustrious Prince MAURICE of *Orange* and Count of *Nassaw*. This Nobleman died before his Father, and left two Sons, JAMES, late Duke of *Ormond*, and CHARLES, Earl of *Arran*. The eldest was born in the Castle of **Dublin*, while his Grandfather was Lord Lieutenant, who was, in 1682, further honoured by the Stile of an *English* Duke, under the same Title as formerly: A thing never done but in this one Instance. How many other Honours were accumulated on the Grandson of this Lord, you will see by his Titles; and how he unfortunately lost them all, I refer you to the Accounts we have of those Proceedings, which are in every Body's Hands.

The Duke of ORMOND's, TITLES.

" THE most Noble and Illustrious Prince,
 " JAMES, Duke of *Ormond*, Earl of *Brecknock*,
 " and Baron of *Lantbony* and *Moor-Park*, in
 " *England*; Duke, Marquis, and Earl of *Or-*
 " *mond*, Earl of *Offory*, Viscount *Thurles*, Ba-
 " ron of *Dingnel* and *Arklow*, Lord of the Re-
 " galities and Liberties, and Governor of the
 " County Palatine of *Tipperary*, and of the
 " City, Town and County of *Kilkenny*; Hono-
 " rary Chief Butler of *Ireland*, one of her Ma-
 " jesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in
 " *England*, *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, Knight of the
 " Most Noble Order of the Garter, Captain-
 " General and Commander in Chief of all her
 " Majesty's Forces by Sea and Land, Lord
 " Warden of the Cinque-Ports, and Constable

* As a Proof of this, see *Dryden's* Dedication of his *Fables* to the Duke of *Ormond*.

N. B. The late Duke of *Ormond* died at *Avignon* in *France*, in his 95th Year, the Winter of 1743.

“ of *Dover* Castle, Lord Lieutenant of the
 “ County of *Somerset*, Lord Lieutenant and
 “ Custos Rotulorum of the County of *Norfolk*,
 “ Chancellor of the Universities of *Oxford* and
 “ *Dublin*, High Steward of the Cities of *Exeter*,
 “ *Bristol*, and *Westminster*, Colonel of the First
 “ Regiment of Foot-Guards, and Lord Lieu-
 “ tenant General and General Governor of the
 “ Kingdom of *Ireland*.”

----- *A vast and goodly Sum,
 By one unlucky Hand thrown quite away.*

These Titles you will find in large Frames, placed up in most of the Inns upon the Road between *London* and *Chester*, accompanied with others of the Lord Lieutenants of *Ireland*; but I have seen none with half these great Titles. The late Duke had once the Honour to entertain King *WILLIAM III.* July 19, 1690, after the Battle of the *Boyne*, when his Majesty was pleased to say, *He was never better entertained since the Prince of Orange was made King of England.*

THE usual Residence of this noble Family was at the Castle of *Kilkenny*, the Inside of which shews all the Marks of the greatest Magnificence, though almost in Ruins. The Apartments are indeed not well disposed, as there is little or no Hall, but they are in themselves extremely fine. Painting, Carving, Gilding, and Stucco, have exerted their several Arts here. Among others, there is a fine Dining-room of a circular Form; the Tapestry is gone here, the Fret-work Ceiling dropping to Pieces, and the fine Chimney-piece serves only to make us regret the Loss of the other Ornaments. The Staircases are grand, and well adorned in Fresco. The principal Bed-chamber

chamber, with a beautiful octagonal Closet, has been the finest I ever saw: The Floors of Oak, inlaid with great Judgment. Over this whole Wing runs a Gallery above an hundred Feet long, and thirty broad. There are six large Casement Windows on one Side, with a noble one at the End, which commands a fine Prospect of the River and adjacent Country. This stately Room was once hung with fine Paintings, and here were exhibited Balls, Masques, and other Entertainments of that Kind, with all the Regularity and Magnificence of a Royal Court. The many Offices here shew, what the older Inhabitants of the City assured us, that while this was the Residence of that illustrious Family, there was no Officer wanting here, that is to be met with in the Palaces of Sovereign Princes.

THIS City has been honoured twice with the Parliament of the Realm; first in the Year 1311, and the second Time in 1369, when Lord *Windsor* was Deputy of the Kingdom, where many wholsome Laws were made for the Good of the Nation, and Orders from this Place issued to put them in Execution.

THE Walls of this City were built in 1382, as it is said, at the Expence of one Nobleman of the *Ormond* Family; but I cannot find any Record of his Name. I believe they might be repaired at that Time; for it is certain the Town was immured long before that Date. Besides, I have read of Gates in the Year 1209, and Gates without Walls could be of but little Use. It sustained a Siege even before that; and we find these Words in an old Author: *In November 1415, died ROBERT TALBOT, a Right Worthy Nobleman, who, in his Life-time, walled about the Suburbs of*
M 4 Kilkenny.

Kilkenny. 'Tis possible this is the very Noble man mentioned in the Date above, 1382.

In this City a Lady of Quality, with her Accomplices, were summoned before the Bishop, and tried for Magick, Sorcery and Witchcraft: She was accused of having nightly Conference with an evil Spirit, called ROBIN ARTISSON. Whenever she wanted ROBIN's Assistance, she and her Help-mates repaired to a neighbouring Highway, where she sacrificed eleven red Cocks, with the same Number of Peacocks Eyes. When this was done, they muttered certain Words, that no one understood but themselves, (the Language of Lucifer to be sure) then up starts ROBIN in the Middle of them, makes the Lady a Present of a Pot of wonderful Ointment, with which she liquors a Broom she brought for that Purpose: This being done, up she mounts, and with her Friends at her Tail, whips through the Air with more Swiftnes than a Swallow, and could travel, with all her Luggage behind; a good Day's Journey in a Minute. The Lady, whose Name and Title was Lady ALICE KETELL, had a Son that lived in this City, whose Name was WILLIAM. To this WILLIAM's Door the good Lady his Mother swept all the Dirt of *Kilkenny*, (a brave Scavenger) and, as they say, Dirt gathers Riches, at every Stroke of her Broom she would say,

*To the House of WILLIAM, my Son,
Hie all the Wealth of Kilkenny Town.*

These were the high Crimes alledged against them, which not being fully proved, they were only ordered to stand in a white Sheet at the Church Door, by way of Pennance. This easy Punishment,

Punishment, as the Story goes, only hardened them in their Crimes; for another Destruction of red Cocks ensued, and the Peacocks all over the Country were as blind as TIRESIAS the Prophet of old. Better Evidence was provided, and the Lady, with PETRONILLA her Maid, and others, were once more cited before the Bishop. Plain Proof was found against the poor Maid, who was burnt for a Witch in *Kilkenny*; but the Lady and the rest were secretly conveyed by their Friends from further Persecution. I only mention this true Story, my Lord, to shew the Blindness, Ignorance, and (I doubt not) Malice of those dark Times; for the same Folly reigned in *England* and *Scotland*. However, the poor Wretch suffered Death, and the Lady was forced to fly her Country, and perhaps linger a Life of Misery, whose Innocence Heaven only was acquainted with. The same Author tells us, "When they searched the Lady's Closet, there was found a Wafer of sacramental Bread, with the Devil's Name stamped upon it, instead of our Saviour's; and a Pipe of Ointment, where with she greased a Staff, upon which she ambled and galloped, through thick and thin, when, and in what Manner, she listed." These are the Author's own Words. But, my Lord, I shall make an End of Witchcraft, since our Nations are now grown wise enough to let the old Women die in their Beds.

THIS City has been ever constant to the *Ormond* Family in every Revolution of Government, excepting a small Stain in 1641, the Year of the grand Rebellion. In the Time of OLIVER's Invasion, those of the King's Party made this Place their Capital. It was invested by CROMWELL the 22d of *March*, 1649, in behalf of the Parliament

Parliament of *England*. Sir WALTER BUTLER, a brave Commander, was Governor of the Place, and acted like an experienced Officer, and valiant Soldier; but OLIVER's Successes every-where intimidated the Garrison, who, encouraged by their Chiefs, had resolved to defend themselves to the last. OLIVER summoned the Place before he proceeded to Hostilities; but receiving a negative Answer from the Governor, he prepared to attack it in two several Places at once. The Besieged behaved with the utmost Courage, the Governor raised Retrenchments within, and returned the Enemy's Fire, which disconcerted OLIVER's Measures; but he, used to Victory, redoubled his Attacks, and, to divide the Strength of the Town, sent a thousand Foot, under the Conduct of General EWER, who attacked *Irish-Town*. In the mean time OLIVER had made a Breach in the Upper Town, which he ordered to be attacked with the utmost Fury, in order to facilitate EWER's Attempt upon *Irish-Town*, which had its desired Effect; for though the Besieged drove them several Times from the Breach, while almost their whole Force were employed against where OLIVER commanded in Person, EWER entered *Irish-Town* with very little Loss. The Governor finding no Hope of Relief from abroad, called a Council, where they resolved to enter into a Treaty with OLIVER, and obtained the following favourable Articles.

“ I. THAT the City and Castle should be delivered to the Lord Governor CROMWELL, with all its publick Stores, Arms and Ammunition.”

“ II. THE Inhabitants to be protected in their Persons, Goods and Estates, from the Violence of the Soldiery.”

“ III. THOSE

“ III. THOSE that had a mind to remove
“ from the City with their Goods and Chattles,
“ &c. to have three Months from the Date of
“ the Articles to perform it in.”

“ IV. THE Governor, Officers, and Soldiers,
“ to march away by Beat of Drum, with Bag
“ and Baggage, without Reserve.”

“ V. THAT the City pay two thousand Pounds
“ for the Use of his Excellency the Lord CROM-
“ WELL's Army.”

I SAY, my Lord, these were favourable Articles from CROMWELL to a City, that harboured the Chief of the Kingdom in Arms against him; and such they were, that he never granted the like before or after in this Kingdom.

WE are just come back from viewing the Marble Mills, the finest Piece of Mechanism our Eyes ever beheld. I think the Inventor, Mr. COLLIS, ought to have his Statue cut by the Chisel of a PRAXITELLES. This admirable Invention is situated a small Mile below the Town, upon the River *Nore*, in a delightful Bottom, the Passage to it through a pleasant Grove. This Engine, or rather the different Engines, do their marvellous Work by the Help of the River; and are so wonderfully contrived, that they *saw*, *bore*, and *polish* at the same time. I am concerned, my Lord, that I have not Judgment enough to describe it fully as it deserves: Had I not seen any thing worthy of notice in the Kingdom, but this one, I should think all my Labours fully paid. Near the Mill are Apartments called Warehouses, where you may see such a Diversity of Chimney-Pieces, Cisterns, Buffets, Vases, Punch-Bowls, Mugs of different Dimensions, Frames for Looking-glasses, Pictures, &c. that they would employ the Eye the longest Day, and yet find something

something to admire. The Marble Quarry that this precious Work is formed from, is not above two hundred Yards from the Mill that does all these Wonders; and though it is not variegated like the *Italian*, I am told it is full as durable, and bears as fine a Polish as any brought from *Italy*. Though the Stone in this Quarry sometimes might weigh several Ton, yet the Method the Contriver has used to lift them, draw them out, and convey them to the Mill, without any other than manual Operation, adds still more to the Surprize. I am informed this ingenious Gentleman sends yearly several Ship Loads to *England*, which gives me a particular Satisfaction, that they may find a Native of *Ireland* has out-done all they have hitherto seen: Pardon me, my Lord, I do not reflect upon the Ingenuity of our Countrymen, though we must own they are often better in improving than inventing; but here, I fear, their Industry must fail. Several, I am informed, have been to examine this artful Wonder, (for it is open to all) but I cannot hear that any one has attempted to imitate the Machinery. It is perpetually at Work, like a Ship at Sea, by Night as well as by Day, and requires little Attendance. In short, my Lord, I would say a great deal more, if I knew how. But not to be quite so serious: If this worthy Gentleman had lived in that Age when poor Lady ALICE KETTLE was tried for Magick, I fear he might have run some Danger of the Stake from those wise penetrating Heads, and, in my Opinion, with more seeming Justice.

AND now, my Lord, since I have mentioned to you so great a Curiosity in Art, I shall acquaint you with one of Nature, that we have just seen, which is called *Dunmore Cave*, about four Miles from

from this City, on the other Side to the North-west, as that of the Mills is to the South-east. The Cave is situated in the Middle of a spacious Field, and the Mouth of this natural Rarity is distinguished by a monstrous Flight of different Species of Birds, whose Numbers darken the Air as you come near the Mouth, and their different Voices seemed to tell us we were going to view something extraordinary. The Descent to the Mouth is slippery and difficult, and were it not for the Help of the Bushes that fringe the Borders, there would very few People attempt it. We were well prepared before-hand with large Flambeaux, as well as other different Lights, and Tinder-Boxes, with proper Implements, to renew our Illuminations, should the Damps of the Place quite extinguish them all, which, we were informed, was very often the Case. When you enter the Mouth, a sudden Chilness seizes all Parts of the Body, and a Dimness surrounded our Lights, as if the Place was filled with a thick Fog; but none of our Lights were extinguished. Our Faces, through this Gloom, looked as if we were a Collection of Ghosts, and the Lights in our Hands seemed as if we were making a Visit to the infernal Shades. The Passage leads to the Left, which brings you to a slippery Ascent, where Nature has formed something like Steps, by the continual Dropping from the Earth above you. When you have passed this first Rising, the Shining of the petrified Water (for I think we may justly call it so) forms so many different Objects, that it is not unpleasing; and by the Help of a little Imagination, we might make out Organ pipes, Pillars, Cilinders, Pyramids inverted, and ten thousand various Things in Art, all formed from the dropping of the Water. We
passed

passed on upon a slippery Flooring, till we came to a narrow Passage, which we crept through, sending some of our Lights before us. This Part enlarged itself, and the Roof or Top was a great Height; our Voices ecchoed as in a Church, neither was it much unlike one. The Bottom was pretty even, save where some Pillars that were formed by Nature appeared. In several Places were Skulls and human Bones, as it were set in this chrystaline Substance, but no Account could be given how they came there; certainly no Person ever would make it an Habitation. We were informed, that two Miles from the Mouth was a Well of Wonders; but indeed, my Lord, none of us had Curiosity or Courage enough to travel so far in this subterraneous Road to try its Virtues; and most of us grew so cold and faint, that we longed to breathe in open Air. When we came out, we thought we had abandoned the Regions of the Dead, to draw the Air of Paradise. They tell you many romantick Legends of this Cave.

WE have in *England* our seven Wonders of the Peak in *Derbyshire*, all which I have seen; but, in my Opinion, this one is more marvellous than all the seven put together. I brought away several Pieces of different Forms from the Place: Some hollow, in the Nature of Glass Beads, and at first Sight would deceive a curious Eye; also a Cube of the utmost Regularity, seven Inches long, and the fourth Part of an Inch Diameter; another of a smaller Kind, fluted, as if by Art, like a Glass Fountain Pen, as we see sometimes sold in *London*; and where we dined Yesterday, the Gentleman of the House shewed me a Funnel, that he used before us as that Instrument, which he had several Years out of this
wonderful

wonderful Crypta; with many other Things that would seem almost incredible, were not our Eyes Witnesses of the Truth. The Field that contains this admirable Sport of Nature, is level and smooth, excepting where it is furrowed with the Plough, and where the Mouth stands.

RETURNING to *Kilkenny*, we stopped to view *Dunmore* House, so called, as they say, on the following Account: A Lady of Quality was invited by the old Duke of *Ormond* to see this Place, who told him she thought he had done a great deal at *Kilkenny*, but here he had *Done more*, from whence his Grace stiled his new Mansion. This was the Country Palace of the *Ormond* Family. The Sight only renewed Matter to feed another melancholy Reflection, to see so noble a proportioned Body falling to the Grave with a daily Decay, for want of proper Assistance; and if proper Remedies were yet applied, it might flourish for Ages. This Anatomy stands on a pleasant Eminence, overlooking the River *Nore*. The Avenues that lead to it are shaded with Rows of regular lofty Trees, which called to our Memories those Walks from *Petersham* to *Ham* in *Surrey*; but these have the Advantage, in our Opinion. The spacious Garden is like a Wilderness, and the Park with very few Deer. In short, such a Place, formed by Nature for Grandeur or Pleasure, is not often found in *England*. But no more of it.

WE are now in Town again, having crossed the River at *Cantwell* Bridge, which took its Name from OLIVER CANTWELL, a Fryar of the *Dominican* Order. This Bridge was thrown down by a Flood, which this beneficent Churchman rebuilt again in the Year 1500, and I suppose

pose the Castle, (though now ruined) that bears his Name.

My Lord; *Kilkenny* is to us as Nests are to Birds; though we flutter about all Day, yet here we rest at Night. Yesterday we went with some Gentlemen to draw a Net near a Place called *Bennet's-Bridge*, on the *Nore*, three Miles below *Kilkenny*: It is a poor mean Place, but was in better Plight when the Road to *Cork* lay over this Bridge. There is a very pleasant Country about it, with Variety of pretty Seats. Near this Place, the late Duke of *Ormond* reviewed the Army in the Year 1704, which will be remembered here and at *Kilkenny* as a particular *Æra*; for I have heard several People say, *I have not seen or done such a Thing since the Review at Bennet's-Bridge*; which made me curious in my Enquiry. By all Accounts this was one of the finest Sights ever seen in this Kingdom: The late Duke commanded not only the Military, but Civil Power to attend him, with all the Ensigns of his high Office, as Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom. These Preparations drew together the whole Nobility and Gentry of the Nation. *Kilkenny* and all the neighbouring Towns were so crouded, that an old Officer told me he was obliged to give an *English* Crown nightly for a Truss of Straw to lie in the Stable of an Inn in the Town. The Fields were overspread with Tents, not meaning those of the Army, but for convenience of lodging the Multitude that repaired from all Parts to be Witness of this glorious Sight, and by their Attendance added to the Splendor. By a moderate Judgment, a fifth Part of the whole Nation were assembled at this Meeting. The Master of an Inn told me he gained more those few Days of this Review, by his Beds only, than cleared his

his Rent for seven Years. This very Affair, my Lord, makes the Memory of that great unfortunate Man dear to many of the People of this City; and who can blame their revering such a Benefactor, that made their Trade flourish?

YESTERDAY we went to view a Place six Miles down the River *Nore*, called *Thomas-Town*, in *Irish Bally-Mac-Andan*; that is, *The Town of Anthony*. It was built by *THOMAS FITZ-ANTHONY*, an *English* Gentleman, that came over with *HENRY II.* and is seated in a Bottom, bordering on the River. It is an ancient Borough, that sends two Members to Parliament. In Times past it was accounted a very rich Place; but at present those Features are wore to a visible Decay. The Church is Part of an old Abby, in the Ruins of which is a monstrous Tombstone, which, they say, covers the Body of a Giant; and the Inhabitants will have it, that one of their Kings had lain buried here several Ages before this Kingdom submitted to the *English*; but we could not perceive any Marks to assure us of it. There is a very fine Bridge over the River; and from this Place to *Waterford* the Stream is navigable for small Vessels. On a high Hill that overlooks the Town, stand the Remains of a very large Monastery of *Augustin* Fryars, whose noble Ruins droop their awful Heads, and made us even pity their Decay. In short, my Lord, whatever Point we turn to, all over the Part of the Kingdom we have hitherto travelled, you see Ruins of this Kind scattered over the Face of the Country, which might well give it the Title of the *Holy Island* in former Ages.

As we left this Place, we were obliged to stop above half an Hour, to let the Funeral of a Priest

N

pass,

pass, who had been a Man of great Note in that Country. The Corpse was carried with the Head foremost, a Custom, they told us, peculiar to Persons of his Function. We were amazed at the infinite Croud that followed, all employed at their Devotion as they passed slowly by us. The Banks were lined on each Side of the Road with Men and Boys, playing a thousand antick Tricks till the Corpse approached; but as that passed, they uncovered their Heads, bowed to the Corpse, handled their Beads, and seemed to pray devoutly. Near us was a cross Road, where the Bearers of the Corpse stopped; and all that followed gathered each a Stone, which soon made up a large Heap: Then they marched on again. A little further we saw several Tents erected, that surrounded an holy Well; so holy, that, as they told us, not long before, a Person that was born blind, was restored to Sight, by Faith, Good Works, and washing in this Well. Round this miraculous Water was fixed a Border of smooth Stone, where we observed Persons of both Sexes creeping on their bare Knees, and thumping their Breasts, as if they intended to beat the Breath out of their Bodies. While they were at their Devotion, there issued from the Tents such a confused Noise, that must distract their holy Thoughts; yet some of these *Mea Culpas*, when their Orisons were ended, joined with the rest, and added to the *Babel*-like Sounds, which were made still more unharmonious, by the Squeeking of an ill-played Bag-pipe, though it was *Sunday*.

WE left this strange Medly, with this Reflection, That there were much fewer Protestants than Roman Catholicks in the Kingdom. When

When we returned to *Kilkenny*, a Person gave me the following Calculation, that was made of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom, when his Grace the Duke of *Dorset* was Lord Lieutenant here, in 1731.

Provinces.	Inhabitants.	Protestants.	Papists.
<i>Connaught</i>	243384	21604	221780
<i>Leinster</i>	651004	203087	447916
<i>Munster</i>	597174	115130	482044
<i>Ulster</i>	518660	360632	158028
Total	2010222	700453	1309768

Your Lordship will find by this, that the Papists then exceeded the Protestants 609315; but since the wise Legislature have caused so many Protestant Seminaries to be erected and endowed in different Parts of this Kingdom, where the Children of poor Roman Catholicks are brought up in the reformed Religion, that it is natural to suppose the *Mass*, by degrees, must lessen in its numerous Followers. You see the Superiority, my Lord; yet you must take this by the way, that the vast Body of Papists has but a small Head, for very few of the Nobility are of that Religion; and I am informed his Majesty has a large Number of loyal Subjects among the Roman Catholicks.

WE are now come back from viewing a Town called *Goran*, *Gouram*, or *Gowran*; for it is often called by all these Names. It was formerly a Town noted for its Strength and Extent, but now it is no more than the Shadow of what it was; yet there are several handsome Buildings, inter-

mixed with Ruins. It was in a much better Plight not many Years ago, when the Road to *Cork* lay through it; but since the Turnpikes have been erected, that direct through *Kilkenny*, this Place fares the worse. This I have from Information. It is a pleasant Situation, upon a River that has no long Continuance, and falls into the *Barrow*, of which we shall make larger mention hereafter. There are the Remains of Monasteries and Castles, that declare its former Grandeur. The last-mentioned were destroyed by *OLIVER*. The Church seems to have been one of the former, by its Size and Antiquity. *OLIVER* invested this Place before he attacked *Kilkenny*. The Castle was then very strong, and governed by one Col. *HAMMOND*, an *Englishman*, esteemed a Man of true Courage, backed by the Earl of *Ormond's* own Regiment, who were accounted the choicest Troops in the Kingdom. *OLIVER* took his usual Method to summon before he attacked; but the Commander sent him word, that he proposed to defend himself to the last. The Attack and Defence were resolutely carried on for several Hours, but *OLIVER's* Cannon did such furious Execution every-where, that *Ormond's* Soldiers began to mutiny, and compelled Col. *HAMMOND*, their Governor, to beat a Parley; but it was now too late, for no other Conditions could be obtained for the Town, but that the common Soldiers should have their Lives, and lay down their Arms, and that the Officers should lie at the Mercy of the Conqueror. Thus was this important Place delivered up through the Mutiny of the cowardly Soldiers. The next Day the Governor, and every Officer but one, were shot to Death in the Market-place; and a Priest, who

was Chaplain to the Roman Catholick Soldiers, was hanged at the Shambles of a Butcher.

GOWRAN is about six Miles from *Kilkenny*, the Place OLIVER besieged next; and I think it Matter of Wonder, as he proved (what I cannot help calling) cruel here, he should use so much Lenity at *Kilkenny*; but there is no accounting for OLIVER's Actions.

NEAR this Place, my Lord, is the largest *Danish* Mount that I have yet seen, though I have viewed many; but the Use or Design of these everlasting Monuments, like their Towers, is but Conjecture.

THERE is a stately Seat at *Gowran*, belonging to the Family of the A - - - rs: The Front is a little clumsy, but will be altered in a better Taste by the present Proprietor. The Stables are the finest I have seen in this Kingdom, and, as well as the House, are built of black Marble unpolished. Here is also a very elegant Poor-House, and a handsome Seat of ----- P-----ps, Esq;

THE Church is a large Piece of Antiquity, half delapidated by Time. In a little Chapel on the South Side of the Church is a Monument of J. KELLY, Esq; entombed *Anno Domini* 1626; another of the same Name, (which induced me to mention the first) of *Gowran*, buried in the Year 1640, with the two following Lines after the usual Inscription,

*Both Wives at once he could not have:
Both to enjoy at once, he made this Grave.*

WE have been taking a View of the ancient Town of *Kells*, or *Kenlis*, (in *Irish* *Kenenuise*) or rather the Ruins of it. It is seated on the *King's River*, which falls into the *Nore*,

between *Thomas-Town* and *Bennet's-Bridge*. *Kells*, in times past, was a Place of great Note for a fine Priory of *Augustines*, built and richly endowed by *GEOFREY FITZ-ROBERTS*, who came into this Kingdom with *STRONGBOW*. The Prior of *Kells* had the Title of Lord Spiritual, and as such sat in the House of Peers before the Reformation. We saw the Ruins of this once famous Abby, where a Synod was held in the Year 1152, when *JOHN PAPARO*, Legate from *Rome*, made one of the Number of Bishops that were convened there at that Time, to settle the Affairs of the Church. The Situation of this Place has many natural Charms, with a fine Country round it. The Church, that is in being now, is of a *Gothic* Race, as indeed are most of those we have seen where we have been hitherto, excepting *Cork*. While we were at our Inn, a Priest attacked us publickly, craving our Charity for a poor Catholic, that by a Fall from a Tree had broke his Arm and Collar-Bone. My Brother told him, *He supposed he would not take a Benevolence from Hereticks*. The Priest replied, *The Cross was upon all the Coin in the King's Dominions, and our Bounty would go as far to help the poor Creature, as if we were in the right Road to Heaven*. When he had received our Collection, he thanked us in the usual Stile, with *Long Life to your Honours*, blessed us in his own Way, and kept praying for us till he was out of hearing. We were informed this Priest was esteemed by Persons of all Religions, as a devout honest Man, who would often relieve the Necessitous, of those of the reformed Religion, as well as his own, and never was once known to give Offence in any Dispute concerning the Rules of Faith,

I HAVE told your Lordship concerning the Goodness of *Kilkenny* Coal ; but though they go by that Name, there are few Mines in the County of *Kilkenny*; they are mostly in the next County to it. I think there is little Difference between them and what we have in *London* called *Scotch* Coal ; for they burn much alike, They are taken out of their Mines or Pits in the same Manner as those of your Lordship in the County of *Stafford*. The Carriages that transport them from the Mines, are drawn each by one poor *Garron*, as they term them here. The Wheels are one entire Piece of Wood, without Spokes, and very low, so that the Shafts gradually rise, till the Points come up to the Shoulders of the Beast. The Lading is placed in a Vehicle which is called here a *Kish*, and stands in the Middle of the Carriage. The *Kish* is composed of Wattles, or what we call in *England* Wickers ; and in this they will place you six Hundred Weight, which they convey round the Country. They send large Quantities to *Dublin*, fifty *Irish* Miles, and find their Account in it ; for Men and Horses fare hard enough on the Road ; they seldom stop at any Inn on the Way, but whenever they meet with any Grass on the Borders of the Road, which is generally near some running Brook, they unharness their Cattle, and let them graze, while themselves fall too on what simple Provisions they bring along with them ; then, like the *Tartars*, they drink of the running Stream, put their Cattle to their Carriages, and march on. I have met with sixty or seventy of these *Caravans*, with one Man to ten or more Horses, who travel much at the same Rate as our large Waggon ; and these Sort of Carriages preserve their Roads, which are much the best I ever saw. The nearer the Coal-

Mines the cheaper the Coals, and what they purchase for five Pence or six Pence at the Mine, will yield them an *English* Crown at *Dublin*. Not only Coals are drafted in this Manner, but all other Goods are transported the same Way to all Parts of the Kingdom with the greatest Safety, and much cheaper than in *England*. We have seen many Places, as your Lordship may perceive by my rough Description; and yet all that we have seen, or the most Part, since we have been at *Kilkenny*, once belonged to the late Duke of *Ormond*, which have since been granted to his Brother, the Earl of *Arran*.

I now come to a Conclusion of this tedious Epistle; but I need not many Professions to assure your Lordship that I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X.

To E-----H-----, *Esq;* at his Chambers in
the Middle-Temple.

Dear NED,

YOU will regret your not being with us; and though you are gaining Riches, (which Heaven prosper with you) while we are parting with them, yet I am bound to tell you, your Satisfaction cannot be equal to ours. I never imagined any thing could compensate the Trouble of passing the Ocean more, since we have wandered over *Italy*, and most Parts of the Continent of *Europe*. There we were obliged to seek for *English* Acquaintance, and to be confined in our Conversation,

versation, while every body round beheld us as if we were Spies, or, at least, Enemies to the Country we travelled through. Here the Case is quite different, every one understands you without an Interpreter, and the Gentlemen prevent your Curiosity, by taking it as a Favour that you will give them leave to satisfy you. Few know our Rank, (which is not of our own acquiring) yet we are treated even above it, which I put down to the Score of the Civility of the Nation.

You tell me you are pleased with our *Holyhead* Acquaintance; let him stand with you as the Representative of the Gentlemen here. You may tell him I am angry with you both; with him, for being your *First*, and with you, for being his *Second*; and yet I love you both the more for it; him, for pitching upon you my Friend, and you, for shewing your Friendship to us both. I doubt not but you will both believe me, when I tell you it gives me much Satisfaction to know you both came off with Honour. This airy Bubble draws us into many Scrapes, and yet there is no living without it. I remember my Father's Advice to my Brother and me when we went to travel, was, *Be cautious how you draw your Swords, and never in a bad Cause; but when you do, (justly) throw away the Scabbard.*

BUT to our Business. We came this Morning from viewing several fine Seats; among the rest, the Lord D - - - - T's. It is a very handsome Building, on an Eminence, surrounded with a Wood, which is cut in agreeable Vistas, not very much unlike that of Lord *Rocheſter's* at *Peterſham*, beyond *Richmond* in *Surrey*. We saw another of Counsellor A - - - - D's, which, tho'

on a Flat, is very pretty. It lies a Furlong from the Road, but the Fields before it are neatly laid out, with Stiles, Steps, Seats and Gates, in an entire new Manner, that greatly commend that Gentleman's Taste. Also another Seat, belonging to W - - - N F - - - D, Esq; which shews a rustick Elegancy that gives great Satisfaction.

THIS Morning we stopped at a Place, noted for a Gang of Robbers, called the *Kellymount-Gang*. This was a little Inn in the Road, where they used to meet at Night after their Excursions, and where they often consulted upon the next Day's Expedition, in the hearing of the People of the House, who durst not, on Peril of their Lives, disclose their Councils. They spent their ill got Gains profusely, yet paid punctually here for every thing they called for; therefore the People could not properly call them bad Customers, but the whole Country trembled at their Name. They grew to such a Pitch of Insolence, that it was their common Practice to send Letters to Gentlemen, with Orders to prepare such Provisions for them as they demanded. In short, they raised Contributions, as Soldiers do in an Enemy's Country; and whenever they came to those Houses they had sent Letters to, the Owners were obliged to throw open their Doors to receive them. The Road from *Dublin* to *Clonmell* was quite dangerous to Travellers. They robbed in such Numbers, that there was no resisting them; and were so expeditious, that they would be in one Neighbourhood in the Morning, and perhaps rob twenty Miles off before Night. Besides many others, they set upon C. CALLAGHAN, Esq; Son to that worthy Lawyer, whose Monument I mentioned before, and robbed him

him of near two hundred Pounds. He made a brave Resistance, which only provoked the Villains to wound him in several Places.

THE Baronet resolves to leave *Kilkenny* Tomorrow; so that I shall not promise you shall hear any more of me till we are at *Dublin*, where I shall finish this.

WE are now at *Mount H-----n*, a pleasant Seat, within two Miles of *Catherlough*, or *Carlow*; and have been to view a Place called *Staplestown*, belonging to ----- *BAGNAL*, Esq; who is improving a sweet Situation, where Nature has worked already to assist Art. The House is built on an Eminence, that, with a gentle Declivity, leads you down to a pretty River called the *Burren*, which is crossed by a Bridge of seven Arches. The House and Gardens, when the last Hand has finished all that is intended, might serve an *Italian* Prince, who need not be ashamed of his Residence. Tho' this Place is called *Staplestown*, there are but very few Houses in it. The ^a Proprietor intends to multiply the Dwellings, that it may, with a better Face, bear the Name of a Town. We crossed the fore-mentioned Bridge, with a Mill on our Left, where we stood to please our Eyes with the gentle winding Stream of the *Burren*, which washes the Base of a beautiful Hill; and passed on our Right a Seat called *Benny-Kerry*, built by *VIGORS*, Bishop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*; but the Death of that Prelate was the Prelude to its Ruin, as our generous *Nomenclator*, Mr. *H-----n*, informs us; for it is he that teaches us our Knowledge. The next Place we passed was

^a Since this was wrote, the Gentleman is deceased.
a pleasant

a pleasant House, surrounded with Woods, the Property of a Gentleman, (Mr. VICARS) that is his own Farmer. Over a Common, with a sweet Prospect to the Right, we came to *Rutland*, by the *Irish* called *Rutlo*. We saw the Ruins of a spacious large House, fronting a large Grove, the Improvement of thirty Years only : But to make amends for the Ruin of the old House or Castle, there is a compact new Dwelling, upon an Eminence, near as neat a Church, with the Church-yard surrounded with noble high Trees.

BUT now another Place rises to our View, and commands our Attention. It formerly bore the Name of *Ballinakill* ; but now is called *Burton-Hall*, from the worthy Proprietor of it. The Avenue that leads to this beautiful House is at least an *English* Mile long, and the Breadth very large. On each Side is a far extended Wood, not forty Years old, cut out with Variety of Vistas. The House is much the same Age as the Wood, and built on an Height, which you come up to by a gentle Ascent. The Gardens are spacious, and have every thing that gives Pleasure to the Eye. Behind lies a beautiful Park of near two hundred Acres, circled with a Stone Wall nine Feet high, and well stocked with Deer and other Cattle. The fine Vista here is determined by a Statue of a Gladiator, a good Copy of that finished Original now in *Hampton-Court* Gardens. The Wood in this spacious Park, upon any memorable Day, is illuminated with a large Number of Lamps, placed in regular Order, after the Manner of *Ranelagh* Gardens at *Chelfea*. The beautiful Cascade is adorned with elegant Statues, some of which are Originals, brought from *Italy*. The Hall is spacious, and built on a little River that parts the Counties of *Car-*

low and *Kildare*; so that the Table where you dine stands in those two Counties.

In the Life-time of this worthy Gentleman's Father, a Person, once possessed of a considerable Estate, by unforeseen Misfortunes came to Decay. A rigid Creditor, by his Spies, had Notice that the unfortunate Gentleman was gone to pay his Respects at *Burton-Hall*. The Creditor hurries away to the Sheriff of the County of *Kildare*, who, with his proper Officers, soon came to *Burton-Hall*, now assured of their Prey. The unfortunate Gentleman was the first that perceived them coming up the Avenue, turned pale, and sighing, cried, *I am undone*. The Master of the House, knowing the Affair, bid him take Courage, for he should dine with his inhuman Creditor and the Sheriff in Safety; and then placing him in a Chair on the County of *Carlow* Side of the Table, went to invite the harsh Creditor and the Sheriff to dine with him. The Sheriff, a Gentleman of Worth, told his Business in a Whisper, with Concern. As soon as the Creditor entered the Hall, he cried out to the Sheriff, *There is your Prisoner, take care of him!* But he soon was informed the Prisoner (as he called him) was in the County of *Carlow*, and of consequence the Sheriff of *Kildare* had no Power over him. The Creditor was so enraged at his Disappointment, that he would not stay to dine, which did not displease the Company. The Gentleman, some time after, made a Composition with all his Creditors, and is still living in the County of *Kildare*.

WE have taken a Round of about twelve *Irish* Miles, passed through a pleasant Village, with a purling

purling Brook, called the *Palatines-Town*, an industrious People, thrust from their own Country by the persecuting Arms of Louis XIV. and now spread over our King's Dominions in *America*, as well as *Europe*, where they shew Marks of their Industry. This Place, and many Parts round it, was formerly a Bog; but brought into good Ground by the willing Labour of these People. For what Reason they have abandoned this improved Situation, I cannot tell. We crossed, in our Return, the *Burren* again, (after passing by a very pretty Seat, the Residence of H. B - - - y, Esq;) over another Bridge, at a Place called *Rato*. This little River takes its Rise at a Place called *Mount-Leinster*, in the County of *Carlow*, and, in its Course of about twenty Miles, runs through the Estate of our Benefactor, and falls into the *Barrow* at *Carlow*. The Trout, Pike, and Eels, which this Stream produces, equal any of the kind in the Kingdom.

WE are now come home again, (as we term it) through a noble young Avenue, that, when it comes to Age, will equal any of its Neighbours. You approach the House through a handsome spacious Court-yard, where you see beautiful Stables and Out-houses, planned by the Owner, who is a Connoisseure in Architecture; for the Gentlemen in this Country that intend to build, are continually begging Plans for that Purpose. His Doors are crouded with Beggars of another kind, that want to be cured of some Disorder or other, and to these he is extremely hospitable. His Garden is well laid out, and every thing strictly neat and comfortable. If you would eat Mutton in its Perfection, come here. He has a large Stock of Cattle of all Sorts, and
among

among them one of the greatest Curiosities Nature ever produced. His People call it a Stone-Mare, and in our Opinion, not improperly; but the better to explain it, I shall call it an Hermaphrodite, as it certainly is, for it partakes palpably of the Natures of both Horse and Mare. It is a very handsome Beast, above fourteen Hands high, of a bright Chestnut Colour, with a Star and Snip, very hardy, and strong for Labour of any kind.

WE leave this worthy Gentleman's House every Morning; but, like Birds, come back to roost at Night. To-day we passed two pleasant Seats, planted and improved by Quakers from *England*.

NEAR this we stopped to view a stately Seat, called *Garrybundo*, belonging to an ancient and eminent Branch of the great House of *Ormond*. The present Proprietor has neglected it, and built another (very fine one) farther up, in a very romantick wild Country. However, tho' in Ruins, this still keeps an Appearance of its ancient Magnificence, particularly in a noble Park, a fine Wilderness of lofty Firr Trees, and vast Canals, Malls, and Fish-ponds: The whole seated in a Country which is a perfect Garden, and full of fine Plantations. It gave me a very melancholy Pleasure; so we turned from it, and saw *Ballybar*, another very old Mansion of the same Family. This is a very solitary Retirement, surrounded with awful towering Trees, and much noted for Stories of Apparitions, which adds to the gloomy Face of this solemn old Pile. About two Miles hence, on the other Side of the *Barrow*, are the Ruins of a third Seat of the *BUTLERS*, called *Clogh-grenan*, which gives
Title

Title of Baron to the Earl of *Arran*, Brother to the Duke of *Ormond*. It is a very ancient Castle, almost covered with Trees, and just hanging over the River, which makes the Situation very elegant and picturesque; but it is now in so ruinous a State, that it must shortly be entirely lost. Of this too the Country People tell many Stories of Fairies, &c. which are not unpleasing; but too tedious to fill a Letter with.

FROM *Garrybunden* we came to a Place called *Kelly's-Town*, part of the Estate of our worthy Pilot, where we saw a large ruined Church, dedicated to St. PATRICK, and, as we were informed, built by that Saint: If true, the Foundation must be near fourteen hundred Years old. It formerly belonged to the ancient Family of the CUMMINS, a Name still surviving, and numerous in this Country. There are several of that Name interred in the Church, whose Vaults are still remaining; yet we could find but one, whose Inscription was intelligible, and as follows:

Hoc jacet sub Lapide Hugo MacCummins, 1603.

I only mention this to let you know, that Protestants and Papists mingle together in the Grave here. Near this Church (which stands on an Eminence, where you see a beautiful Country round you) in a Bottom, is a Well, dedicated to St. PATRICK, surrounded with a Stone Wall, and shaded with Trees, to which, on St. PATRICK's Day, great Crowds resort out of Devotion. We were informed by the Person who conducted us, that a prophane Wretch, who wanted Wood for Firing, repaired to this Well with his Ax, to cut down one of these sacred
Trees.

Trees. The first Stroke he gave, he saw his Cabin in Flames, and ran with the utmost Speed to quench the Fire; but when he came there, he found every thing as he left them. He returned to his Work again, and giving another Stroke, saw the Flames rise higher than before, which obliged him to repair thither a second Time, when finding all things safe as at first, he returned to the Tree, and by his repeated Strokes brought it down to the Ground; but before he could drag it home, he found his Cabin and Furniture entirely consumed to Ashes. We were shewn the very Spot where the Cabin stood, and no one will venture to erect another in the same Place, nor contradict the Truth of this Tradition.

WE dined at a Farmer's, who is Tenant to the Colonel, and were as elegantly entertained as if at my Lord's. I have mentioned the *Kellymount* Gang before to you, and this Gentleman-Farmer was the Means of convicting some of them. They attacked his House, which he defended alone on the Inside with Spits, &c. for being a Roman Catholick, he is not allowed Arms. If he had a Blunderbuss, (he said) he could with Ease have destroyed them all; for they were upwards of half an Hour in breaking open the Door. At last they entered, fixed a Rope about his Neck, and almost strangled him, to make him confess where his Money was. He, by good Fortune, had left a large Sum at *Carlow* that Day, and as they entered, had dropt a Purse of Guineas under the Grate in the Ashes, where, while they were dragging him in order to make him confess, he with his Feet shuffling behind, effectually covered it. The Rogue, who wanted to do the Office of the Hangman, had a large Mole under the Left Ear, which our Farmer

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took

took notice of while he was upon his Knees begging for Mercy. This very Mole condemned him at the Sessions, when an Halter put an End to his Life.

I MUST advise you, Cousin, that our Course, in these Excursions, is a little irregular; for To-day we went back to *Laughlin*, or *Leighlin-Bridge*, which is eminent for nothing but a fine Situation, a handsome Bridge of nine Arches, over the *Barrow*, (the *Brigus* or *Birgus* of *PTOLEMY*) and the Remains of a very large Castle, whose Towers and Walls are still standing, and of a large Extent, on the Banks of that River. This Place was destroyed by the *Irish* Rebels in the Year 1577. The Town is inconsiderable. When we crossed the River, my Brother traced out the Ruins of an old Abby, by a Gate that still remains, at the Back of an Inn, and some other Remnants of Walls in the Inn Yard. Our *Irish* Interpreter told us it was anciently a Monastery of Nuns, dedicated to St. BRIDGET; but tho' we cannot confide in him, we must take it for such.

WE gave ourselves but little Trouble about it, and in half an Hour got to old *Leighlin*, half of a Bishoprick, the other half at *Ferns*. This Place was formerly a City, but is now a very mean Village. The Cathedral is kept in pretty good repair, with a beautiful Arch of Marble in the Centre, that supports the Tower, like most that we have seen, of *Gothick* Design. Fronting the Entrance we saw a Tomb raised high, where, they told us, Bishop CAVANAGH was interred, in the Year 1587; but a sudden Darkeness, occasioned by a long Rain, obscured our seeing it plain. There is a pretty Font, supported by four round Pillars of Marble, on a Foundation of

of the same. The Stalls and other Marks of its Episcopal Dignity still remain neat and entire. Between these, under a flat Stone, lies buried another of the CAVANAGHS; and on the Wall, on the Left Hand, as you approach the Communion-Table, is a little Monument of Colonel NICHOLSON's Lady, that Gentleman whom you and I remember when we were Boys, at my Father's; upon which Account I shall insert the following Lines, cut on the Marble :

*True Piety, and unaffected Goodness, join'd
With all the Graces of a virtuous Mind,
Fitted her early for her bless'd Remove,
To Saints and Angels, in the Heav'ns above.*

Over the Communion-Table are these two Words; *SURSUM CORDA*. We left the Church, to look at the Bishop's House, which now lies in Ruins.

LEIGHLIN was a sole Bishoprick, founded in the Year 632, and joined to *Ferns* in the Year 1600. We took it on trust too, that *GURMUNDUS*, a *Danish* Prince, was buried in this Church. We saw several little Houses and Tenements rising from the ruined Walls of the four Prebendary Dwellings of this Cathedral. The last Bishop of *Leighlin*, before it was joined with *Ferns*, was the Right Reverend ROBERT GRAVE, who coming by Sea to be installed, suffered Shipwreck in the Harbour of *Dublin*, and perished in the Waves. This Cathedral was burnt to the Ground, it is said, by Lightning, and rebuilt *Anno Domini* 1232, then dedicated to St. *LASERIAN* or *LAZARINUS*. Since the Sees were join'd, it is made use of as a Parish Church.

ABOUT two Miles from this Place, on the Side of the publick Road, we were shewn a Church-yard, or rather a Burying-place, (for there is neither Church nor Inclosure) called *Larotagh*, noted for interring one of the ancient Kings of *Ireland*. It now serves for the same Use for those of the *Roman* Faith. We stopped to view a very handsome Seat, owned by Counsellor *KELLY*, from whence *Kellymount* takes its Name. In our Return we crossed a Ford that parts the Counties of *Carlow* and *Kilkenny*. Within this Ford the High Sheriffs of both Counties meet, deliver, and receive the Judges in their Circuits. Formerly there was a Battle fought near this Place, between the Inhabitants of both Counties, wherein some lost their Lives, and many more were wounded. The Dispute happened concerning the Borders, which are now amicably settled in the Middle of this Ford. From hence we passed by an Inn called the *Royal Oak*, which is thatch'd, and what they call in this Kingdom a Cabin; but for Entertainment and Conveniencies, it may vie with the best Inn in the Island. I speak this by Experience, for we dined here in our Road to *Carlow*, when we left *Kilkenny*, the Day we were stopped, as I have already told you.

FROM this Place, coasting the Banks of the *Barrow* on our Left, we came to *Low-Grange*, within a Mile of *Gowran*, which we had visited before. How shall I describe this Place! Imagine, as you approach this Seat, you view the Walls of a Town, and at last enter the Gate, pass by several noble Arches, partly built with Marble, and partly of a hard Stone, dug out of a Quarry within its own Precincts. You pass by these Arches, which lead you to a noble

noble Court-yard, fronted with a handsome Canal. The Building, of a modern and elegant Taste, is fronted with Marble; the Spouts that throw off the Water, are of the same Materials, and so contrived, as to appear an additional Beauty to the Building. Think of those of St. MARTIN's Church, near the *Strand* in *London*, composed of *Portland* Stone, and they may give you a faint Idea of these. Part of this noble Dwelling was formerly the Tower of an old Castle; but now it wears a modern Face. Our Entertainment within makes us remember the generous Shepherd's *Kalendar*, in Sir PHILIP SYDNEY's *Arcadia*. The Proprietor, though he will take no other Appellation than a Farmer, has travelled over several Parts of *Europe*; not as some fine Gentlemen have done, but for Observations to improve and better his Glebe. He has set such an Example to the Kingdom, that many thrive by his Labours and Experiments; for he communicates his extensive Knowledge to all that desire to be informed. Any Person would take this Place for a Town on the Inside of the Walls, as well as the out. Here is a Work-house of a large Extent, where he employs Harness-makers, Sadlers, Millwrights, Coopers, Tallow-Chandlers, Butchers, Carpenters, Joiners, Smiths and several other Trades, within himself, and the Tools of his own providing. He has six of our *English* Waggon, with Bells and Harness, and *English* Waggoners to drive them. I mention this, because we are told there are few such Carriages in any other Part of the Kingdom. He has no less than sixty Ploughing Bullocks, whose Stalls are built with handsome Arches; besides noble Stables, built in the same Manner, and capable of holding sixty of his best Cattle. His Hogs

eat out of Marble Troughs, one of which has been an ancient Coffin, but the Inscription round the Edge is not intelligible. He has seldom less than 180 Horses of different Kinds, besides breeding Mares. His Park is well stocked with fine Deer. He has walled in by twelve different Inclosures near a thousand Acres, with Lime and Stone; ten Feet high, besides a Garden of twelve Acres more, and an Orchard much of the same Dimensions: Even the Orchard is planted with Wall-Fruit Trees of the best Sort that can be purchased in *Europe*. His Multiplicity of Ponds produce him the best and largest Carp and Tench; the River that runs thro' his Ground furnishes him with excellent Trout and Eels; and the *Barrow*, about a Mile from him, with Plenty of Salmon, as well as with other Fish, where he has two Boats, and proper Nets for the Purpose. In short, one of his Clerks told me he wanted nothing but Salt upon his Land, to live independent of the whole Universe. He is ever inventing something for Improvement, and succeeds in what he undertakes. He informed me that his Beginning was but two hundred Pounds, that he gave ten thousand Pounds to his Daughters, lost as much by bad Debts, and near the same Sum by being bound for others; yet came to this uncultivated Spot with a thousand Pounds annual Income. Heaven has blessed his Industry, and he is truly worthy of it. I wish I had the Art of *MEDEA* to renew his Age, that he might be an everlasting Benefit to the World. The Gout often severely afflicts him, which has caused a Weakness in his Legs; but when on Horseback, you would not take him for half his Age. He is continually riding to inspect his Servants, and to see his Orders obeyed with his own Eyes.

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In short, I should never be weary of describing this worthy Gentleman's Abilities, had I a Capacity. All this noble Improvement, when he first took Possession, was a mere Bog, which, by his indefatigable Industry, is now accounted as good Land as any in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. He shewed us a Cyder-Mill of his own Invention, so contrived, that he can press out a Hogshead of Juice in an Hour: It is worked by Horses; and a large Beam employed in this Machine was a Stick planted with his own thriving Hand, not much bigger than the Pen I write with. His Servants are so numerous, that were his Seat fortified by Art, he has enough to repel a formidable Invader.

FROM hence we crossed the Water to see a famous Place called *St. Mullin*, *St. Molign*, or *Tegbmolin*, a large ruined Abby, built by that Saint about 634, who was buried here, but no Remains of his Tomb are to be seen. It was the Burying-place of the CAVANAGHS, Kings of *Leinster*, and is still so to the Race of those Kings. Near it is a small Protestant Church; which, tho' small, is too large for its Congregation.

WE came next to *Graignemana*, an old ruined Place on the River *Barrow*. There is a good Bridge over the Stream, and the Tide flows up to this Place, being about twenty Miles from the Sea. Here are the Ruins of a very fine Abby. The Tower, an Octagon, is the finest I have seen in this Country^a: The Embellishments are of a curious Taste, and the Buildings formerly of a large Extent. I am almost angry to see so fine a Structure as this must have been in its origi-

^a This Tower fell all at once in the Year 1744.

nal Beauty, going to decay. Here is also a fine Salmon-Fishery.

BUT now, dear NED, we are going with our Friend a *coshering* near *Mount-Leinster*; therefore I shall conclude this long Epistle here. I do not yet well understand the Word *Coshering*; tho' I am told it means eating and drinking at every Place where you come, till there is neither Bit or Sup left; but you shall know more in my next; Till then, dear NED, farewell.

Yours, &c.

P L E T T E R X I.

To the same.

Dear NED,

I N my last I promised you a particular Account of the Word *Coshering*: In order to this, I must inform you we have been at a Gentleman's Seat called *Marli*, after one in *France*, elegantly built, and convenient. The Soil in this Tract of Ground does not promise much; but their Tables are furnished with the utmost Plenty and Elegance. Their chiefest Joy is in entertaining those that visit them. As soon as any Company come to their Houses, Word is sent to most of their Relations, who join and make the sweetest Concord in the World. After two or three Days spent in innocent Pleasure, you are all invited to another Gentleman's, with the same agreeable Round of Mirth; and so on till you have gone through the whole Race. The Day of parting is the only Day of Grief or Discontent. This is the End and Manner of
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what is called *Coshering*, so much mistaken by several Authors.

WHILE we were here, we went up a steep Mountain, called *Mount-Leinster*, of a difficult Ascent, by a troublesome Passage, called the *Black Stairs*, (but not without a Guide); and yet Gentlemen that delight in hunting, they say, venture up and down on Horseback; but they must have stronger Stomachs to digest that Sort of Recreation than any in our Company; for I should think the Attempt might hazard their Necks. There are Plenty of Game when you have gained the Summit, as Grouse, Hares and Foxes. Upon the Top of this Mountain (one of the highest in the Kingdom) is a Well, where no Fathom-line can reach the Bottom: A Gentleman in our Company told us, that six hundred Fathom had been tried, with six Pounds Weight of Lead, to no Purpose; but I am apt to think that so much Line, with its own Weight, when fully soaked in the Water, though the Lead subsides at the Bottom, will sink with a Velocity that might deceive one's Judgment in plummeting the Depth of the Well: However, we made no Experiment that way. We threw several Stones down the Mouth, which striking against the Sides as they descended, made a Noise at first like Thunder, and by degrees died away. The Water of this Well, they say, is an Antidote against scorbutick and scrophulous Humours; and we saw a Person that had been cured of the King's-Evil, by drinking and washing with this Water.

NEAR this Mountain is a round Church called *Drimesen*, much esteemed by the Roman Catholics, where there were many Habitations so late as JAMES II.'s Reign; but the Inhabitants removing
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from thence, (for what Reason we were not told) where-ever any of that Race expire, they leave it in their Wills, that they shall be buried in *Drimesen* Church-yard; and ~~some~~ Corpse have been brought seventy Miles to be interred there. On *Easter-Monday* there is a grand *Patron* held here, where several from remote Parts of the Kingdom repair, to pray for the Souls of their deceased Friends; then address to their usual Mirth and Drinking; and very seldom part without Blows, produced by the Effects of their Liquor; but *Drink in all Religions is the same.*

THE Kings of *Leinster* had three Castles, or Places of Residence, near this great Ridge of Mountains; the first, *Cloghamon*, near the River *Cloudy*, that rises from the fore-mentioned Hills; and falls into the *Slaney* at *Bonecloudy*, a poor Market-Town, which has nothing of Note about it, but the ruined Castle of *Cloghamon*; the second, another large Ruin, called *Gary-bill*, near the above-mentioned Church of *Drimesen*; the third, called *Bally-laughan*. I had wrote down with a Pencil the *Irish* for these three Places of Antiquity; but when I went to examine them, I found they were so rubbed in travelling, that you must go without them, unless our *Irish* Friend can inform you, whom I shall always keep in my Memory.

WITHIN a Mile of this third Castle is a poor Place called *Lowram*, with as poor a Church; and yet on the 18th of *April* are great Doings here, in honour of St. LAZARIANUS, one of the first Founders of the Cathedral at old *Leighlin*, and who was buried here.

WE were in this our Course so near *Ferns*, that we were resolved to see the other Half of the Bishoprick of *Leighlin*; but were disappointed
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from seeing the Inside of the Church, because the Person who kept the Keys was gone six Miles from the Place to see a Bull-baiting. To comfort my Brother for this Disappointment, he was told, there was nothing on the Inside worthy the Observation of the Curious: By the Outside *Leighlin* seems to be in much the better State. St. EDAN, or St. MOEDOC, or St. MOEG, (all the same Person) was the first Founder of this Church. This Saint was of Royal Extraction by Father and Mother. He died on the 31st of January 632, and was buried in this Church; but there are no Remains of his Monument, as we were told by one of the Clergy.

FERNS is but a poor Place; however, it was called a City in Ages long since, when a Writer says, "A large City, named *Ferns*, "grew up by degrees, in honour of that pious "Saint MOEDOC;" but there are no Marks, as we could find, of its former Grandeur. This Place took its Name from *Ferna*, who was killed in Battle by another Prince, near the Place where *Ferns* now stands. There are the Remains of an old Castle, which stands on an Eminence that overlooks the Town of *Ferns*. We were told a Story, that this Castle belonged to CATHERINA CLARE, who for many Years committed most horrid Murders here, under the Countenance of Friendship, Hospitality, and Good-nature: She would invite several of the rich Inhabitants, in order to entertain them, and when they were in their Mirth and Jolity, sink them through a Trap-door, and cut their Throats. It is certain we saw a Convenience of that kind, that opened to a large hollow Cavern, which might give Rise to such a Tale. This Castle was once very strong. The Rebel *Irish* took Possession of it in
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the Year 1385, when one CHARNELLS was Bishop of this Diocese. This Bishop, at the Head of his own Servants only, bravely attacked the Rebels, drove them out of the Castle, and put them to a shameful Flight. The Town is seated upon a small River called the *Ban*, that runs into the *Slaney*, after a short Course of about five Miles. Our Travels, this last Tour, have been a little irregular; for we are obliged to follow our Guide, who will not let us set out for *Dublin*: He has more yet to shew us.

FROM *Ferns* we took a backward Course, and came among other Branches of the CAVANAGH Families, with an Addition of the Race of BYRNS, another ancient Stock in that Country. We went to taste the Waters of *Spaw-Well*, as it is called, and a Doctor of Physick assured us it had all the Virtues of those in *Germany*, but not in Taste.

WHEN we left this Well we went to dine at *Tullogh*, by a pressing Invitation from our Friend Captain N-----N, who commanded a Troop of Horse at that Place. The Barracks are very neat. This Town is pleasantly seated on the River *Slaney*, with a Bridge of six Arches, at the Foot of which we found the Ruins of an *Augustin* Monastery, where some of that Order still remain, and, as we were informed, privately celebrate Mass in their proper Habits. Here is a small Church, and a pretty Market-House; but we could not see any great Appearance of Trade in the Town, except Garters, for which they are famous. The Castle is now Part of the Barracks, or rather the Barracks Part of the Castle. It was in OLIVER's Time a strong Place, commanded by Colonel BUTLER; but OLIVER, whom few Places could withstand, took it with great Slaughter

Slaughter of the *Irish*. Others affirm, that OLIVER, with his Forces, was at a Castle called *Downan*, about a Mile from *Tullogh*, on the River *Slaney*, and that BUTLER marched to attack him there, but was defeated. Be it as it will, OLIVER demolished both, and both now remain in Ruins.

ABOUT two Miles from this Place, we passed a very pleasant Seat, called *Paulville*, but had not Time to view it, because Night approached; and you know my Brother hates travelling when he cannot see the adjacent Country.

WE lay last Night at a Place called *Borris*, a fine Situation, (though a small Town) on the *Barrow*. Here is a noble Seat belonging to the CAVANAGHS. The Heir is now a Minor. The House and Town, with a great Estate, belongs to this young Gentleman, THOMAS CAVANAGH, Esq; There is a Law in this Kingdom, that the Minor of a Roman Catholick, left so by the Death of his Father, is accounted the Heir of the Crown; and the Lord Chancellor, for the Time being, is appointed his Guardian, in order to bring him up a Protestant; and this young Gentleman is now in *Westminster* School for that Purpose. The Seat of *Borris* is designed for a noble Building; but at present there is a Stop put to its Progress, by the Death of the Father, which is an irreparable Loss to the Neighbourhood, an hundred poor Families being employed in the Building here. There is a fine Park, surrounded with a Stone Wall ten Feet high, one Part fronting the River *Barrow*. The next Day we dined with SIMON CAVANAGH, Esq; at a pleasant Seat called *Rock-Savage*. This is the third Branch of that ancient Family, and allied to them in good Nature and Humanity. We
are

are hasting to *Moyle* as fast as possible, for my poor Brother is much afflicted with a *Cordapsus*, from what Cause we cannot find out, unless it be from breathing so many different Changes of Air in so little Time.

IN our Return to *Moyle*, we kept the River *Barrow* on our Left, saw many beautiful Seats to our Right, and came to a little Town called *Clonegall*, the Estate of Sir JOHN ESMOND, Bart. We stopped to view the Ruins of a spacious Building, (the Walls of which are still standing) which goes by the Name of *Bally-William-Roe*, and was built by the Knights-Templers, about the Year 1300. Their first Institution was begun at *Jerusalem*, where they had an Hospital to live in, in order to defend the Sepulchre of our Saviour; but in Time they spread themselves into all the Christian Parts of the World. You may see several of their Monuments in your Temple Church in *London*, in Armor, with their Swords drawn and extended by their Sides on the Ground, that Church being built by them. By Donations their Endowments were large; but by their Affluence they forgot their first noble Beginning, and by degrees fell so much into Vice and Rioting, that they became a Nuisance every-where. In the Year 1308, in the Reign of EDWARD II. of *England*, their Institution was broke by a Bull from the Pope, and the Profits of their Lands allowed to the Knights of *Rhodes*, or Knights Hospitalers. They had not many Years gained Footing in this Kingdom; and we are informed this *Bally-William-Roe* was their only Seat here, which they did not enjoy above eight Years before their Dissolution. This was of large Extent, as appears by the remaining Walls, and stands on a fine Situation.

THE next Place worth Observation was *Bagnal's-Town*, a Plan laid out by WALTER BAGNAL, Esq; a Gentleman of an ancient Family in *England*, who once intended to erect one of the finest Towns in this Kingdom, or in any of its Neighbours, by the Name of *Versailles*. A magnificent Square, Court-House, and several other publick Buildings, are raised with Stone of different Kinds, intermixed with Marble. Over the River *Barrow* is a beautiful Bridge, not long finished. This Gentleman's Design, as we were informed, was to bring the great Road through this Town, instead of *Leighlin-Bridge*; but he failed in the Attempt, which has put a Stop to the further Progress of the Buildings, after an immense Expence. We dined at this Gentleman's Seat, (a Mile from *Bagnal's-Town*) called *Dunleeny*, a noble Building, with fine Gardens, and a large Park, stocked with Deer. He has several beautiful Children, brought up under the Eye of his Lady, a young Person, with all the Sagacity of Age. ^b This Gentleman has built a little Protestant Town, called *Kill-Edmun*, with a neat new Church. Through this Place runs a small rapid River, of about six Miles Course, from *Mount-Leinster* into the *Barrow*, which is accounted one of the best Trout Streams in the Country.

TO-MORROW, Cousin, we set out for *Dublin*, from *Carlow* or *Catherlough*, the Head of the County of the same Name; it is seated on the Side of the *Barrow*, with a handsome Bridge over that River. As you enter the Town, you

^b He is since dead; but his Lady survives, with a Son and four Daughters.

cross over the *Burren*, (which I have mentioned before) that falls here into the *Barrow*. The Town entirely belonged to the late Earl of *Thomond*, not long since dead, who was lineally descended from the *OBRIENS*, Kings of *Ireland*. This Earl dying without Issue, was the last of this illustrious Line. He was born *August* 14, 1688, and died *April* 20, 1641. He was married to the Right Hon. Lady *ELIZABETH SEYMOUR*, eldest Daughter to his Grace the Duke of *Somerset*. His Death was occasioned by a violent Fall he received from the Top of his Stairs.

This Town consists of one main Street, and another, not of so large Extent, that crosses it in the Middle, together with two or three back Lanes. The Church is but of an ordinary Structure; but the Market-House is neat enough. The Town-Hall, where the Judges sit in their Circuits, is built over the Goal, which you ascend by a Flight of Steps from the Street. The Felons, in the Day-time, are seated on a Bench, fettered, before the Door of the Prison, to beg and air themselves. Among these Wretches we saw one that had been hanged, and after Execution came to Life again; yet could not forsake his evil Course of Life, but was taken the second Time. He could not speak one Word of *English*; but a Gentleman that conversed with him in *Irish*, informed us, that he did not fear escaping in the same Manner again. He informed the Gentleman, by our Desire, that when he was turned off the Ladder, it seemed as if a Flash of Lightning had darted before his Eyes, that he felt but little Pain, and that his Senses were soon gone. He added, that when by Bleeding he was restored to Life again, it seemed as if he had just awaked from Sleep, and only found himself very cold.

HERE

HERE are Barracks for a Troop of Horse, and near the River a strong old Castle, the best in repair of any we have yet seen. This Town is famous for making Spurs, which are known even in *London*, and recommended there by the Name of *Carlow* Spurs. It was once walled, but submitted to OLIVER on his first Approach: However, in the Year 1577, it sustained a long Siege against RORYOGE MOOR, then in Rebellion against Queen ELIZABETH; but at last was taken by him, miserably plundered, and many of the *English* put to cruel Deaths.

WE have left *Carlow* behind us, and are now at a Place called *Castle-Dermot*, or *Tristle-Dermot*, through a fine Road, with a pleasant Country on each Side, diversified with several well-built Seats at a distance.

CASTLE-DERMOT was once a large fortified Town, and the Seat of the Kings that bore the Names of DERMOT. You enter it over a pretty Stream, called the River *Lane*, that waters the pleasant Meadows. The Town is seated on a Flat, and surrounded with a fine level Country, for several Miles. It had in former Times four Gates: That which led to the Town bears still the Name of *Carlow-Gate*, and the other *Dublin-Gate*, though there are not the least Remains of either left. At the Entrance of the Town from *Carlow*, are the ruined Remains of a fine Abby of *Franciscan* Fryars, founded by GERALD, Earl of *Kildare*, about the Middle of the thirteenth Century. It is large and spacious, and the remaining Octagon Pillars still shew the Beauty of the Building. There are two Tomb-stones remaining; one with the Figure of Death ill cut on one Edge, and on the other a Corpse as in a Winding-sheet: The other Tomb-stone is broke in two, with

a Cross on the Head, but no Inscription on either to inform us who lies buried under them. They have made the Body of the Church a Fives-court, which must very much scandalize the Roman Catholicks, whose Mass-house is very near it in the Church-yard, composed of the Stones of its Ruins; and near that is a Meeting-house for Quakers, so that there is a Medley of Religions here. This Town must certainly have been once of great Extent; for in the Year 1499 a Parliament was held here, and a Mint to coin Money. The Inn where we dined was Part of the Parliament-house. There is a fine Work-house here, and well endowed. We were shewn an old Tower, now a Pigeon-house, which is all that remains of the old Fortifications. The Protestant Church is on the Verge of the Town, but a very mean Building; and close to it is another of those *Danish* Pillars, or round Towers, covered and kept in good Repair. In the Church-yard is a large Cross, the upper Part of which lies on the Ground, but the Pedestal remains standing; and by some old Dates we saw scattered on Pieces of Tomb-stones, we were convinced this was a large Church before the Reformation. At *Castle-Dermot* is the first *English* Protestant School that was founded in this Kingdom, according to that noble Institution of the Charter-Society, of which you have often had ample Accounts in *England*.

WHILE we were at *Castle-Dermot*, we saw a prodigious strange Sight, at least it was so to us that came from *England*: There stopt in a Carriage at our Inn a monstrous Pair of Horns, which came from *Drogheda*, and were going to be put up in a Gentleman's Hall in the County of *Tipperary*. These Horns were once in a Scull that bore them alive, but were now fastened by Art.

My

My Brother measured to the Extremity of each Horn, which was more than eleven Feet; from the Top of the Head to the End of the Nose, two Feet; and from the Setting-on of the Horn to the End of the Branch, near two Yards. The Branch was extended like the Palm of a Hand open, with five Fingers and the Thumb, and three others lower towards the Head. I should imagine the Beast that bore these Horns must be as big as an Elephant, or very much over-burdened with the Weight. We were more surprized to find that these Horns were the Produce of this Kingdom, and often found five or six Feet under the Earth, in casually turning the Ground for Manure; not singly, but frequently two or three together; therefore it is manifest they were once common in this Island, though no Writer, as we could hear, gives any Account of this native Race, which is now extinct.

In our Road to *Timolin*, we saw a very copious Park, with a handsome Seat, on the other Side a Place called *Moun*, or *Moon*, where there is a large Church, formerly a Monastery of *Franciscans*. Near it is one of the large *Danish* Mounts or Forts, where a Gentleman (Counsellor *ASH*) is interred by his own Desire, on the very Summit, which is railed round, and planted with Trees. Through *Timolin* runs a pretty Stream, called the *Grifs*. This Place has little to recommend it but the Situation, a neat new Church upon a rising Ground on the Right, and a very good Inn. About a Mile beyond, to our Left, our Eyes were charmed with the sweetest Bottom, where, through the lofty Trees, we beheld a Variety of pleasant Dwellings. Through a Road that looked like a fine Terrace-Walk,

we turned down to view this lovely Vale, where Nature, assisted by Art, gave us the utmost Contentment. It is a Colony of Quakers, called by the Name of *Ballitore*. The *Grist* winds its Streams very near the Houses; and the Buildings, Orchards, and Gardens, shew a Neatness peculiar to that People. Their Burying-Ground, near the Road, is surrounded with different Trees, whose Verdure made us imagine it was a beautiful Garden, till better informed. The Hedges that inclose their Meadows and Fields are Quick-set, kept of an equal Height, and about every ten Yards have Trees regularly planted, which, in a few Years, will form a beautiful Grove, of a large Extent. Industry seems to reign amongst them, and all their Works executed with a thriving Hand.

FROM this delightful Situation in the Vale, we ascended a rising Hill, to the Seat of MORRICE KEATING, Esq; of an ancient and noble Family, originally from *England*. The House is a spacious, lofty Building, seated on an Eminence, which commands an extended beautiful Prospect of Mountains, Hills, and Vales, mixed with Woods and Groves, diversified with several running Rivulets; the Gardens are answerable to the rest, and his Entertainment is generous, open and free, with such an amiable Familiarity, as renders a new Pleasure to the Whole. *Narraghmore* is the Name of the Seat of this ancient Family, who had a great Hand in the Conquest of this Kingdom, in the Reign of HENRY II. The Name of KEATING, in the *Irish* Language, signifies *First-Fire*, their Ancestor, in this Country, being the first that gave the Signal of a Blaze of Fire, to give Directions where to land the Forces brought from *England*. As they were
making

making this concerted Signal, a monstrous Boar rushed out of a neighbouring Thicket to attack them, but on Sight of the Fire fled from them. From this Accident they assumed a Boar rushing out of a Brake, for their Crest to their Coat of Arms. We are just going to leave this agreeable Family, to approach nearer *Dublin*.

I SHOULD have told you we are in the County of *Kildare*, which for Beauty and Culture equals any we have yet seen ; and the elegant Seats seem thicker planted here than in the former we have travelled through. But, before we pursue our Journey, I must tell you an old Woman's Story, as we say in *England*.

NEAR the Seat of MORRICE KEATING, Esq; is a Hill called *Moly-Mass*, where, as they say, one of the Earls of *Kildare* was carried by Fairies ; and though it is perhaps an hundred Years ago, that he is still alive, as well as his Horse, which is shod with Silver ; but when those Shoes are worn out, the Earl will return with his usual Health and Vigour, and take ample Possession of the noblest Estate in the Kingdom. But the worthy Nobleman, the present Possessor, is in no fear of his Ancestor coming to trouble him. This is not all, Cousin : A Gentleman of this Country being merrily disposed, would, one Night, returning home, ride up this Hill, with a Resolution to hold a Conference with that illustrious enchanted Nobleman, though strenuously advised by his Friends to the contrary. He would not be persuaded ! up he goes ! but was so ill treated by the enchanted Earl and his Silver-shod Horse, that he hardly escaped with Life, returning bruised, and almost senseless.

WE saw Numbers of very handsome Seats, with fine Situations, which to describe would be repeating the same thing over again.

IN the Road, as we pursued our Journey, we were shewn a large Stone, almost in the Form of a Pyramid, on the very Summit of a Hill. We asked a Man at a Cabin Door, what it meant? He told us, they had it by Tradition, that the Devil took it in his Head to build a very large Castle in the neighbouring Valley, below to our Right; but over-loading himself, that Stone slipped through his Fingers, and has remained there ever since, though the Castle, built of the same Materials, is now destroyed.

WE next came to a Town called *Kilcullin*, where is a pretty Church, to the Right, on a Hill, with a round Tower, about half its original Height. This Town, though mean now, was formerly very large, and surrounded with a Wall, for you enter through an old Arch at the Turnpike. But as there is nothing more remarkable, we passed on, through a Number of Tents that were fixed on the Common, prepared for a Fair next Day, and came to *Kilcullin-Bridge*, of six handsome Arches, over the *Liffe*. When you have crossed the Bridge, you come to a very good Inn, (the *Globe*) kept by a very intelligent Person, who carried us up the River, to view a Place called the *New Abby*, which, however, is now much in Ruins, like all the rest of its Brotherhood. This Abby was founded by ROWLAND EUSTACE, of a great and ancient Family in this Country. The Tower is still standing, and some Part of the Abby. The Ruins of the rest have contributed to build several Dwellings near it. In the Inside ROWLAND EUSTACE and his Lady lie

lie buried, their Figures cloathed in Armour; and on the Ground we saw the broken Remains of the twelve Apostles. There are several neat Habitations; and the River *Liffe* running by them, forms a pleasant Situation. It has a very winding Course, from within a few Miles of *Wicklow*; and, being joined by a few smaller Streams, runs a long Journey of above sixty Miles, and pours itself into the Sea at *Dublin*; yet not above fifteen Miles from its Head. On the other Side of the *Liffe* is a very handsome Seat, belonging to THOMAS CARTER, Esq; Master of the Rolls.

WE are going once more to slip out of the Road to view a Place called the *Curragh*, a Piece of Ground marked out for a Race, like that of *New-Market* in *England*. We have seen it, and I can assure you, Cousin, it much exceeds the other in Circumference: It is a fine Sod for that Diversion, not to be equalled in the Universe; and if it has any Fault, it is from its Evenness. It is a most delightful Plain, and the Land extremely good; but, by several Accounts, this Ground still lessens, by a few Inclosures now and then creeping forward.

FROM this Place, by the Desire of my Brother, we went to see the Town of *Kildare*, once the chief of the County of the same Name; but were very much disappointed. The Situation is pleasant enough, and it had in former Ages a more extensive Collection of Buildings, but now a great Part lies in Ruins; yet it is still a Bishop's See. The Cathedral was once a very fine Building, of the *Gothic* Taste: The Walls and old Tower are still standing, but in Ruins. In the Rebellion of 1641, a Battery was planted against this Church, which marred its Beauty. The Choir, now

in use, is kept in decent Repair, with a very handsome *Venetian* Window, in the room of the old one. In the ruined Part we saw two Stone Statues, not ill carved: The first of a Bishop in his Pontificalibus, with two Monkies for his Supporters. There are no Inscriptions or Dates remaining, to point out who this Reverend Prelate was; but we were informed none of the noble Family of *Kildare* ever were collated to that See, whose Supporters that Bishop wore. The other is of a Knight in Armour, in which, we thought, the Artift had shewn more Skill than in the former, and the different Escutcheons seemed artfully blazoned. We were surprized there was not better Care taken of them. Detached from these Ruins, is another in the same State, called the *Fire-House*, Part of a Monastery of Nuns, whose Occupation was to keep a perpetual Fire, perhaps in imitation of the Vestal Virgins in ancient *Rome*. In the Church-yard is much the finest round Tower we have yet seen, in good Repair, and the upper Part of a Cross lies near it on the Ground. The Ruins of the six *Gothic* Arches, with their Butresses, that remain, plainly shew this was once a noble spacious Church; and had not the Cannon begun its Demolishment, it might have remained intire to this Day, since it was repaired as late as the Reign of *HENRY VII.* by the then Prelate, Bishop *EDMUND LANE*, who, it is supposed, lies buried in the fore-mentioned Tomb. This Cathedral was first founded by *St. CONLIAN*, in the Year of *CHRIST 503*, and dedicated to *St. BRIDGET*.

THOUGH the Town of *Kildare* was once the Capital of the County, yet the Assizes are never held there, which is one Reason of its Decay: They are alternately at *Alby* and *Naas*, for the better

better Accommodation, the other being too much out of the Way. The illustrious Family that take their Title from this County, are the first Earls of *Ireland*, and I believe equal to any for Extent of Land and Estate. I am no Genealogist, yet I will give a short Origin of this shining Branch. They were originally of the chief Nobility in the fair City of *Florence*; from thence, by illustrious alliances in *France*, they had large Possessions in *Normandy*; from *Normandy* they came over with WILLIAM the Conqueror, and, with their Forces, assisted in subduing the Kingdom of *England*; they were afterwards, by intermarriages, allied to several Kings in *Wales*, before they submitted to the *British* Crown; and when King HENRY II. came over hither, for their signal Services, they received their large Possessions, which they worthily enjoy to this Day. They have, in every Age since, mixed with the prime Nobility of *England*. I cannot avoid, on this Occasion, inserting the Lines composed by the great Earl of *Surrey*, Lord Lieutenant of this Kingdom in HENRY VIII.'s Reign, who was then as much esteemed for his Poetry, as for his other great Qualifications; besides, it will give you a Taste of their Manner of versifying two hundred and Fifty Years ago. But first I must tell you, what you will find in the Verses, that the Earl of *Surrey* was violently in love with the beautiful Sister of the Earl of *Kildare*, who was afterwards espoused to the Earl of *Lincoln*.

*From Tuscan came my Lady's worthy Race ;
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient Seat ;
The western Isle, whose pleasant Shore doth face
Wild Camber's Cliffs, did give her lively Heat.
Foster'd*

*Foster'd she was with Milk of Irish Breast ;
 Her Sire an Earl, her Dame of Princess Blood :
 From tender Years in Britain she doth rest,
 With King's Child, where she feeds on costly Food.*

*Hunfdon did first present her to mine eyne ;
 Bright is her Hue, and Giraldine she's bight ;
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 Windsor, alas ! doth case her from my Sight.*

*Her Beauty of kind, her Virtues from above ;
 Happy is he that can obtain her Love.*

THE present Earl, we are informed, lives very retired, yet his Bounties and extensive Charity fly over the Kingdom : His Gates are ever open to the common Poor, who never go away dissatisfied. Thus this Nobleman is described to us by every Tongue that mentions his Name. This Evening we had the Satisfaction of meeting by Accident with the illustrious Heir of this distinguished Nobleman, who takes his Title from the Barony of *Ophaley*, in the County of *Kildare*. He manifests his Birth at first Sight ; his Person agreeable as his Good-humour, and his Politeness equals both. In short, Cousin, he is a young Nobleman of the most promising Hopes, and, I doubt not, formed to keep up the Dignity of his long Line of Ancestry in all its Virtues^b.

WE set out from *Killcullen-Bridge*, and once more looked towards *Dublin*. We had scarce pursued our Road above half an Hour,

^b Since this was wrote, that Nobleman, by the Death of his illustrious Father, enjoys the Title and Estate of the Earl of *Kildare*,

when our worthy Guide stopped at a green Path to our Right. *Here*, (said he, pointing down the Path) *is a Road that leads to a Friend of mine, who would never forgive me if he knew I came so near his House and did not see him; and to excite your Curiosity, you will find something there worthy your Observation.* He never staid for our Answer, but cried, *Come, follow your Leader*; which we very willingly did. In half an Hour, through a pleasant By-road, we arrived at a large Dwelling, with a noble Court before it, that bore the Face of venerable Antiquity, (but yet no Decay appeared in any Part of its Form) the Seat of CHETWOOD EUSTACE, Esq; The Situation is on the Summit of an Hill, and the Front looks down from an high Eminence into the River *Liffe*; but what charmed us beyond Imagination was a vast Body of Water, in an artificial Bed of a large Extent, where we saw a Ship compleatly furnished, as if ready to make a long Voyage by Sea; her Sails spread, her Colours flying, Anchors weighed, Guns firing, and the Sailors neatly dressed, every one at their proper Function, with their usual Sea-Terms. This gave us inexpressible Delight. In a neat Pleasure-Boat we were conveyed on board, where, in a Cabin finely adorned, we were seated, and served with an elegant Entertainment by the worthy Owner, and, among the rest, with Sea-Provisions, Biscuit, &c. the Guns echoing round the adjacent Woods and Mountains, that seemed to us like a Piece of Incantment; all this in a Bason upon a high Hill, I believe a hundred Yards above the River, made by Art, the Bottom and Sides paved. In short, Cousin, no Description can reach it. Tho' we were four Hours in this agreeable Employment,

ment, we were not cloyed ; and when we came on shore, if we may call it so, we stood a long Time on the delightful Margin of the Bason to admire the Vessel, which was still under Sail. The Gardens and Groves are very large and extensive, the Walls spacious, sheltered in several Places with Laurel Hedges finely kept, above twenty Feet high, and two hundred Yards in Length; others with Yew, and different Sorts of Holly, whose different Greens give Variety of Pleasure. I must not forget to tell you that his artificial Sea, as well as other Variety of Ponds, breed and feed innumerable Carp and Tench, whose Taste equals those of *Hampton-Court*, the Place most famed in *England* for those sort of Fish. This Seat is a Corporation of itself, and sends two Members to Parliament, though there is no Town upon the Estate, only this single House. The Owner accommodates the Electors with his Hall, which is noble and spacious; and though he never covets to be one of the Representatives, yet during the Election he generously treats all the Voters, as well as the Candidates. This Information we had from our Leader, who I think knows every thing.

WE left this delightful Place with some Regret, and came before Sunset (for we never travel in the Dark) to a Place called *Ballymore-Eustace*, a Town on the *Liffe*, with a handsome Bridge over that River, I think of fourteen Arches. This Town seems very much infected with Poverty, though a very pleasant Situation. It was formerly of much larger Extent. The chief Reason that was given us for its lingering Decay, proceeds from the great Southern Road, which for Ages led through this Place, but is now turned thro'

Kilcullen-

Kilcullen-Bridge, which has enriched that Place, and almost starved this; but it has much bettered the Traveller, and Shortened the Way, as we are informed. Near this Town is a fine large Common; and it was a very agreeable Sight to see so many Cattle, of different sorts, pleasantly feeding on the sweet Grass, as rich as any Meadow produces. Here is Ground marked out for Horse-Races. Not far from the Town we saw a most beautiful natural Cascade, that shamed all the Art we had ever seen, formed by a River that rises from the Mountains of *Wicklow*, and falls into the *Liffe*. Dear NED, Nature has been extravagant in many Places in this Kingdom that we have seen already, and we are told of many more, that, if it please Heaven, we will see. How ill is this noble Country represented by ignorant or ungrateful People! But I tell you one Thing that will much surprize you and all my Acquaintance. My Brother has made a Convert of me, and I am as fond of this new Opinion, that I could with the utmost Satisfaction go as far in viewing any thing that deserves Remark, as my Teacher, and think the Study of Nature and Antiquity the noblest Employment, beyond any thing but that of *knowing ourselves*. But to return to the before-mentioned Cascades, for there are several of them: Each forms a little Lake, till it makes its Way to the next Fall, and so on till it pours down into the River below. The River *Liffe* divides the Counties of *Dublin* and *Wicklow*. The Lands on each Side, that border this Stream, seem to be fine Arable and Pasture, and yield a very good Prospect; and, as I fain would strengthen your Imagination, recalls to my
Memory

Memory that Part of the Country between *Oxford* and *Wallingford*, upon the River *Ifis*.

AT this Place our Country lost some little Honour : JACOB, that I have mentioned to you before, my Cousin's Man, who it seems passed for a Wit in *Hampshire*, had a Quarrel with a Native of the Place, a Person in his own Station. JACOB, you must understand, is still fond of his own Country ; and the utmost in his Commendations of this, are such things as *This or that have near the Merit of those in England*. This *near as good* gave Umbrage to his Antagonist, and from Words they came to Blows, where JACOB had the second best of the Dispute, to the great Joy of the Spectators ; for the Quarrel was carried so high, that it was not JACOB and his Opposer, but no less than that of the two Nations, *England* and *Ireland*, and the latter triumphed in the Discomfiture of JACOB. JACOB, when the Fray was over, wisely said, *If they could not beat Belief into him, it should Discretion ; for he would make a Resolution for the Time to come to hold his Tongue*. Thus ended the Dispute of the two Champions for St. GEORGE and St. PATRICK, which, no doubt you will say, might have been buried in Silence.

WE have been viewing the Ruins of a fine old Castle here, formerly a Place of great Strength. We were informed it was built by EUSTACE, the Head of an ancient Family in this Country, from whom the Town takes its Name of *Bally-more-Eustace*, that is, *The great Town of Eustace*. Our *Irish* Interpreter tells us, in the native Language *Bally* is *Town*, and *More* is *Great* ; but it has lost much of its last Epithet ; therefore we will set forward.

ABOUT

ABOUT two Miles from that Place we came to a beautiful Situation, where we found a noble new House, forming into Perfection, the Seat of J. LEESON, Esq; If we may be Judge of the Picture by the Out-lines, we shall, when finished, see a compleat Beauty. Artificers from most Parts of *Europe* are employed in this great Work.

FROM hence we arrived at *Blessinton*, a pleasant Place, on a rising Ground. The Church is very neat, and well kept, with a sweet Ring of Bells, a Thing not very commonly met with in this Kingdom. The Town is neither large nor rich, but its chief Ornament is the Seat of a worthy Nobleman, that bears the Title of Lord *Mountjoy*. His House is at the End of an Avenue to the Left of the Road, with a noble large Terrace-Walk, a Quarter of an *English* Mile in Length, that leads to the Church in the Town, across the Road, which faces the House. Behind the House lies a beautiful Park, skirted with rising Hills. This Nobleman's Praises fill the Mouths of every Body. I have more than once told you we may often judge of the Master by the Servants, which I think almost an infallible Observation; for when we expressed a Desire of viewing the House, the Doors flew open, and the *Major Domo* attended to shew us every thing that was curious. The Building is formed in a *Roman* H, not with much Ostentation, but elegant, neat, and well furnished. What claimed the chief of our Attention was the Chapel. You enter the Chapel at the End of a spacious Hall, where the Communion-Table faces you, railed in with excellent carved Ballustrades, and ascended by three Marble Steps. Under the Communion-

nion-Table is a Vault for a Repository of the Dead of this noble Family. On your Left Hand, as you face the Altar, is a Bishop's Throne, built after a very elegant Manner, with a Mitre of exquisite Carv'd-work. On each Side are Seats covered with crimson Silk Curtains, and Cushions of the same Colour, trimmed with Gold Lace. The Service Books, which are of the largest and best Sorts, are covered with crimson Velvet, and imbossed with Gold. The Floor is of black and white Marble; the Sides and Ceiling finely stucco'd, with Basso Relievos, and ornamented with Gold. This fine Chapel was built by Primate BOYLE, Grandfather to this illustrious Nobleman. This well-esteemed Prelate was Son to RICHARD BOYLE, Archbishop of *Tuam*. He was consecrated Bishop of *Cork*, *Ross*, and *Cloyne*, in *January* 1660, and was afterwards one of the Privy Council; in *November* 1663, he was appointed Bishop of *Dublin*, and Lord High Chancellor of *Ireland*; and in 1678, Lord Archbishop of *Armagh*. But when King JAMES II. came to the Throne, he divested him of the Office of High Chancellor. He lived to the Age of 93, and was buried privately, by his own Desire, in St. PATRICK's, *Dublin*. He built this Town, Church and Seat, and gave them the Ring of Bells I mentioned before. There is a Monument, on the North Side in this Church of *Blessinton*, erected to his Memory, with the Arms of the See of *Armagh*. The Inscription tells you what he did for this Place, and concludes with this Advice, *Abi & fac tu similiter*, i. e. *Go and do thou the same.*

AFTER

AFTER viewing the House of the Lord Mountjoy^e, the Chapel and the Church, we mounted and set out for *Dublin*. We passed several pretty new Plantations, which we were informed were a barren Heath not long since; but the Encouragement the Lord before-mentioned gives to his poorer Tenants, makes them the more industrious, since they work for themselves; so that you now see Corn-Fields, Meadows and Pasture, rising out of the Bosom of a dreary Waste.

WE next came to a Place called *Tallow-Hill*, where we employed our Eyes a full Hour in contemplating as beautiful a Prospect as ever Nature formed. To the Right and Left, you view a fine Country, well improved, with Variety of old Castles, and new Seats without Number, as far as your Eyes can see; before you the fine City of *Dublin*; further, a large Harbour covered with Shipping; beyond that again, a Prospect of the open Sea; and forward, to the Left, a Neck of Land, or Isthmus, (for over it we could see the Ocean) terminated with a bold Front, called the *Hill of Hoath*. In short, Cousin, we that never saw it before were ravished with the Sight. I own it gave me a peculiar Contentment: It looked like Rest after Fatigue. This glorious Prospect is about six Miles from *Dublin*; for here are Road-stones marked; but, by our Telescopes, we brought it almost under the Bottom of the Hill. Riding still on, we came to *Tallow*, or, as it is called in *Irish*, *Taulaght*, which gives

^e This worthy Nobleman was created Earl of *Blessington* in November 1745, by his Majesty King *George II.* and the Son of this Peer takes the Title of Lord *Mountjoy*.

Q

Name

Name to the Hill. Here is a fine old Seat, lately repaired, and, they say, enlarged ; but it stands low : It is the Country-Palace of the Arch-Bishops of *Dublin*, and an elegant Retirement. The Gardens are very handsome ; and a little River that runs through some Part of it, forms several pleasant Canals.

BUT we have left this Place, and made our solemn Entry into the Capital of this Kingdom, where my Brother is employed in looking over several Boxes of Books, Medals, Drawings, and many Curiosities, that have been here some time, with as much Earnestness as if he had never seen them before. This Morning we received several Packets, and among the rest that most welcome one from you.

I BELIEVE I must leave the Description of this noble City to the Baronet ; whatever Hints I take shall be put under his Direction ; yet I may now and then send you something that occurs, if I think it may divert or amuse you.

I am,

Dear NED,

Sincerely yours, &c.

End of the FIRST PART,

